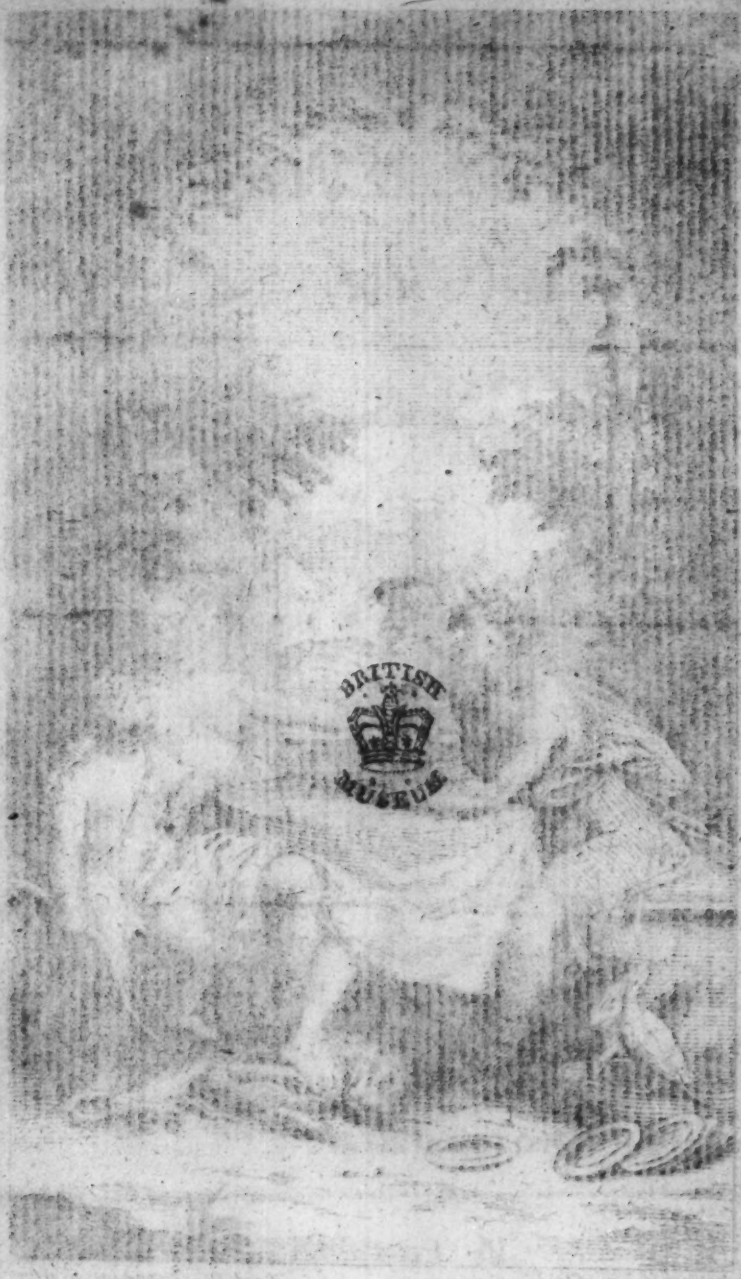

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The SIXTH PART of

Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

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Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Moſt Eminent Hands.

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The FIFTH EDITION.

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PASTO-

PASTORALS,

BY

Mr. *PHILIPS.*

Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.
Virg. Ecl 6.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

PREFACE.

IT *is ſtrange to think, in an Age ſo addicted to the* Muſes, *how* Paſtoral *Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon; conſidering eſpecially, that it has always been accounted the moſt conſiderable of the ſmaller Poems.* Virgil *and* Spencer *made uſe of it as a Prelude to* Heroick Poetry. *But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it ſo little inviting at preſent.*

There is no Sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight: And the Paſtoral *perhaps may boaſt of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, ſo I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the moſt entertaining Scenes, and moſt delightful Proſpects.*

Gaſſendus, *I remember, tells us, That* Peireskius *was a great Lover of Muſick, eſpecially that of Birds; becauſe their artleſs Strains ſeem to have leſs of Paſſion and Violence, but more of a natural Eaſineſs, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the ſame manner that* Paſtoral *gives a ſweet and gentle Compoſure to the Mind; whereas the* Epick *and* Tragick *Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.*

To ſee a ſtately, well-built Palace, ſtrikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and ſwells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods and Rivers; I feel an unſpeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing, that my good Fortune would place me in ſo ſweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, *and* Spencer *are the only Writers, that ſeem to have hit upon the true Nature of* Paſtoral *Poems. So that it will be Honour ſufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.*

THE

The FIRST

PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O *Dorſet*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be preſent: And O, bring
The Muſe along! the Muſe to you ſhall ſing.

Begin.---A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As weſtern Winds had cool'd the ſultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Diſcontent;
So pitiful that all the ſtarry Throng
Attentive ſeem'd to hear his mournful Song.
Ah well a Day! How long muſt I endure
This pining Pain? Or who ſhall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; ſeeks no Repoſe;
Delights in Grief; nor any Meaſure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to riſe;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are huſh'd; the Dews diſtil; and Sleep
With ſoft Embrace has ſeiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, conſtrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,

And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can ſtop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong ruſtick Routs the chief for wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
Who better ſeen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten Reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to ſhift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well-deviſed Tale from me to learn?
For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the ling'ring Sun a-down the Sky.
But, ah! ſince *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitleſs Moan.
Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentleſs Fair!
Ere, ling'ring long, I periſh thro' Deſpair.
Had *Roſalind* been Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Tho' not ſo fair, ſhe would have been more kind.
O think, unweeting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impair our youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever ſtay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs anew returning Seaſons bring;
But Beauty faded has no ſecond Spring.
My Words are Wind! ſhe, deaf to all my Cries,
Takes pleaſure in the Miſchief of her Eyes.
Like friſking Heifers, looſe in flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome Chaſe!
While, wing'd with Scorn, ſhe flies my fond Embrace.
She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
Fly where ſhe will, her Likeneſs in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! unthinking Damſel! Why
Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, ſhould'ſt thou fly?
No cruel Purpoſe in my Speed I bear:
'Tis all but Love; and Love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?

What

What idle Fears a Maiden Breaſt alarm!
Stay, ſimple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.
Two Kidlings, ſportive as thy ſelf, I rear;
Like tender Buds their ſhooting Horns appear.
A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame
As my fond Heart could wiſh my ſcornful Dame.
A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why theſe unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver ſhe diſdains.
Oh would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander ev'ry Day to find
The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind.
For gloſſy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
And of freſh Honey rob the thrifty Bee.
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdeſs,
Thou *Lobbin*'s Flock, and *Lobbin*, ſhalt poſſeſs.
Fair is my Flock; nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet ſhow
The bord'ring Flow'rs leſs beauteous than they grow.
O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment mean,
The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean;
To drive a-field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,
Ere the warm Sun drinks up the cooly Dews.
How would the Crook beſeem thy beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglings round thee gazing ſtand!
Ah witleſs Younglings! gaze not on her Eye:
Such heedleſs Glances are the Cauſe I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blaſt will end,
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, ſleep, my Flock: For, happy you may take
Your Reſt, tho' nightly thus your Maſter wake.
Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale,
The Love-ſick Shepherd liſt'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with ſo ſweet a Partner in his Grief:
'Till by degrees her Notes and ſilent Night
To Slumbers ſoft his heavy Heart invite.

The Second PASTORAL.

THENOT. COLINET.

THENOT.

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unſeemly, now that Heav'n ſo blithe appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things ſmile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly ſing!
Their Notes ſoft-warb'ling to the gladſome Spring.

COLINET.

Tho' ſoft their Notes, not ſo my wayward Fate:
Nor Lark would ſing, nor Linnet, in my State.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born;
As they to Mirth and Muſick, I to mourn.
Waking, at Midnight, I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears increaſe the falling Dew.

THENOT.

Small Cauſe, I ween, has luſty Youth to plain;
Or who may then the weight of Age ſuſtain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily ceaſe,
The tireſome Burden doubles its Increaſe?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful Temper ſtill retains,
Spite of my ſnowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why ſhould Man at croſs Miſhaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But ſpeak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

COLINET.

'Twill idly waſte thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Shou'dſt thou give Ear to all my Grief can ſay.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedleſs Lambs
With loud Complaints require their abſent Dams.

THENOT.

There's *Lightfoot*, he ſhall tend them cloſe; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-croſs the Plain will glance mine Eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not; where to end:
Scarce does one ſmiling Hour my Youth attend.
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies ſhow,
Yet all thoſe Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-ſhine does appear,
My low'ring Sky and wintry Days to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I ſee:
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of Shelter kind,
The Mark of Storms, and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches ſing.
No more beneath thy Shade ſhall Shepherds throng
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleaſing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in ſome ill-choſen Hour waſt born,
When blighting Mill-dews ſpoil the riſing Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreſhows
Thro' ſad Eclipſe a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee ſtill.

COLINET.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

THENOT.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongſt our Sheep;
From theſe the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Againſt ill Luck all cunning Foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

COLINET.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckleſs Day!
Ah luckleſs Lad! the rather might I ſay.
Unhappy Hour! when firſt, in youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina*'s Silver Flood:
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.

Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when ſhall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Cryſtal of thy Waters, ſee
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Miſery?
When ſhall I ſee my Hut, the ſmall Abode
My ſelf had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' ſmall it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what the Cauſe that drew thee firſt away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to ſtray?

COLINET.

A lewd Deſire ſtrange Lands and Swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I ſhould covet Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unbleſs'd, and Fond of Fame,
I ſought I know not what, beſides a Name.

THENOT.

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'dſt not find at home?
A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moſs;
And, to their Coſt, green Years old Proverbs croſs.

COLINET.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To diſtant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my ſelf ſuch deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite ſpent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here, on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow reſt my Head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:
But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blaſting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
Unkind as Hail it falls, whoſe pelting Show'rs
Deſtroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

THENOT.

Slander, we Shepherds count the greateſt Wrong;
For what wound ſorer than an evil Tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward Lads, who Pleaſance take in Spite,
Make Mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, ſo ſhrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to ſing the Heats of Love:
No Paſſion, but rank Envy, canſt thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, Ill-nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.
But yet, tho' poor and artleſs is my Vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong.
Nor Night, nor Day, ſhall my rude Muſick ceaſe;
I ask no more, ſo I *Menalcas* pleaſe.

THENOT.

Menalcas, Lord of all the neighb'ring Plains,
Preſerves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly Wakes and Feaſts we hold,
And chuſe the fatteſt Firſtling from the Fold.
He, good to all, that good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Eaſe to live;
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praiſe reward thy rural Songs.

COLINET.

Firſt then ſhall lightſome Birds forget to fly,
The briny Ocean turn to Paſtures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River ceaſe to flow,
Ere I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

THENOT.

This Night thy Cares with me forget; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, ſoft Cheeſe and Curd,
With ſome remaining Fruit of laſt Year's Hoard,
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare: and for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moſs, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,
And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

The Third PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
With young *Auguſtus'* Name he grac'd his Song;
And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng
He carol'd ſweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry ſounding Wood
With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around;
Eliza's Name on every Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *Anna*'s Cares at Eaſe we live,
And ſee our Cattle in full Paſtures thrive;
Like them will I my ſlender Muſick raiſe,
And teach the vocal Vallies *Anna*'s Praiſe.
Mean-time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids brouze, obſcure in Shades I play:
Yet not obſcure, while *Dorſet* thinks not ſcorn
To viſit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both muſical, both young,
In Friendſhip's mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a moſſie Cave, to ſhun
The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun.
A melancholy Thought poſſeſs'd their Mind:
Revolving now the ſolemn Day they find,
When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verſe;
Theſe *Angelot*, thoſe *Palin* did rehearſe.

ANGELOT.

Thus yearly circling by-paſt Times return;
And yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn:
Albino's Fate was early, ſhort his Stay;
How ſweet the Roſe! How ſpeedy the decay!
Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And ſympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,

Pre-

Preſaging future Woe; when, for our Crimes,
We loſt *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy
Of all the Plains, and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were ſeen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the graſſie Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.
In yonder gloomy Grove ſtretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roſes on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lye his penſive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppreſs'd:
Ye, conſcious Trees and Fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She claſp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliſs,
And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.
As milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do ſhow,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament waſt born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, didſt quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitleſs Pains;
In labour'd Furrows ſow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harveſt ſweat:
A thin Increaſe our woolly Subſtance yields,
And Thorns and Thiſtles overſpread the Fields.
How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the ſtubborn Bow?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy Mother's Days,
And ſhare the ſacred Honours of her Praiſe:

In

In foreign Fields to purchaſe endleſs Fame,
And add new Glories to the *Britiſh* Name.
O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit reſt!
And flow'ry Turf lye light upon thy Breaſt;
Nor ſhrieking Owl, nor Bat, fly round thy Tomb,
Nor midnight Fairies there to revel come.

PALIN.

No more, miſtaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bleſs the Fields, and rule the ſimple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets ſhine indulgent on our Iſle,
And rural Pleaſures round about us ſmile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with ſhrilling Pipes reſound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albino* bleſt: The Vallies ring,
Albino bleſt. O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the ſmelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowſlip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick way,
And conſecrate to Mirth *Albino*'s Day.
My ſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* there ſhall harp, young *Mico* ſing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidſt the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his antick Gambols play.
To thee theſe Honours yearly will we pay,
When we our ſhearing Feaſt and Harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the Plow, and bleſs our thriving Sheep.
While Mallow Kids, and Endive Lambs purſue;
While Bees love Thyme, and Locuſts ſip the Dew;
While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to ſtrain,
Thy Name and ſweet Memorial ſhall remain.

The Fourth PASTORAL.

MICO. ARGOL.

MICO.

THIS Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe Elms unite their Shade,
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of cheerful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup, of a golden hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue.
Hark how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!
In pleaſing Conſorts all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Songs to join.
Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
Thy mellow Pipe, or vocal Muſick try:
And, ſince our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lye round and liſten, while their Lambkins play.

ARGOL.

The Place indeed gives Pleaſance to the Eye;
And Pleaſance works the Singer's Fancy high:
The Fields breathe ſweet; and now the gentle Breeze
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So ſweet a Scene ill ſuits my rugged Lay,
And better fits the Muſick thou canſt play.

MICO.

No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me.
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
And where to ſink a Note, and where to ſwell.

A R.

ARGOL.

Ah *Mico!* half my Flock would I beſtow,
Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning ſhow.
So trim his Sonnets are, I pr'ythee, Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds ſay,
How ſweet his Pipe, how raviſhing his Lay:
The Sweetneſs of his Pipe and Lay rehearſe,
And ask what Gift thou pleaſeſt for thy Verſe.

MICO.

Since then thou liſt, a mournful Song I chuſe;
A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the River on a Bank he ſate,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was ſhe,
Whoſe Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.
Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
O woful Day, O Day of Woe! quoth he;
And woful I, who live the Day to ſee!
That ever ſhe could die! O moſt unkind,
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind!
And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe,
With dying Arms, have claſp'd her ſelf to me:
I claſp'd her too; but Death was all too ſtrong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to ſigh;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.
Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breaſts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:

For,

For, tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will e'en that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his lifted Arm;
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm,
Nor Muſick can perſuade, nor Beauty charm:
For ſee (O baleful Sight!) See where ſhe lyes!
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.
Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
Unhappy *Colinet!* What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland, that may witneſs thy Unreſt.
My Pipe, whoſe ſoothing Sound could Paſſion move,
And firſt taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, ſhall hang upon this blaſted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges ſing, and Ravens croak:
Nor Lark, nor Linnet ſhall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.
Thus ſweetly did the gentle Shepherd ſing,
And heavy Woe within ſoft Numbers bring:
And now that Sheep-hook for my Song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one much fairer ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd Elm; where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year;
The Hook of poliſh'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.
O, *Colinet*, how ſweet thy Grief to hear!
How does thy Verſe ſubdue the liſt'ning Ear!

Not

Not half ſo ſweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowſie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots diſtil,
And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:
So ſing the Swans, that in ſoft Numbers waſte
Their dying Breath, and warble to the laſt.
And next to thee ſhall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerleſs Verſe ſo well.
But ſee; the Hills increaſing Shadows caſt:
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haſte:
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And bluiſh Miſts ariſe from yonder Flood.

MICO.

Then ſend our Curs to gather up the Sheep;
Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes ſhould ſleep;
For, he that late lyes down, as late will riſe,
And, Sluggard-like, 'till Noon-day ſnoring lyes;
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Paſtures bleat in vain.

The Fifth PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN Rural Strains we firſt our Muſick try,
And, baſhful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
Diſtruſtful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch ſublime;
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, ſhall engage
My riper Verſe, and my more ſettled Age.

The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning Ray,
When, with the Flocks, their Feeders ſought the Shade,
A venerable Oak, wide-ſpreading, made.
What ſhould they do to paſs the loit'ring Time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:

And

And ſome the Joys, and ſome the Pains of Love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange Adventures ſtrove;
The Trade of Wizzards ſome, and *Merlin*'s Skill,
And whence to Charms ſuch Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* laſt (who *Cuddy* can excel
In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.
When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Eliza*'s Reign,
There liv'd in great Eſteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Cuſtom was, at Leiſure laid
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival plaid.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.
Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.
She turn'd her Ear; and emulous, with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain ſhe ſhapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or briſker Motion to his Meaſures gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:
But ſo repeats, that *Colin* half deſpis'd
His Pipe and Skill, ſo much by others priz'd.
And, ſweeteſt Songſter of the winged Kind,
What Thanks, ſaid he, what Praiſes can I find
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
The Rudeneſs of my rural Fife I ſee;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.
Aloft in Air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill
The vanquiſh'd Swain: Provok'd at laſt, he ſtrove
To ſhew the little Minſtrel of the Grove

His

His utmoſt Art; if ſo ſome ſmall Eſteem
He might obtain, and Credit loſt, redeem.
He draws in Breath, his riſing Breaſt to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard ſo ſhrill.
From Note to Note in haſte his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
And ſwift and ſlow they change, with ſweet Surprize.
Attentive ſhe does ſcarce the Sounds retain,
But to her ſelf firſt conns the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
And adds in Sweetneſs, what ſhe wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife diſgrac'd aſide;
While ſhe loud Triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conqueſt. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:
The Harp it ſelf was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he a-croſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farwell,
He ſaid; and learn from hence, thou doſt excel
No trivial Artiſt. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower anſw'ring ſtill to thoſe above.
His reſtleſs Fingers traverſe to and fro,
And in Purſuit of Harmony they go:
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they paſs,
Like Winds, that gently bruſh the plying Graſs,
And melting Airs ariſe at their Command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
He ſinks into the Cords with ſolemn Pace,
And gives the ſwelling Tones a manly Grace:
Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Muſick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.
The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, ſhe does her troubled Spirit vex.

She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.
She, with the fatal Love of Glory ſtung,
Hears all in Pain: Her Heart begins to ſwell;
In piteous Notes ſhe ſighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguiſh. He, ſtill ſinging, plies
His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher riſe.
How ſhall ſhe bear a Conqu'ror, who before
No Equal, thro' the Grove, in Muſick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breaſt melodious Groans.
Oppreſs'd with Grief at laſt, too great to quell,
Down breathleſs on the guilty Harp ſhe fell.
Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
And unavailing Tears profuſely ſhed,
And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
And, beſt to make Atonement for the Ill,
(If for ſuch Ill Atonement might be made)
He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
Then adds a Verſe, and ſets with Flow'rs the Ground,
And makes a Fence of winding Oſiers round:
A Verſe and Tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy Name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live.
Thus ended *Cuddy* with the ſetting Sun,
And by his Tale unenvy'd Praiſes won.

The Sixth PASTORAL.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW ſtill the Sea! behold; how calm the Sky!
And how, in ſportive Chaſe, the Swallows fly!
My Goats, ſecure from Harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:

And

And here below, the banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze: And I to hear your Song
Diſpos'd. As eldeſt, *Hobbinol*, begin;
And *Lanquet's* Under-Song by Turns come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others meanly ſtake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
For Praiſe we ſing, nor Wager ought beſide:
And, whoſe the Praiſe, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

LANQUET.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
Unbiaſs'd he, to both is equal Friend.

GERON.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron*'s upright Sentence, Wrong.
A boxen Haut-boy, loud, and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
I to the Victor give: No ſmall Reward,
If with our uſual Country Pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Deſcends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft balmy Breezes breathe along the Sky:
The bloomy Seaſon of the Year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
The Paſtures change; the warbling Linnets ſing:
Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring.

HOBBINOL.

When Locuſts in the fearny Buſhes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy Teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you ſee
The Ground beſtrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And ſtormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining Year.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bleſt *Eliza!* would I praiſe
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion*'s Golden Days.
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend;
Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy Shepherds now: For *Dorſet* loves
The Country Muſe, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may ſhe reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love in ſecret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in ſecret all repaid.
This coming Night ſhe does reſerve for me,
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay,
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft, on a Cowſlip Bank, my Love and I
Together lay: A Brook ran murm'ring by.
A thouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
And I a thouſand tender Things repaid.

LANQUET.

In Summer Shade, beneath the cocking Hay,
What ſoft, endearing Words did ſhe not ſay?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, ſhe kindly ſpread,
And ſtroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe ſoft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lye.

LANQUET.

Once *Delia* ſlept, on eaſie Moſs reclin'd;
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs.
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſidelong Eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

HOBBINOL.

When firſt I ſaw, would I had never ſeen,
Young *Lyſet* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
Intent upon her Beauties as ſhe mov'd,
Poor, heedleſs Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her ſwelling Breaſt,
And on her Elbow leans, diſſembling Reſt;
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sheep nor Paſture worth my Care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come *Roſalind*, O come! For, without thee,
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?
Come *Roſalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
My ſnowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine.

LANQUET.

Come *Roſalind*, O come! Here ſhady Bow'rs,
Here are cool Fountains, and here ſpringing Flow'rs.
Come *Roſalind*: Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long Time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the Seaſons of the Moon I know,
The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow;
There is no Herb, no Seaſon, may remove
From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghoſts and Goblins order as I will:
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

HOBBINOL.

HOBBINOL.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes!
To purchaſe Credit with ſucceeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout!* who never yet had Peer,
Who ſung thro' all the Seaſons of the Year.

LANQUET.

Let me like *Wrenock* ſing; his Voice had Pow'r
To free th' eclipſing Moon at Midnight Hour:
And, as he ſung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

GERON.

Here end your pleaſing Strife. Both Victors are;
And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and ſweet of Sound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizling Miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy Rock: And this way tends
Yon diſtant Rain. Shore-ward the Veſſels ſtrive;
And, ſee, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive.

True GREATNESS.

Prodeſſe quam Conſpici.

GIVE me a Soul ſo great, ſo high,
Let her Dimenſion ſtretch the Sky:
That comprehends within a Thought,
The whole extent 'twixt God and Nought.
And from the World's firſt Birth and Date,
Its Life and Death can calculate:
With all th' Adventures that ſhall paſs,
To ev'ry Atom of the Maſs.
But let her be as Good as Great,
Her higheſt Throne a Mercy-Seat.
Soft and diſſolving like a Cloud,
Loſing her ſelf in doing good.
A Cloud that leaves its place above,
Rather than dry, and uſeleſs move:

Falls

Falls in a ſhowre upon the Earth,
And gives ten thouſand Seeds a Birth.
Hangs on the Flow'rs, and infant Plants,
Sucks not their Sweets, but feeds their Wants.
So let this mighty Mind diffuſe
All that's her own to others uſe;
And free from private Ends, retain
Nothing of Self; not a bare Name.

Paraphraſe upon PSALM CIV.

By Mr. J. TRAPP.

BEGIN, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praiſe,
Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,
Majeſtick ſhines; unutterably bright,
With dazling Robes of uncreated Light:
Who ſpacious Sheets of *Æther* ſpreads on high,
And, like a Curtain ſmooth'd, unfolds the Sky.
Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Miſts, ſupport
The ample Floor of his Aëreal Court:
Who, born in Triumph o'er the Heavenly Plains,
Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;
Flies on the Wings of the Sonorous Wind, [behind,
While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars
That no incumbring Fleſh may clog the Flight
Of his fleet Meſſengers, or quell their Might:
Them pure unbody'd Eſſences He frames,
Swift of Diſpatch, more active than the Flames.
He fix'd the ſteady Baſis of the Earth,
And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.
Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he ſpread,
And the dull Maſs with pregnant Moiſture fed:
Above the Rocks th' aſpiring Surges ſwell'd,
And Floods the talleſt Mountain-Tops conceal'd.
But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,
And in loud Thunder bid the Waves ſubſide;

The

The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall,
Drew off its Forces, and diſclos'd the Ball.
They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,
To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea;
Where, roaring, they in endleſs Wars engage,
And beat againſt thoſe Shores that bound their Rage.
Hence ſtraggling Waters unperceiv'd get looſe,
And genial Moiſture thro' the Globe diffuſe;
Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,
They run, and on high Hills in Fountains riſe:
Or bubling out in Springs, they gently ſlide
Down by the craggy Mountain's ſloping ſide,
And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide.
'Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come
To their appointed univerſal Home;
Which God has deſtin'd for the Muſtring-place
And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.
For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,
And in due Bounds confines the raging Tide;
That it may ne'er again with Licence roll
O'er all the Univerſe, and drown the Ball:
Yet nought reſtrains its kinder Influence,
Nor ſtops thoſe Bleſſings which its Streams diſpenſe.
By ſubterraneous Sluices he conveys
The Rivers out, which, in an endleſs Maze,
Thro' Oozy Channels draw a winding Train,
To roll back large Additions to the Main;
Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills,
Creep thro' the Vales, and ſhine between the Hills.
Whither the Savage Beaſts which roam abroad,
Owning no Maſter, and no fix'd Abode;
And thoſe which under galling Harneſs bow,
Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough;
Repair, when ſcorch'd with Summer's ſcalding Beams,
To ſlake their Thirſt, and drink the cooling Streams.
Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,
Adorn the Banks, and ſhade the Brooks below.
Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raiſe,
And in ſoft Muſick ſing their Maker's Praiſe.

Who from his airy Chambers Rain diſtills,
And with new Verdure cloaths th' unſightly Hills:
The thirſty Glebe, refreſh'd with ſoft'ning Drops,
Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.
The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,
And Flocks and Herds with graſſy Fodder feeds.
At his Command, the Spring, for Human Uſe,
The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.
Then rip'ning Fruits, and waving Ears of Corn,
In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.
Succeeding Autumn, from the cluſtring Vine
Gives luſcious Juice, and glads the World with Wine:
Which with its brisk reviving Flavour cheers
The drooping Spirit, and diſpels its Cares.
Then the fat Olive, in a richer Soil,
Yields the Year's Product, and reſigns its Oil;
Which adds a Luſtre, and a ſmoother Grace,
To wrinkled Skin, and ſleeks the ſhining Face.
With circulating Sap the Trees are fed;
Refreſh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,
And lofty Firs their thriving Branches ſpread;
Which, moiſten'd with invigorating Juice,
A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuſe.
Theſe to the Birds convenient Manſions yield,
Which in th' intangling Boughs their tow'ring Houſes build.
The ſtately Stork here plants her Neſt on high,
Diſdains the lower Air, and ſeeks the Sky.
The ſhaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,
Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.
O'er ſtony Rocks the ſportive Conies play,
And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.
Appointed by his Providential Care,
The changing Moon divides the circling Year;
Diſtinguiſhes the Seaſons, rules the Night,
And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.
The Sun with Glory, fearleſs of Decay,
Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.
By turns He, entring, gilds the roſie Eaſt;
By turns, with ſetting Rays, He paints the Weſt:

Thne

Then gloomy Night involves the Hemiſphere,
And ſpreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.
Then the wild Tenants of the deſart Woods
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:
For Prey the yawning Bears forſake their Holds,
And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds.
With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
Expand their Jaws, and range the Foreſt o'er:
Dreadfully ſuppliant, for their Meat they pray
To Heav'n, and Savage Adoration pay.
But ſoon as Streaks of Light the Eaſt adorn,
And flying Miſts confeſs the dawning Morn;
Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters ſpeed
With their raw Booty, and at Leiſure feed.
But when the Lion to his Reſt repairs,
Laborious Mortals wake, and riſe from theirs;
To Care and Bus'neſs they themſelves addreſs,
Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning ceaſe.
How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
Wiſely the World's great Fabrick was deſign'd,
And boundleſs Wiſdom ev'ry Atom join'd.
With thy rich Bounty fill'd, the Earth appears,
Which Food, and Phyſick, on its Surface bears;
And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store;
Bright Veins of Gold, and Cakes of ſilver Ore.
Profuſe of Bleſſings, with a laviſh Hand,
Thou pour'ſt thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.
The vaſt unmeaſur'd Kingdoms of the Main,
Copious Materials for thy Praiſe contain.
There ſcaly Monſters of enormous Size
Flounce in the Waves, and daſh with Foam the Skies.
While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry
Of ſmaller Fiſh, glide unregarded by.
Others, enchas'd in ſhelly Armour creep
Upon the Rocks, or ſeek the ſlimy Deep.
Here big with War, or Traffick, Veſſels ride,
Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.
There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,
Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breathes a Storm:

He ſucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
And his vaſt Maw with finny Nations fills;
Then laves the Clouds with ſalt, aſcending Rain,
And with his ſpouting Trunk refunds the Main.
  Theſe all dependent on his Bounty live,
And from his Providence their Meat receive.
His open'd Hand profuſely ſcatters Food,
Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.
But when his Hand is ſhut, the Creatures mourn,
'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.
When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,
They moulder to the Duſt, from whence they came;
Then to repair the Loſs ſuſtain'd by Death,
He gives new Life, with his inſpiring Breath,
To Forms, which from the vaſt Material Maſs
Are ſtill wrought off, and ſo renews the Race.
Thus a ſucceſſive Offspring He ſupplies,
And th' undecaying Species never dies.
  No Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can reſtrain,
Nor Time's Dimenſions terminate his Reign.
From his bright Regions of celeſtial Day,
He with Complacence ſhall his Works ſurvey.
At his Reproof convulſive Nature ſhakes,
And ſhuddring Earth from its Foundation quakes:
His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,
And curling Smoke in ſpiry Clouds aſcends.
For me, while unextinguiſh'd Life maintains
Heat in my Blood, and Pulſes in my Veins,
His wond'rous Works ſhall animate my Song,
Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue.
While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd,
Confounds their Pride, and ſweeps them from the
His Glory ſhall my raviſh'd Soul inſpire, [World;
And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre;
That imitates, in various-ſounding Lays,
Th' harmonious Diſcord which it ſtrives to praiſe.

JANUARY and *MAY*; *Or the* MERCHANT'S TALE: *From* Chaucer.

By Mr. ALEXANDER POPE.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wiſe and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,
Bleſt with much Senſe, more Riches, and ſome Grace.
Yet led aſtray by *Venus'* ſoft Delights,
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak, ſinful Laymen were but Fleſh and Blood.
But in due Time, when ſixty Years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead that vicious Life no more.
Whether pure Holineſs inſpir'd his Mind,
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the Pleaſures of a lawful Bed.
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his conſtant Pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful Life
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.
Theſe Thoughts he fortify'd with Reaſons ſtill,
(For none want Reaſons to confirm their Will)
Grave Authors ſay, and witty Poets ſing,
That honeſt Wedlock is a glorious Thing:
But Depth of Judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer Years.
Then let him chuſe a Damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;
To ſooth his Cares, and free from Noiſe and Strife
Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.
Let ſinful Batchelors their Woes deplore;
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:

Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,
Like Birds and Beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent Bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt;
But vainly boaſt the Joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and Heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive Hours away,
In Bliſs all Night, and Innocence all Day:
Tho' Fortune change, his conſtant Spouſe remains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.
But what ſo pure, which envious Tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair:
With matchleſs Impudence, they ſtyle a Wife
The dear-bought Curſe and lawful Plague of Life:
A Boſome Serpent, a Domeſtick Evil,
A Night-Invaſion, and a Mid-day Devil.
Let not the Wife theſe ſland'rous Words regard,
But curſe the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.
All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n:
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
Like flitting Shadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid Comfort, our eternal Wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our Life:
This Bleſſing laſts, (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as Heart can wiſh —— and longer too.
Our Grandſire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* poſſeſt,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe, unbleſt,
With mournful Looks the bliſsful Scenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary Shade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt Reſerve of God.
A Wife! ah gentle Deities, can he
That has a Wife, e'er feel Adverſity?
Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex adviſe,
All things wou'd proſper, all the World grow wiſe.
'Twas by *Rebecca*'s Aid that *Jacob* won
His Father's Bleſſing from an elder Son:

Abuſive

Abuſive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life
To the wiſe Conduct of a prudent Wife:
Heroick *Judith*, as the Scriptures ſhow,
Preſerv'd the *Jews*, and ſlew th' *Aſſyrian* Foe:
At *Heſter*'s Suit, the Perſecuting Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Iſrael* liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
These weighty Motives *January* the Sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age;
And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and ſober Life,
Wou'd try that Chriſtian Comfort, call'd a Wife:
His Friends were ſummon'd, on a Point ſo nice,
To paſs their Judgment, and to give Advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he,
(As Men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My Friends, he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful Look
Around the Room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the Weight of threeſcore Years I bend,
And worn with Cares, am haſtning to my End;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly Follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at laſt,
With due Regret I view my Vices paſt,
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Eaſe.
But ſince by Counſel all things ſhou'd be done,
And many Heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my Deſire's approv'd by your Conſent.
One Caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your Choice; This Wife muſt not be old.
There goes a Saying, and 'twas wiſely ſaid,
Old Fiſh at Table, but young Fleſh in Bed.
My Soul abhors the taſtleſs, dry Embrace
Of a ſtale Virgin with a Winter Face;
In that cold Seaſon Love but treats his Gueſt
With Beanſtraw, and tough Forage, at the beſt.
No crafty Widows ſhall approach my Bed,
Thoſe are too wiſe for Batchelors to wed;
As ſubtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
Twice-marry'd Dames are Miſtreſſes o' th' Trade:

But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Eaſe,
We form like Wax, and mold them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Senſe amiſs,
'Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliſs;
Since if I found no Pleaſure in my Spouſe,
As Fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhou'd I live in lewd Adultery,
And ſink downright to *Satan* when I die.
Or were I curſt with an unfruitful Bed,
The righteous End were loſt for which I wed,
To raiſe up Seed t'adore the Pow'rs above,
And not for Pleaſure only, or for Love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a Wife,
When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaſter Life;
Thoſe that are bleſt with Store of Grace Divine
May live like Saints, by Heav'n's Conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of Wedlock, let me ſay,
As, thank my Stars, in modeſt Truth I may,
My Limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at Heart,
And a new Vigour ſprings in ev'ry Part.
Think not my Virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Bloſſoms white as Snow,
The Vital Sap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my Luſty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flouriſh all the Year.
Now Sirs you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom ſpeak his Mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent Parts divide,
The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side;
Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with Wit, and ſome with Reaſon blam'd.
'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wond'rous wiſe;
There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate;
Placebo this was call'd, and *Juſtin* that.
Firſt to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his Looks, and pleaſing was his Tone)
Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years:

Yet

Yet you purſue ſage *Solomon*'s Advice,
To work by Counſel when Affairs are nice:
But, with the Wiſeman's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my Soul arrive at Eaſe and Reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own Advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
And ſtudy'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful Maxim ſtill,
To let my Betters always have their Will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
My Word was this; *Your Honour's in the right.*
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe
As his miſtaken Patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought;
A noble Fool was never in a Fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry Word
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhou'd be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your Courage all the World muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
And let grey Fools be Indolently good;
Who paſt all Pleaſure, damn the Joys of Senſe,
With rev'rend Dulneſs, and grave Impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the Man,
Thus, with a Philoſophick Frown, began.
A Heathen Author, of the firſt Degree,
(Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Senſe* as well as we)
Bid us be certain our Concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous Principles, and juſt.
The Venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your Perſon than your Goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's Qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil;
Whether an eaſie, fond, inſipid *Fool*,
Or ſuch a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule?

'Tis true, Perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this World, much leſs in Womankind;
But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a Friend,
Who knows too well the State you thus commend:
And, ſpight of all its Praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is Bondage, Coſt, and Care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private Tear,
And ſigh in Silence, leſt the World ſhou'd hear:
While all my Friends applaud my bliſsful Life,
And ſwear no Mortal's happier in a Wife;
Demure and chaſte as any Veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt Creature that beholds the Sun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,
And he that ſmarts has Reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for Wiſdom is in Age:
But, at theſe Years, to venture on the Fair!
By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
To pleaſe a Wife when her Occaſions call,
Wou'd buſie the moſt Vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will ask Obſervance, and exact her Dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious Sermon here is at an End.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy Kinſman, faith, you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are Fools, and muſt reſign the Cauſe
To heath'niſh Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.
He ſpoke; and turn'd, with Scorn, another way——
What does my Friend, my dear *Placebo* ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame,
Who ventures ſacred Marriage to defame.
At this, the Council broke without delay;
Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way;
With full Conſent, that all Diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but *January* exults with Joy?
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul imploy:

Each

Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd Tyrant of his Breaſt;
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.
Thus, in ſome publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the Figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift Succeſſion, paſs
The gliding Shadows o'er the poliſh'd Glaſs.
This Lady's Charms the Niceſt cou'd not blame,
But vile Suſpicions had aſpers'd her Fame;
That was with Senſe, but not with Virtue bleſt;
And one had Grace, yet wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what Nymph he ſhou'd obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful *May*.
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind:
Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,
Her eaſie Motion, her attractive Air,
Her ſweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
Her moving Softneſs, and majeſtick Grace.
Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no Mortal cou'd diſpute this Choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry Friend,
And told them all, their Pains were at an End.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a Conſort worthy of my Bed;
Let none oppoſe th' Election, ſince on this
Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliſs.
A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent and wiſe;
Chaſte tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt Parents, and may ſerve my Turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my Age in Sanctity and Eaſe:
And thank the Pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely Prize, and ſhare my Bliſs with none!
If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
My Joys are full, my Happineſs is ſure.
One only Doubt remains: Full oft I've heard
By Caſuiſts grave, and deep Divines averr'd;

That

That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
The Bliſs of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
Now ſhould the Nuptial Pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the Bleſſings of the future State,
Thoſe endleſs Joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this Doubt, and ſet my Mind at eaſe.
This *Juſtin* heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul,
Touch'd to the Quick, and tickl'd at the Soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your Doubt whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent Pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the Rights are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a Hair;
Not ev'n in Wiſh, your Happineſs delay,
But prove the Scourge to laſh you on your Way:
Then to the Skies your mounting Soul ſhall go,
Swift as an Arrow ſoaring from the Bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your Joy,
Nor in your Pleaſures all your Might imploy,
Let Reaſon's Rule your ſtrong Deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle Mate.
Old Wives there are, of Judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe Queſtions beyond all Diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better Chear;
Marry, do Penance, and diſmiſs your Fear.
So ſaid they roſe, nor more the Work delay'd;
The Match was offer'd, the Propoſals made:
The Parents, you may think, wou'd ſoon comply;
The Old have Int'reſt ever in their Eye:
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind;
When Fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous Settlement and Deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint Impertinence diſplay
The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array,

The

The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,
At once with carnal and devout Intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient Wife
Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with Holineſs.
And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,
The Gueſts appear in Order, Side by Side,
And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride.
Expenſive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,
The beſt Luxurious *Italy* affords:
The breathing Flute's ſoft Notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound;
The vaulted Roofs with ecchoing Muſick ring,
Theſe touch the vocal Stops, and thoſe the trembling String.
Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
Nor *Joab* the ſounding Clarion cou'd inſpire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whoſe ſprightly Strain
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial Train.
Bacchus himſelf, the Nuptial Feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the Place;
And lovely *Venus*, Goddeſs of Delight,
Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt Servant wou'd his Courage try,
No leſs in Wedlock than in Liberty.
Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not ſpy'd
So kind a Bridegroom, or ſo bright a Bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful Throng
For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song;
Think not your ſofteſt Numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs Glories of this bliſsful Day;
The Joys are ſuch as far tranſcend your Rage,
When tender Youth has wedded ſtooping Age.
The beauteous Dame ſate ſmiling at the Board,
And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord;
Not *Heſter*'s ſelf, whoſe Charms the *Hebrews* ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her *Perſian* King:
Bright as the riſing Sun, in Summer's Day,
And freſh and blooming as the Month of *May!*

The

The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his Side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride:
Still as his Mind revolv'd with vaſt Delight
Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night;
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
To ſpeed his Bliſs, and haſte the happy Hour.
Mean-time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,
And Songs were ſung, and Healths went nimbly round;
With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
And Mirth and Pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry Face.
Damian alone, of all the Menial Train,
Sad in the midſt of Triumphs, ſigh'd for Pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious Squire,
Conſum'd at Heart, and fed a ſecret Fire.
His lovely Miſtreſs all his Soul poſſeſt,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and cou'd find no reſt:
His Task perform'd, he ſadly went his Way,
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day.
There let him lye, 'till the relenting Dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal Flame.
The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,
Forſook th' *Horizon*, and roll'd down the Light;
While glitt'ring Stars his abſent Beams ſupply,
And Night's dark Mantle overſpread the Sky.
Then roſe the Gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.
The Foe once gone, our Knight wou'd ſtrait undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' Aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot *Eringos* ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the boiling Blood,
Whoſe Uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious Rhymes,
And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times.
By this the Sheets were ſpread, the Bride undreſt,
The Room was ſprinkled, and the Bed was bleſt.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay:
'Tis ſung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,
Then briskly ſprung from Bed, with Heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by Night;
And ſupt his Cordial as he ſate upright:

He kiſs'd his balmy Spouſe, with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty Roundelay:
Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry Labour muſt have Reſt at laſt.
But anxious Cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forſook his Breaſt;
The raging Flames that in his Boſom dwell
He wanted Art to hide, and Means to tell.
Yet hoping Time th' Occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded, with the niceſt Art,
He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.
When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her Side.
High Maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the Hall;
The Servants round ſtood ready at their Call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the Board,
And much his Sickneſs griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his Spouſe, attended by her Train,
To viſit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Conſent;
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went;
The Female Tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle *May*:
Where, as ſhe try'd his Pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A ſpeaking Sigh, and caſt a mournful View;
Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine
With ſecret Vows, to favour his Deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented *May*?
On her ſoft Couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh Husband ſnor'd away the Night,
'Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light.
What then he did, I not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought her ſelf in Heav'n or Hell.
Honeſt and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,
'Till the Bell toll'd, and All aroſe to Pray.
Were it by forceful Deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,

Or

Or that ſome Star, with Aſpect kind to Love,
Shed its ſelecteſt Influence from above;
Whatever was the Cauſe, the tender Dame
Felt the firſt Motions of an infant Flame;
She took th' Impreſſions of the Love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft, infectious Fire.

Ye Fair draw near, let *May*'s Example move
Your gentle Minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce Tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor Adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your Sex's Mirrour, free from Pride,
Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd
Pleaſure the Sov'reign Bliſs of Humankind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd this high Philoſophy from Thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt Expence
Of laviſh Pomp, and proud Magnificence:
His Houſe was ſtately, his Retinue gay,
Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
His ſpacious Garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with Walls of ſolid Stone;
Priapus cou'd not half deſcribe the Grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:
A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*
In long Deſcriptions, and exceed *Romance*;
Enough to ſhame the boldeſt Bard that ſings
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,
A Cryſtal Fountain ſpread its Streams around,
Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd:
About this Spring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports purſue;
Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Conſort made,
And Airy Muſick warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the Noble Lord wou'd oft repair
(His Scene of Pleaſure, and peculiar Care)

For

For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore
The Silver Key that op'd the Garden Door.
To this ſweet Place, in Summer's ſultry Heat,
He us'd from Noiſe and Buſineſs to retreat;
And here in Dalliance ſpend the livelong Day,
Solus cum Sola, with his ſprightly *May*.
For whate'er Work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
In this fair Garden he perform'd and ſped.
Thus many a Day, with Eaſe and Plenty bleſt,
Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame poſſeſt:
But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a Space our Worldly Joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the Wind!
O painted Monſter, form'd Mankind to cheat
With pleaſing Poiſon, and with ſoft Deceit!
This aged *January*, this worthy Kight,
Amidſt his Eaſe, Enjoyment and Delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his Days to Grief,
And calls on Death, the Wretch's laſt Relief.
The Rage of Jealouſie then ſeiz'd his Mind,
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.
His Wife, not ſuffer'd from his Side to ſtray,
Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day,
Abridg'd her Pleaſures, and confin'd her Sway.
Full oft in Tears did hapleſs *May* complain,
And ſigh'd for Woe, but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd, ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet cou'd not he refrain
By ſecret Writing to diſcloſe his Pain,
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
'Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,
Tho' they cou'd ſee as far as Ships can ſail?
'Tis better ſure, when Blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a Man can ſee!

Argus

Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes:
So many an honeſt Husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the Caſe his own.
The Dame at laſt, by Diligence and Care,
Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
And gave th' Impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome Wonder ſhall appear,
Which in due Place and Seaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet *Ovid*, in the Days of yore,
What Sleight is that, which Love will not explore?
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly ſhow
The Feats, true Lovers, when they lift, can do:
Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in ſpight of all,
They found the Art of Kiſſing thro' a Wall.
But now no longer from our Tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,
Our noble Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play:
He rais'd his Spouſe ere Matin Bell was rung,
And thus his Morning Canticle he ſung.
Awake my Love, diſcloſe thy radiant Eyes;
Ariſe my Wife, my beauteous Lady riſe!
Hear how the Doves with penſive Notes complain,
And in ſoft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain;
The Winter's paſt, the Clouds and Tempeſts fly,
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
Fair without Spot, whoſe ev'ry charming Part
My Boſome wounds, and captivates my Heart,
Come, and in mutual Pleaſures let's ingage,
Joy of my Life, and comfort of my Age!
This heard, to *Damian* ſtrait a Sign ſhe made
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his Way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an Arbour lay.
It was not long ere *January* came,
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate ſecure.

Here

Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of Pleaſures to the World unknown:
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
Art far the deareſt Solace of my Life;
And rather wou'd I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this Inſtant, than to loſe thy Love.
Reflect what Truth was in my Paſſion ſhown,
When Un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no Treaſure but thy Heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor Age, nor Blindneſs, rob me of Delight.
Each other Loſs with Patience I can bear,
The Loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my Lady and my Wife,
The ſolid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
As firſt, the Love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your Mind muſt move,
My whole Eſtate ſhall gratifie your Love:
Make your own Terms; and ere to-morrow's Sun
Diſplays his Light, by Heav'ns it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the Contract with a holy Kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my Dear, and this—.
Have Comfort, Spouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis Love, not Jealouſie, that fires my Mind.
For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage,
And join'd to that, my own unequal Age;
From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
Such ſecret Tranſports warm my melting Heart.
For who that once poſſeſt thoſe Heav'nly Charms,
Cou'd live one Moment, abſent from thy Arms?
He ceas'd, and *May* with ſober Grace reply'd;
Weak was her Voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd.
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh ſhe drew)
I have a Soul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my Charge commend,
My deareſt Honour, will to Death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's ſacred Band:

Yet

Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my Care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear.
First may the yawning Earth her Boſome rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive deſcend;
Or die the Death I dread no leſs than Hell,
Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well:
Ere I my Fame by one lewd Act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
I loath a Whore, and ſtartle at the Name.
But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs Cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe Doubts and Fears of Female Conſtancy?
This Chime ſtill rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,
The only Strain a Wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong Glance ſhe caſt,
Where *Damian* kneeling, rev'renc'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
And ſingled out a Pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his Pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his Place:
The Knight and Lady walk beneath in View,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale purſue.
'Twas now the Seaſon when the glorious Sun
His Heav'nly Progreſs thro' the *Twins* had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields,
To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.
Clear was the Day, and *Phœbus* riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the Azure Firmament with Light;
He pierc'd the glittering Clouds with golden Streams,
And warm'd the womb of Earth with Genial Beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair Morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the Garden's Side;
And, in the midſt, the Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
The Knights ſo nimbly o'er the Greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the Ground.

The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train
For Pinks and Daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry Plain;
While on a Bank reclin'd of riſing Green,
Thus, with a Frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The Treachery you Women uſe to Man:
A thouſand Authors have this Truth made out,
And ſad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiſer Monarch never ſaw the Sun:
All Wealth, all Honours, the ſupreme Degree
Of Earthly Bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid; Of all Mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious World around,
Yet one good Woman were not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your Wickedneſs;
The Son of *Sirach* teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring Plague conſume you all,
As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,
And well this Honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old, (a helpleſs Caſe)
His Squire ſhall Cuckold him before your Face.
Now, by my own dread Majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful Scepter which I bear,
No impious Wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my Preſence offers ſuch a Wrong.
I will this Inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very Act, reſtore his Sight:
And ſet the Strumpet here in open View,
A Warning to theſe Ladies, and to You,
And all the faithleſs Sex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an Anſwer at her Need.
For her, and for her Daughters, I'll ingage,
And all the Sex in each ſucceeding Age,
None ſhall want Arts to varniſh an Offence,
And fortifie their Crimes with Confidence.

Nay,

Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict Embrace,
Seen with both Eyes, and ſeiz'd upon the Place,
They need no more but to proteſt, and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender Tear;
'Till their wiſe Husbands, gull'd by Arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geeſe.
What tho' this ſtand'rous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiſer Wits of later Times declare
How virtuous, chaſte, and conſtant, Women are.
Witneſs the Martyrs, who reſign'd their Breath,
Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;
And witneſs next what *Roman* Authors tell,
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.
But ſince the ſacred Leaves to All are free,
And Men interpret *Texts*, why ſhou'd not We?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That Soverain Goodneſs dwells in *Him* alone
Who only *Is*, and is but only *One*.
But grant the worſt; ſhall Women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as *Hebrew* Story boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh Praiſes you confer
On a rank Leacher, and Idolater,
Whoſe Reign Indulgent God, ſays Holy Writ,
Did but for *David*'s Righteous Sake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heav'n's own Mind,
Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence wou'd ſwell me, and my Heart wou'd break,
Know then, I ſcorn your dull Authorities,
Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lies.
By Heav'n, thoſe Authors are our Sex's Foes,
Whom, in our Right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.
Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my Oath,

That

That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhou'd ſee;
It muſt be done—I am King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe Faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine, (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen!
Her Anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an End of all Diſpute I make:
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our Sex to break our Word.
We leave them here in this Heroick Strain,
And to the Knight our Story turns again,
That in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his Song; Oh kind and conſtant be,
Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſie Steps, to where the Pear-Tree grew:
The longing Dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing, Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What Pangs, what ſudden Shoots diſtend my Side?
O for that tempting Fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the Love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh.
Old as he was, and void of Eye-ſight too,
What cou'd, alas, the helpleſs Husband do?
And muſt I languiſh then (ſhe ſaid) and die,
Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for Charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the Bole between your Arms to take;
Then from your Back I might aſcend the Tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;
I'd ſpend my deareſt Blood to eaſe thy Pain.
This ſaid, his Back againſt the Trunk he bent;
She ſeiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree ſhe went.
Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,
Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:

'Tis

'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honeſt is my Mind.
What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I paſs, as Gambols never known to you:
But ſure it was a merrier Fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her Life ſhe ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden Sight.
Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whoſe Thoughts were on his Spouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his Boſom-Wife ſo dreſt,
His Rage was ſuch, as cannot be expreſt:
Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,
With ſuch loud Clamours rend the vaulted Sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair;
Death! Hell! and Furies! what doſt Thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd;
I thought your Patience had been better try'd:
Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind?
Why was I taught to make my Husband ſee,
By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove?
Unhappy Wife, whoſe Crime was too much Love!

If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,
'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight:)
So Heav'n preſerve the Sight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe Eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my Slave—Perfidious Wretch! may Hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,
Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way:
Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, cou'd you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing Words to me.
So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But ſome faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have ſaid, quoth he, I muſt maintain;
For, by th' Immortal Pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe Pow'rs, ſome Frenzy ſeiz'd your Mind,
(Reply'd the Dame:) Are theſe the Thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo Kind!

She ſaid; a riſing Sigh expreſs'd her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women, when they liſt, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd
Signs of Remorſe, while thus his Spouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort Anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:
Excuſe me, Dear, if ought amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my Soul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my Repentance your Forgiveneſs draw,
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare *Suſpicion* thus to treat your Bride;
But 'till your Sight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while
Imperfect Objects may your Senſe beguile:
Thus when from Sleep we firſt our Eyes diſplay,
The Balls ſeem wounded with the piercing Ray,
And dusky Vapours riſe, and intercept the Day:
So juſt recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your ſwimming Eyes are drunk with ſudden Light,
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before your Sight.
Then Sir be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows, how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your Reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find,
'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that, ſhe leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
With well-diſſembled Virtue in her Face:
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with Doubts and Jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſt, renew'd their mutual Vows,
A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouſe.
Thus ends our Tale, whoſe Moral next to make,
Let all wiſe Husbands hence Example take;
And pray, to crown the Pleaſures of their Lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their Wives.

A Paſtoral DIALOGUE, *between Two* SHEPHERDESSES.

By the Author of the POEM *on the* SPLEEN.

SYLVIA.

PRETTY Nymph, within this Shade,
Whilſt the Flocks to Reſt are lay'd,
Whilſt the World diſſolves in Heat,
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat;
And with pleaſing Talk, a while,
Let us two the Time beguile:
Tho' thou here no Shepherd ſee,
To encline his humble Knee;
Or, with Melancholy Layes,
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praiſe.

DORINDA.

Nymph, with thee I here wou'd ſtay;
But have heard, that on this Day,
Near thoſe Beeches, ſcarce in view,
All the Swains ſome Mirth purſue,
To whoſe Meeting now I haſte:
Solitude does Life but waſte.

SYLVIA.

Pr'ythee, but a Moment ſtay.

DORINDA.

No, my Chaplet wou'd decay;
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,
And wrong the Face they ſhou'd adorn.

SYLVIA.

I can tell thee, tho' ſo fair,
And dreſs'd with all that Rural Care;
Moſt of the admiring Swains
Will be abſent from the Plains;
Gay *Sylvander*, in the Dance,
Met laſt Night a ſhrewd Miſchance;
To his Cabin now confin'd
By *Mopſus*, who the Strain did bind;

Dam on

Damon through the Woods does ſtray,
Where his Kids have loſt their way;
Young *Narciſſus'* Iv'ry Brow,
Rac'd by a malicious Bough,
Keeps the girliſh Boy from ſight,
'Till Time ſhall do his Beauty right.

DORINDA.

Where's *Alexis?* ——

SYLVIA.

——He, alas!
Lyes extended on the Graſs,
Tears his Garland, raves, deſpairs,
Mirth and Harmony forſwears;
Since he was this Morning ſhown,
That *Delia* muſt not be his own.

DORINDA.

Fooliſh Swain, ſuch Love to place

SYLVIA.

On any, but *Dorinda's* Face.

DORINDA.

Haſty Nymph! I ſaid not ſo:

SYLVIA.

No; but I thy Meaning know.
Ev'ry Shepherd thou would'ſt have
Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;
To encreaſe thy captive Train,
Never to be lov'd again;
But ſince all are now away,
Pr'ythee but a Moment ſtay.

DORINDA.

No, the Strangers from the Vale,
Sure, will not this Meeting fail:
Graceful one, the other fair,
He too, with the Penſive Air,
Told me, ere he came this way,
He was wont to look more gay.

SYLVIA.

See! how Pride thy Heart enclines
To think, for thee that Shepherd pines,

When thoſe Words, that reach'd thy Ear,
Chloe was deſign'd to hear;
Chloe, who did near thee ſtand,
And his more ſpeaking Looks command.

DORINDA.

Now thy Envy makes me ſmile.
That! indeed, were worth his while:
Chloe, next thy ſelf, decay'd,
And no more a Courted-Maid.

SILVIA.

Next my ſelf! Young Nymph, forbear:
Still the Swains allow me Fair;
Though, not what I was, that Day
When *Colin* bore the Prize away.
When——

DORINDA.

——Oh, hold! that Tale will laſt
'Till all the Evening Sports are paſs'd,
'Till no ſtreak of Light is ſeen,
Nor Foot-ſtep prints the flow'ry Green;
What thou wert, I need not know;
What I am, muſt haſte to ſhow:
Only this I now diſcern,
From the things thou'dſt have me learn,
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From paſt, or preſent Beauties riſe.

ADAM Pos'd.

By the ſame Hand.

COu'd our firſt Father, at his toilſome Plough,
Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his Brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude, unpoliſh'd Skin;
Could he, a vain, fantaſtick Nymph have ſeen,
In all her Airs, in all her Antick Graces;
Her various Faſhions, and more various Faces;

How

How had it pos'd that Skill, which late aſſign'd
Juſt Appellations to each ſev'ral Kind,
A right Idea of the Sight to frame,
To gueſs from what new Element ſhe came,
To hit the wavering Form, or give the Thing a Name.

ALCIDOR.

By the ſame Hand.

WHILE Monarchs in ſtern Battel ſtrove
For proud Imperial Sway,
Abandon'd to his Milder Love,
Within a ſilent peaceful Grove,
Alcidor careleſs lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly Fear;
Some, Nicety of Senſe;
That Drums and Trumpets cou'd not hear,
The ſullying Blaſts of Powder bear,
Or with foul Camps diſpence.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
And each ill-faſhion'd Jeſt,
The Youth, who but for Love was born,
Remain'd, and thought it vaſt Return,
To reign in *Cloria*'s Breaſt.

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came,
In all the Pomp of War;
The Gazettes long had ſpoke his Fame,
Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,
And draw in Crouds from far.

Cloria unhappily wou'd gaze;
And as he nearer drew,

The Man of Feather and of Lace,
Stopp'd ſhort, and with profound Amaze,
Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
And to his Holſters low,
Her ſelf, and the Spectators taught,
That her the faireſt Nymph he taught,
Of all that form'd the Row.

Next Day, ere *Phœbus* cou'd be ſeen,
Or any Gate unbarr'd,
At hers, upon th' adjoining Green,
From Ranks, with waving Flags between,
Were ſoften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide,
In the Pavillion's Shade;
The Neighbourhood, and all beſide
That will attend the amorous Pride,
Are Wellcom'd, with the Maid.

Poor *Alcidor*, thy Hopes are croſs'd,
Go periſh on the Ground;
Thy Sighs by ſtronger Notes are toſs'd,
Drove back, or in the Paſſage loſt,
Rich Wines thy Tears have down'd.

In Womens Hearts, the ſofteſt Things
Which Nature cou'd deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh and jarring Strings,
That when loud Fame or Profit rings,
Will anſwer to the Noiſe.

Poor *Alcidor*, go Fight, or Die,
Let thy fond Notions ceaſe;
Man was not made in Shades to lye,
Or his full Bliſs at Eaſe enjoy,
To Live, or Love, in Peace.

BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON:

Imitated from OVID.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good Peoples Hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Maſquerade;
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone, might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let 'em in.
Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt,
Where dwelt a good old honeſt Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*,
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to paſs the Night;
And then the hoſpitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;
While he from out the Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;
And freely from the fatteſt Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd,
Then ſtept aſide to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jugg up to the Brink;
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.

The good old Couple was amaz'd;
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry;—What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the Light were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:
Good Folk, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
But, far that Pack of Churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when, fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The Chimney widen'd, and grew high'r,
Became a Steepſe with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſt'ned to a Joiſt:
But with the Upſide down, to ſhow
Its Inclination for Below;
In vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops its Courſe,
Doom'd ever in Suſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
A wooden Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the Art to roaſt,
A ſudden Alteration feels,
Encreas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels:
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlow'r:
The Flyar, tho' 't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.

The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone,
But up againſt the Steeple rear'd;
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its Love to Houſhold Cares
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid not to burn
That Roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning Chair began to crawl
Like a huge Snail along the Wall;
There ſtuck aloft in publick View,
And, with ſmall Change, a Pulpit grew.
The Porringers that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a leſs noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.
The Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now ſeem'd to look abundant better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.
A Bedſted of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe.
Was metamorphos'd into Pews,
Which ſtill their ancient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to Sleep.
The Cottage, by ſuch Fears as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt:
Philemon having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely Style;
Then ſaid; My Houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill wou'd call it mine:

I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the Parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His Graſier's Coat fall down his Heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-ſleeve.
His Waſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable Hue;
But being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of Duſt.
His talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Could ſmoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to Preach old Sermons next,
Vamp't in the Preface and the Text.
At Chriſtnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe Sow had farrow'd laſt:
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for Right Divine.
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſick Authors---- he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſht up a Parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on:
Inſtead of home-ſpun Coif, were ſeen
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd a-pace,
Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim,
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus, happy in their Change of Life
Were ſeveral Years this Man and Wife;
When on a Day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old Stories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a walk;

When

When *Baucis* haſtily cry'd out;
My Dear, I ſee your Forehead ſprout:
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet methinks I feel it true;
And truly, yours is budding too ----
Nay, ----- now I cannot ſtir my Foot:
It feels as if 'twere taking Root. -----
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe:
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to Yews.
Old Good-man *Dobſon* of the Green
Remembers he the Trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to ſhew the Sight:
On Sundays after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Pariſh there;
Points out the Place of either Yew;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
'Till once, a Parſon of our Town,
To mends his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other Tree was griev'd:
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So, the next Parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To form ſome Beauty by a new Receit,
Jove ſent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, good Nature, Look ſerene;
From which Ingredients firſt, the dext'rous Boy
Pickt the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride,
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from every ſpurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.

Jove

Jove mixt up all, and his beſt Clay imploy'd,
Then call'd the happy Compoſition, *Eloyd.*

A Tranſlation of the foregoing VERSES.

By another Hand.

In LYDIAM.

ORabat precibus Cupido blandis,
Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum
Formoſam lege conderet recenti.
Arridens citò, ruris ad receſſum
Almus miſit avus, Fidemque nudam
Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,
Et vultum placidum, Indolemque ſuavem:
Dextrâ, quæ, facili Puer peritus
Oris à nimio pudore purgat,
Et morum ruditate ineleganti,
Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.
Sacræ Pierides parant deinde
Ex aulâ ingenuam Inſtitutionem,
Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,
Cum ſe non nimis efferente Faſtu.
Ab his flava Venus removit omnem
Procul mollitiem, & malas doloſæ
Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiaſque
Bonum pravè imitantium, leveſque
Motus, Gloriolæque Inanitatem.
Miſcet omnia Jupiter, lutoque
Temperat meliore, Lydiamque
Inde appellat opus, ſtupens, ſuperbum.

Tranſlations of the Sortes Virgilianæ.

King *CHARLES* the Firſt's.

At bello, &c.

BUT vex'd with Rebels, and a ſtubborn Race,
His Country baniſh'd, and his Sons' Embrace,
Some Foreign Prince for fruitleſs Succours try,
And ſee his Friends inglorioufly die.
Nor when he ſhall to Faithleſs Terms ſubmit,
His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light;
But immature a ſhameful Death receive,
And on the Ground th' unbury'd Body leave.

The Lord FALKLAND'*s*.

Non hæc O Palla, &c.

O *Pallas*, this was not thy promis'd Vow,
To curb thy Fire, and ſhun the cruel Foe.
Thy Father fear'd thy forward youthful Flame,
The ſweet Deſire of Praiſe and warlike Fame.
O hapleſs Fruits of Youth! ah fatal Coſt
Of Neighbour Wars! Ah Vows to Heaven loſt!

To my Friend, Mr. POPE, *on his* PASTORALS.

By Mr. WYCHERLEY.

IN theſe more dull as more cenſorious Days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit Praiſe;
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to Friendſhip and Deſert is due.
Young, yet Judicious; in your Verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound:
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe Numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song;
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the Head, but to the Ear:
Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull,
And are, at beſt, moſt Muſically dull.
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As ſmootheſt Speech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-ground.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your Strains are regularly Bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd Care, and unaffected Eaſe,
With proper Thoughts, and lively *Images:*
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own;
For great Men's Faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their Clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd Style write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the Language of the *Mall,*
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the *Sylvan* Muſe,
Deck't in thoſe Flow'rs her native Fields produce,
With modeſt Charms wou'd in plain Neatneſs pleaſe;
But ſeems a Dowdy in the Courtly Dreſs,
Whoſe aukward Finery allures us leſs.

But

But the true Meaſure of the Shepherd's Wit
Shou'd, like his Garb, be for the Country fit;
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected Thought
More nicely than the common Swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming Art, the Players dreſs
In Silks, the Shepherd and the Shepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the Form and Mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely Ruſſet of the Swain.
Your Rural Muſe appears, to juſtifie
The long-loſt Graces of Simplicity;
So Rural Beauties captivate our Senſe,
With Virgin Charms, and Nature's Excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe Charms conceal'd,
'Till by Men's Envy to the World reveal'd;
For Wits Induſtrious to their Trouble ſeem,
And needs will Envy what they muſt Eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their Spite! nor mourn that Fate
Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in Plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher Flight;
So Larks which firſt from lowly Fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the Skies.

To Mr. POPE.

By another Hand.

IN *Tempe*'s Shades, thus, to the liſt'ning Throng
Thy own *Apollo* taught the Rural Song;
That rough *Deucalion*-Race he cou'd aſſwage
With Verſe like thine, and ſooth their ſavage Rage;
The Uſe of Reaſon Verſe cou'd firſt Inſpire, [Fire;
Firſt ſtrike their flinty Breaſts, and light th' Etherial
Their ſtupid Souls to Senſe and Thought improve,
To Pity ſoften'd, and refin'd to Love.
The melting Sounds convey'd Love's gentle Dart,
Thus arm'd, the God ſubdu'd each ſtubborn Heart,
And fix'd his Empire by the Poet's Art.

And

And as the Pow'r of Verſe did Love infuſe,
To nobler Flights Love wing'd the Infant Muſe;
Soon in fierce Strife the tuneful Swains were found,
The Victor's Brow with Rural Honours crown'd;
Each grateful Nymph her Shepherd's Wreath prepar'd,
And Beauty was the Theam, and the Reward.
Hearts then were pair'd by Love, the mutual Flame
Bright, and unchang'd, to Age and Death the ſame.
Thus happy Mortals liv'd ere Vice had Birth,
When good Old *Saturn* rul'd the peaceful Earth:
Ere the hoarſe Drum had kindled fierce Debate,
Or tuneful Trumpets ſooth'd 'em into Fate:
The guiltleſs Lawrel then from Blood was free,
Nor *Mars* uſurp'd the *Muſes* ſacred Tree;
While Verſe, and Love, their equal Empire ſway'd,
Ere Int'reſt had debas'd 'em to a Trade:
Celeſtial Beauties did to Groves repair,
And Gods deſcending found *Elyſium* there.
Such firſt were Poets, ſuch the ancient Wit;
Thus *Maro*, and the ſoft *Sicilian* writ;
Thy early Guides, who tun'd thy Infant Voice,
Refin'd thy Numbers firſt, and fix'd thy Choice.
With Art like theirs, thy humble Subject's wrought,
So ſmooth the flowing Verſe, ſo turn'd the beauteous Thought.
Where eaſie Nature ev'ry Grace affords,
And charms without an empty Pomp of Words:
Where the juſt Thoughts the *Sylvan* Muſe ſupplies,
Sink without creeping, without ſoaring Riſe.
So form'd the whole, ſo well diſpos'd each Part,
Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* can boaſt a nobler Art:
Each *Age* and *Paſſion*, ev'ry *Rural Care*,
Attend the *Seaſons* of the various Year:
The Spring of Youth Life's opening Sweets does prove,
Gay Hopes, and ſoft Deſires, the Bloom of Love:
'Till ripen'd Man his ſcorching Summer mourns,
And kindled into Pain, more fiercely burns:
The glowing Flame, damp'd with autumnal Storms,
Dark Images of Death and Horror forms,
Or, when declin'd to Friendſhip, faintly warms:

A Train of Woes, cold Age like Winter bears,
Loſt Hopes, departed Love, and endleſs Tears!
The *Sylvan* Song your firſt Eſſay you chuſe,
The hardeſt, the leaſt known, moſt moving Muſe:
But ſoon on Wing, above your Native Plains,
You mount aloft in *Homer's* Godlike Strains;
While you Divine *Sarpedon's* Fate deplore,
Sublime with *Grecian* Energy you Soar:
So juſt an Art in each Extream you prove,
Or ſing with Shepherds, or lament with *Jove*.
Thus thy bright God with equal Glory gilds
Majeſtick Palaces, and humble Fields:
Thus warm in Spring his youthful Beams appear,
Create the Seaſons, and adorn the Year;
To Flow'rs their Bloom, to Stars their Light ſupply,
Paint all the Vales, and brighten all the Sky.

HORACE, Ode III. Book III.

Auguſtus *had a Deſign to Rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire; having Cloſeted ſeveral Senators on the Project,* Horace *is ſuppos'd to have Written the following Ode on this Occaſion.*

THE Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately Juſt,
May the rude Rabble's Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice defies,
And with Superior Greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the red Arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Shou'd

Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.
Such were the Godlike Arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt Abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a Place among the Gods.
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies;
And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies;
His ruddy Lips the Purple Tincture ſhow,
And with immortal Stains divinely glow.
By Arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the Laſh, and bent 'em to the Yoke.
Such were the Paths that *Rome*'s great Founder trod,
When in a Whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull Mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled Deities beſpoke.
Troy, ſays the Goddeſs, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;
The tow'ring Pile and ſoft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hand of ſervile Gods,
Now ſpreads its Ruins all around,
And lyes inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd Woman's impious Luſt,
Lay heavy on her Head, and ſunk her to the Duſt.
Since falſe *Laomedon*'s Tyrannick Sway,
That durſt defraud th' Immortals of their Pay,
Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repel;
To my Reſentments, and *Minerva*'s Rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And

And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,
The ſoft Adult'rer ſhines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s Force the *Trojans* ſhield,
That drove whole Armies back, and ſingly clear'd the Field.
My Vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To *Mars* his Offspring of the *Trojan* Line:
Advanc'd to God-head let him riſe,
And take his Station in the Skies;
There entertain his raviſh'd Sight
With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light;
Quaff with the Gods immortal Wine,
And ſee adoring Nations crowd his Shrine:
The thin Remains of *Troy*'s afflicted Hoſt,
In diſtant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a Foreign Coaſt;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by Seas from the diſaſtrous Shore,
May endleſs Billows riſe between, and Storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curſt deteſted Place,
Where *Priam* lyes, and *Priam*'s faithleſs Race,
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs.
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely Shepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty Ruins play,
And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.
May Tygers there, and all the Savage Kind,
Sad ſolitary Haunts, and ſilent Deſarts find;
In gloomy Vaults, and Nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmoleſted Lyoneſs
Her brinded Whelps ſecurely lay,
Or couch, in dreadful Slumbers waſte the Day.
While *Troy* in Heaps of Ruins lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol ſhall riſe;
Th' Illuſtrious Exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.
In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
Europe from *Afric* ſhall divide,
And part the ſever'd World in two:

Through

Through *Afric*'s Sands their Triumphs they ſhall ſpread,
And the long Train of Victories purſue
To *Nile*'s yet undiſcover'd Head.
Riches the hardy Soldier ſhall deſpiſe,
And look on Gold with un-deſiring Eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore
In ſearch of the forbidden Ore;
Thoſe glitt'rings Ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently ſhine.
To the laſt Bounds that Nature ſets,
The piercing Colds and ſult'ry Heats,
The Godlike Race ſhall ſpread their Arms;
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
'Till Storms and Tempeſts their Purſuits confine,
Now ſweat for Conqueſt underneath the Line.
This only Law the Victor ſhall reſtrain,
On theſe Conditions ſhall he Reign;
If none his guilty Hand employ,
To build again a ſecond *Troy*;
If none the raſh Deſign purſue,
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.
A Curſe there cleaves to the devoted Place,
That ſhall the new Foundations raſe:
Greece ſhall in mutual Leagues conſpire,
To ſtorm the Riſing Town with Fire,
And at their Armies Head my ſelf will ſhow
What *Juno*, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.
Thrice ſhou'd *Apollo*'s ſelf the City raiſe,
And line it round with Walls of Braſs,
Thrice ſhou'd my fav'rite *Greeks* his Works confound,
And hew the ſhining Fabrick to the Ground;
Thrice ſhou'd her captive Dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead Sons and ſlaughter'd Husbands mourn.
But hold, my Muſe, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to light:
In vain wou'd thy preſumptuous Verſe
Th' immortal Rhetoric rehearſe;
The mighty Strains, in Lyrick Numbers bound,
Forget their Majeſty, and loſe their Sound.

The Story of ERMINIA, *tranſlated from* Taſſo's Jeruſalem, *Book VII. Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady Viſcounteſs* WEYMOUTH.

ERminia, by the Centinels ſurpriz'd,
Fled all the Night, in burniſh'd Arms diſguis'd;
And all the Day thro' pathleſs Woods ſhe ſtray'd,
Of ev'ry whiſp'ring Breath of Wind afraid:
But now the Sun his ſhining Progreſs ends,
Deſerts the Skies, and to the Sea deſcends;
The Nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordon* flows,
And on his flow'ry Borders ſeeks Repoſe;
Soft Sleep, that wiſh'd Relief to Mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous Maid his downy Wings;
But reſtleſs Love his Empire ſtill maintains,
And o'er her Dreams in airy Triumph reigns.
At laſt, the Birds ſalute the riſing Light,
And wanton Winds the roſie Morn invite;
They curl the Streams, and dance along the Waves,
Glide thro' the Woods, and whiſper in the Leaves:
Each painted Bloſſom opens to the Day,
With them, *Erminia*'s Eyes their Charms diſplay:
With penſive Looks, the Proſpect round ſhe view'd,
The Shepherds Tents, and Rural Solitude;
Each ruſsling Noiſe awakes her former Fears,
'Till thro' the Boughs a tuneful Note ſhe hears:
The Fields and Floods the chearful Sound retain,
And ſportive Ecchos mock the Jovial Swain;
Who careleſs near the Banks of *Jordan* ſate,
Nor fear'd the Stars, nor curs'd relentleſs Fate:
Pleas'd with his honeſt Art, he Baskets wove;
Three ſprightly Boys to imitate him ſtrove.
The Princeſs nearer drew, with wild Affright
The Children fled the unaccuſtom'd Sight,
'Till the bright Helmet from her Head ſhe took,
Reveal'd a Female Face, and modeſt Look;

The

The golden Treſſes o'er her Shoulders fell,
And all their Fears her charming Eyes diſpel:
Her Face no more a Martial Terror boaſts,
When thus the wond'ring Shepherd ſhe accoſts.
Thrice happy Man! the Gods peculiar Care
Protect thee from the waſteful Rage of War:
I come not here to offer hoſtile Wrongs,
To interrupt thy Labours, nor thy Songs;
But by what Methods haſt thou found Defence,
Againſt the Sword's impartial Violence;
While claſhing Arms, and the ſhrill Trumpet's Sound,
With endleſs Jars, perplex the Regions round?
My humble State, fair Maid, the Swain replies,
Beneath the turns of changing Fortune lies:
While Light'ning blaſts the Mountain's lofty Brow,
The humble Valley ſmiles ſecure below.
From all the Tumults, which diſtract the Great,
We live exempt, in this obſcure Retreat;
The Gods themſelves the Rural Life approve,
And kindly guard the Innocence they love:
In Groves we ſleep, from Spoil and Rapine free,
Content with Little, bleſt in Poverty.
This Life (which yet ambitious Men deſpiſe)
Before a Court's licentious Joys, I prize:
Nor Pride, nor ſordid Avarice moleſt
The ſoft Tranquility within my Breaſt.
Unartful Meats ſupply my frugal Board,
And Drink, the pure untainted Springs afford;
No Poiſons thro' their Channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden Cups betray'd:
Theſe Youths, my Sons, to Labour us'd, like me,
Attend my Flocks with chearful Induſtry.
Nor think theſe Shades can no Delights afford;
With various harmleſs Beaſts the Woods are ſtor'd,
Among the Boughs melodious Birds reſide,
And ſcaly Fiſh along the Rivers glide.
Yet other Motives did my Youth engage,
And wild Ambition fir'd my blooming Age;
I ſcorn'd the Peaſant's Care and humble Toils,
And left my Native Shores, for Foreign Soils;

And in th' *Egyptian* Court my Suit preferr'd:
My Suit the condeſcending Noble heard.
The Royal Gardens ſoon were made my Care;
I learn'd the fatal Snares of Greatneſs there,
Its impious Methods, and unconſtant State;
But learn'd, alas! the dear Miſtake too late:
My Prime was paſt, my airy Wiſhes croſs'd,
And all my Dreams of riſing Fortune loſt.
With weeping Eyes, the Country Scenes I view'd,
And bleſs'd my once inglorious Solitude;
The ſmooth Tranquility, the gay Content,
In which my former happy Days were ſpent.
Reſolv'd again thoſe Pleaſures to purſue,
With juſt Remorſe, I bid the Court adieu.
The Day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which ſet me from its gawdy Bondage free.
His wiſe Diſcourſe th' attentive Princeſs pleas'd,
And half the Tempeſt of her Soul appeas'd;
She now reſolves to try, far from the Striſe
Of factious Courts, an unambitious Life.
She paus'd---and thus, with gentle words, began
T' addreſs the hoary venerable Man.
If, by the Diſappointments thou haſt prov'd,
Thy kind Relief and Pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to ſome Hoſpitable Cell,
And let me in theſe calm Receſſes dwell:
There quiet Shades, perhaps, will eaſe my Grief,
And give my reſtleſs Paſſions ſome Relief.
By thy Example taught, I ſhall grow wiſe;
With that a Tear grac'd her prevailing Eyes:
Some pitying Drops the careful Shepherd ſhed,
And to his Cottage the fair Stranger led.
A Father's kind Indulgence fills his Breaſt;
His Wife, with Joy, receives the Royal Gueſt;
Who now her nodding Helmet lays aſide,
Her gilded Arms and ornamental Pride;
Then in a *Sylvan* Dreſs, the graceful Maid,
All negligent, her decent Limbs array'd;
But nothing Ruſtick in her careleſs Meen,
The Princeſs ſtill thro' all Diſguiſe was ſeen:

Majeſtick

Majeſtick Beauty lighten'd in her Face,
She mov'd, and ſpoke, with an unvulgar Grace;
An Air of Grandeur, not to be ſuppreſs'd,
Her noble Mind and high Deſcent confeſs'd.
Yet to the Fold her bleating Flocks ſhe drove,
And with her Native Delicacy ſtrove:
Sometimes along the freſh enamel'd Meads,
Her harmleſs Charge, with gentle Pace, ſhe leads;
And, oft beneath ſome Lawrel's Shade reclin'd,
With *Tancred*'s Name, ſhe wounds the tender Rind:
Each Tree that flouriſh'd in the conſcious Grove,
The Records bore of her ſucceſsleſs Love,
And when the Tragick Story ſhe review'd,
The ſad Deſcription all her Grief renew'd;
With Love and melting Sorrow in her Eyes,
Ye verdant Plants, the penſive Charmer cries,
Ye Pines, and ſpreading Lawrels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep Inſcriptions of my Woe;
Some wretched Maid, undone by Love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd Faith, and partial Deſtiny.
But if my charming Hero here ſhould ſtray,
As grant, ye bleſt propitious Powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry Shade his Name,
My ſecret Care, and undiſcover'd Flame,
Long after Death has clos'd my wretched Eyes,
And in the Grave this mortal Relick lyes;
Some tender Sigh, ſome grateful Tear, may prove
The late Succeſs of my unblemiſh'd Love.
My hov'ring Ghoſt, pleas'd with that ſoft Return,
The Rigour of my Fate no more ſhould mourn.
With theſe Complaints, ſhe ſooths her fond De-
And vainly to the Fields and Shades retires; } ſires,
The Fields and Shades indulge her fatal Fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a Stranger to her Charms,
Among the Toils of War, and fierce Alarms,
Purſues a nobler Fate in Military Arms.

SONG.

SONG.

THEN never let me ſee her more!
In vain I ſigh, in vain adore.
In ſome lonely Deſart Place,
Far from Sight of human Race;
In ſome unfrequented Cell,
Where neither Joy nor Sorrow dwell,
Oh! let me endeavour to forget
At once my ſelf, and *Amoret*.

SONG.

By the ſame Hand.

WHY we Love, and why we Hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid*'s Bow.

II.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis Madneſs all in me to grieve:
Since her Will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſie live?

III.

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella*'s Cries;
Ask not me the Reaſon why:
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

ANACREON, ODE XXXIV.

By the ſame Hand.

WHY ſo Coy, my lovely Maid?
Why of Age ſo much afraid?
Your Cheeks, like Roſes, to the Sight;
And my Hair, as Lillies white;
In Love's Garland, we'll ſuppoſe
Me the Lilly, you the Roſe.

ANACREONTIQUE.

By the ſame Hand.

BEneath the Covert of a Grove,
The conſcious Scene of all my Love,
Careleſs, and ſupinely lay'd,
I took my Lute, and ſung and play'd.
Of Love's ſoft Paſſion did I ſing,
And *Cupid*, Love's almighty King;
When lo! a String, that would have ſpoke,
Beneath my Finger, ſighing broke;
It broke, and ſaid, methoughts, to me,
Think on thy own Mortality. ----

In Anſwer to the Queſtion, What is THOUGHT?

By the ſame Hand.

THE Hermit's Solace in his Cell;
The Fire, that warms the Poet's Brain;
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;
The mad Man's Sport, the wiſe Man's Pain.

Half

Half Masking her Self when she Smil'd.

By the same Hand.

SO, when the Sun, with his Meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight;
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
We view his Glory, lessen'd in a Shade.

Lying at her FEET.

By the same Hand.

THIS Posture, and these Tears, that Heav'n might move,
In vain I use in Favour of my Love:
And while thus prostrate at her Feet I lye,
Like some fair Rock she stands, that tow'ring high,
Seems deaf to those sad Murmurs, which below
The plaintive Waters utter, as they flow.

Reading Mr. WALLER.

By the same Hand.

INhuman *Sacharissa!* not to love
The Man, whose Verse might Rocks to Pity move,
Yet, since *Amphion* Sung, they Sense retain;
And Verse may soften all things but Disdain.
As he the fatal Glories of your Eyes,
His easie Wit, and courtly Pen, I prize.
In vain, like him, I sigh, in vain I mourn;
For, *Waller*'s Muse has *Sacharissa*'s Scorn.

Occaſion'd by the early Singing of a LARK.

By the ſame Hand.

ATtend, my Soul! The early Birds inſpire
My groveling Thoughts with pure, celeſtial Fire.
They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay
Their thankful Anthems for the New-born Day.
See, how the tuneful Lark is mounted high!
And, Poet-like, ſalutes the Eaſtern Sky.
He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Layes,
And ſeems the Beauties of the Morn to praiſe.
But Man, more void of Gratitude, awakes,
And gives no Thanks for that ſweet Reſt he takes:
Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,
Without one Thought of Him, from whom it came.
The Wretch, unhallow'd, does the Day begin;
Shakes off his Sleep, but ſhakes not off his Sin.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

By the ſame Hand.

WHen Gameſome Youth, and Love's unruly Fire,
Are quell'd by Age, that deadens all Deſire;
When chearful Days and jovial Nights are fled,
And drooping Health inclines her ſickly Head;
When downy Sleep, tho' courted long, denies
To bleſs my Bed, and cloſe my weary Eyes;
When Nature ſickens, and with fainting Breath,
Struggles beneath the bitter Pangs of Death;
When helpleſs Art no hopes of Life can give,
Nor Pray'r, nor Tears, the ſentenc'd Atretch reprieve;

When

When all our Friends, then few, make heavy Moan;
And heighten all our Sorrows by their own;
Amid the Terrors of this ſolemn Woe,
The fleeting Soul begins her ſelf to know;
Turns o'er the Regiſter of Life in haſte,
Weighs all her Thoughts, her Words and Actions paſt,
Then, if no frightful Images appear,
No ghaſtly Ills awake her conſcious Fear;
Gently ſhe lays her down in Peace to reſt,
As Infants ſleep upon their Mother's Breaſt.

An ODE *for St.* CECILIA's *Day*, 1699.

BLeſt *Cecilia*! Charming Maid!
Where ſhall Mortals ſeek for Aid
Thee to ſing? Whoſe tuneful Layes
Shall thy Skill in Muſick praiſe?
Inſpir'd by Thee, thy Sons their Duty ſhow,
And imitate below;
With pious Love,
What Angels ſing Above.
With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill;
With vital Breath the Trumpet ſwell;
Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;
And let *Cecilia*, Goddeſs of our Song,
In melting Accents ever dwell
On ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

II.

For ever Sacred be the Day,
Beyond all others Bright and Fair,
Ever Joyous, ever Gay,
When firſt Divine *Cecilia* found
The Magick Art to quicken the long ſilent Air
With all the Energy of Sound.
Up to the Skies
On new fledg'd Wings,
From Earth celeſtial Muſick flies,
And joins in Concert with the Cherub's Strings,

Down from their bliſsful Bow'rs they came;
Came down to liſten and admire
The mighty animated Frame,
It ſelf a Quire.

III.

She ſmil'd,
Cecilia ſmil'd, to ſee
The Cherubs mild,
With hov'ring Wings deſcending from on High,
Like nimble Lightning, ſwift and gay,
O'er all the Keys her wanton Fingers play;
The ready Notes obey her Touch:
Diſſolv'd in Ecſtaſie
Th' immortal Beings dye;
Divine *Cecilia* charms too much.

IV.

Her ſprightly Treble, warbling ſweet,
Glides thro' the Veins
On even Feet,
And binds the Soul in Silken Chains:
The yielding Soul with Softneſs it diſarms,
And, like a Woman, Charms.
With manly Grace the Baſs ſtalks high,
Array'd in awful Majeſty:
Its haughty Bound
And pompous Sound
The Spirits warm,
The Soul alarm,
And ſhake the trembling Air around.
Between the two Extreams the Tenor flows
In gentle Streams, perſuading Union as it goes.
And now in perfect Harmony
The blended Parts agree,
And glut the liſt'ning Ear with Melody.

V.

The Treble ſtarts;
On ſwift Diviſion leads the Chaſe,
And quite out-ſtrips the loit'ring Parts.
The rumbling Baſs
With clumzy Pace

Purſues

Purſues the fleeting Fugitive,
And all in Triumph does her backward drive:
But ſee!
The Friendly Tenor, all for Unity,
Does mildly interpoſe,
And joins them in a full compounded Cloſe.

VI.

She paus'd awhile;
For Silence has in Muſick Place.
The raviſh'd Cherubs, with a ſilent Smile,
Diſcloſe Amazement on each Face.
Again ſhe plies the loud Machine;
Again intrant'd the Cherubs lye;
Immortal, yet in Pleaſures almoſt die.
Thrice the lovely Maid
Paus'd; and thrice ſhe play'd;
And thrice ſhe ſhew'd the Pow'r Divine,
And wond'rous Force of modulated Sound,
That like a mighty Torrent flows,
Victorious as it goes,
And ſweeps away the ſtrongeſt Mound.

CHORUS.

With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill;
With vital Breath the Trumpet ſwell;
Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;
And let Cecilia, *Goddeſs of our Song,*
In melting Accents ever dwell,
In ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

SONG. To the Fickle SYLVIA.

TAKE Pity, *Sylvia*, charming Fair,
No more my Fate ſuſpend;
But ſolve my Doubts, and eaſe my Care,
Or bid me Hope, or elſe Deſpair;
And thus my Sufferings end.

II.

A tedious Month I've been confin'd;
(Which is an Age in Love:)
Nor will you e'er diſcloſe your Mind;
One while you're Coy, and then you're Kind;
Sometimes you neither prove.
Ah! cruel Charmer, let me know my Fate;
Whiſper your Love, or thunder out your Hate.

Written by the Earl of MULGRAVE, *now Marqueſs of* Normanby.

SAfely, perhaps, dull Crouds admire;
But I, alas, am all on Fire.
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the Danger o'er;
(Like him who thought in Childhood paſt
That dire Diſeaſe, which kill'd at laſt)
Had felt the Pangs of jealous Pain,
And born the Blaſts of cold Diſdain;
Then, reap'd at length the mighty Gains,
That full Reward of all our Pains!
But what was all ſuch Grief, or Joy,
That did my heedleſs Years employ?
Meer Dreams of feign'd fantaſtick Pow'rs;
But the Diſeaſe of idle Hours;
Amuſement, Humour, Affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer Paſſion,
Whoſe Raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Out-ſhine the Flames of Zeal, or Love.
Yet think not, Faireſt, what I ſing
Does from a Love Platonick ſpring;
That formal Softneſs, falſe and vain,
Not of the Heart, but of the Brain.
Thou art indeed above all Nature;
But I, a wretched human Creature,

Wanting

Wanting thy gentle, generous Aid,
Of Husband, Rivals, Friends afraid;
Amidſt all this Seraphic Fire,
Am almoſt dying with Deſire;
With eager Wiſhes, ardent Thoughts,
Prone to commit Love's wildeſt Faults.
And, as we are on *Sundays* told
The luſty Patriarch did of Old,
Would force a Bleſſing from thoſe Charms,
And graſp an Angel in my Arms.

The Epiſode of SARPEDON, *tranſlated from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books of* HOMER's *Iliads.*

By *Mr.* ALEXANDER POPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Sarpedon, *the Son of* Jupiter, *commanded the* Lycians *who came to the Aid of* Troy. *In the firſt Battel, when* Diomed *had put the* Trojans *to flight, he incourag'd* Hector *to rally, and ſignaliz'd himſelf by the Death of* Tlepolemus. *Afterwards when the* Greeks *had rais'd a Fortification to cover their Fleet, which the* Trojans *endeavour'd to overthrow, this Prince was the Occaſion of effecting it. He incites* Glaucus *to ſecond him in this Action by an admirable Speech, which has been render'd in Engliſh by Sir* John Denham; *after whom the Tranſlator had not the Vanity to attempt it for any other reaſon, than that the Epiſode muſt have been very imperfect without ſo noble a part of it.*

THUS *Hector*, great in Arms, contends in vain,
To fix the Fortune of the fatal Plain,
Nor *Troy* cou'd conquer, nor the *Greeks* wou'd yield,
'Till bold *Sarpedon* ruſh'd into the Field;

For Mighty *Jove* inſpir'd with Martial Flame
His God-like Son, and urg'd him on to Fame.
In Arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,
Within whoſe Orb the thick Bull-hides were roll'd,
Pondrous with Braſs, and bound with ductile Gold;
And while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* Bands.
So preſt with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
Deſcends a Lion on the Flocks below;
So ſtalks the Lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In ſullen Majeſty, and ſtern Diſdain:
In vain loud Maſtives bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.
Reſolv'd alike, Divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous Rage, that drives him on the Foes.
He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall;
To ſure Deſtruction dooms the *Grecian* Wall;
Then caſting on his Friend an ardent Look,
Fir'd with the Thirſt of Glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, *Glaucus*, our extended Reign,
Where *Xanthus'* Streams enrich the *Lycian* Plain?
Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field,
And Hills where Vines their Purple Harveſt yield?
Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous *Nectar* crown'd,
Our Feaſts enhanc'd with Muſick's ſprightly Sound?
Why on theſe Shores are we with Joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great Acts ſuperior Merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above:
'Tis ours, the Dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in Valour, as the firſt in Place:
That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands
Behold our Deeds tranſcending our Commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the Sov'reign State,
Whom thoſe that Envy dare not Imitate!
Coud all our Care elude the greedy Grave,
Which claims no leſs the Fearful than the Brave,

For

For Luſt of Fame I ſhou'd not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War.
But ſince, alas, ignoble Age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!

He ſaid; his Words the liſt'ning Chief inſpire
With equal Warmth, and rouze the Warrior's Fire;
The Troops purſue their Leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the Foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſthens from on high the Storm beheld,
Threat'ning the Fort, and blackning in the Field;
Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What Aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching War,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Inſatiate of the Fight, and prodigal of Blood.
In vain he calls, the Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and ecchoes thro' the Fields,
The Gates reſound, the brazen Hinges fly,
While each is bent to conquer or to die.
Then thus to *Thoos*;---Hence with ſpeed (he ſaid)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our Aid;
Their Strength united beſt may help to bear
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the *Trojan* Force.
But if too fiercely, there, the Foes contend,
Let *Telamon* at leaſt our Tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte, with his unerring Bow,
To ſhare the Danger, and repel the Foe.

Swift as the Word, the Herald ſpeeds along
The lofty Ramparts, through the warlike Throng,
And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,
Oppos'd in Combate on the duſty Shore.
Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his Care,
And thus beſpoke his Brothers of the War:
Now valiant *Lycomede*, exert your Might,
And brave *Oileus*, prove your Force in Fight:

To

To you I truſt the Fortune of the Field,
'Till by this Arm the Foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the Day:
Then, with his ſev'nfold Shield, he ſtrode away.
With equal Steps bold *Teucer* preſt the Shore,
Whoſe fatal Bow the ſtrong *Pandion* bore.
High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Like ſome black Tempeſt gath'ring round the Tow'rs:
The *Greeks* oppreſs'd, their utmoſt Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight;
The War begins; mix'd Shouts and Groans ariſe;
Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies.
Fierce *Ajax* firſt th' advancing Hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades,
Sarpedon's Friend; acroſs the Warrior's Way,
Rent from the Walls, a Rocky Fragment lay;
In modern Ages not the ſtrongeſt Swain
Cou'd heave th' unwieldy Burden from the Plain:
He poiz'd, and ſwung it round; then toſt on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s Helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous Ruin cruſh'd his batter'd Crown.
As skilful Divers from ſome airy Steep
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the Deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in Groans expires, [retires.
And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul
Wile to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s Hand a winged Arrow flew,
The bearded Shaft the deſtin'd Paſſage found,
And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound.
The Chief who fear'd ſome Foe's inſulting Boaſt
Might ſtop the Progreſs of his warlike Hoſt,
Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd Fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with Regret beheld,
Diſabled *Glaucus* ſlowly quit the Field;
His beating Breaſt with gen'rous Ardour glows,
He ſprings to Fight, and flies upon the Foes.
Alcmaon firſt was doom'd his Force to feel,
Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd the pointed Steel,

Then

Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore
The Spear, purſu'd by guſhing Streams of Gore;
Down ſinks the Warrior, with a thund'ring Sound,
His brazen Armour rings againſt the Ground.
Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pondrous Stones disjointed yield;
The rowling Ruins ſmoak along the Field.
A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lye bare,
And like a Deluge ruſhes in the War.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging Bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his Jav'lin at the Foe;
Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon ſtood,
And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire Debate,
To ſhield his Off-ſpring, and avert his Fate.
The Prince gave back; not meditating Flight,
But urging Vengeance and ſeverer Fight;
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glory's Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms.
O where, ye *Lycians*, is the Strength you boaſt,
Your former Fame, and antient Virtue loſt?
The Breach lyes open, but your Chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded Paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that Hoſtile Fleet ſhall fall.
The Force of pow'rful Union conquers all.
This juſt Rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* Crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' Aſſault renew;
Unmov'd, th' embody'd *Greeks* their Fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the Weight of all the War:
Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs.
As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
Two ſtubborn Swains with Blows diſpute their Bounds;
They tugg, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:
Thus obſtinate to Death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the Wall:
Their Manly Breaſts are pierc'd with many a Wound,
Loud Strokes are heard, and ratling Arms reſound,

The

The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore,
And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore.
As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,
From side to side the trembling Balance nods,
'Till poiz'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends
Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that descends.
So Conquest loath for either to declare,
Levels her Wings, and hov'ring hangs in Air.
'Till *Hector* came, to whose superior Might
Jove ow'd the Glory of the destin'd Fight.
Fierce as a Whirlwind, up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Host with loud repeated Cries:
Advance ye *Trojans*, lend your valiant Hands,
Haste to the Fleet, and toss the blazing Brands!
They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,
Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears
Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears.
A ponderous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight cou'd raise,
Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days.
Yet this, as easie as a Swain wou'd bear
The snowy Fleece; he tost, and shook in Air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its Load
Th' unwieldy Rock, the Labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of massy Substance and stupendous Frame,
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges strong,
On lofty Beams of solid Timber hung.
Then thund'ring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
Drives the sharp Rock; the solid Beams give way,
The Folds are shatter'd, from the crackling Door
Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as Night, and shakes two shining Spears;
A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,
And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame:
He moves a God, resistless in his Course,
And seems a Match for more than mortal Force.

Then

Then pouring after, thro' the gaping Space
A Tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the Place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly; [Sky.
The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends the

Connection of the foregoing with the following Part.

The Wall being forc'd by Hector, *an obſtinate Battel was fought before the Ships, one of which was ſet on fire by the* Trojans. Patroclus *thereupon obtaining of* Achilles *to lead out the* Myrmidons *to the Aſſiſtance of the* Greeks, *made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, 'till he was oppos'd by* Sarpedon. *The Combate betwixt theſe Two, and the Death of the latter, with the Grief of* Jupiter *for his Son, are deſcrib'd in the enſuing Tranſlation, from the Sixteenth Book of the* Iliads.

WHEN now the Chief his valiant Friends be- [held
Grov'ling in Duſt, and gaſping on the Field,
With this Reproach his flying Hoſt he warms,
Oh Stain to Honour! oh Diſgrace of Arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended Plain;
This Hand unaided ſhall the War ſuſtain:
The Task be mine the Hero's Strength to try,
Who mows whole Troops, and makes whole Armies fly.
He ſaid, and leap'd from off his lofty Car;
Patroclus fights, and ſternly waits the War.
As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height
Stoop with their ſounding Pinions to the Fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming Cry;
The Deſart ecchoes, and the Rocks reply:
The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms engage,
With equal Valour, and with equal Rage.
Jove view'd the Combate, whoſe Event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The Hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My God-like Son ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* Plain;

Already

Already on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* Hands.
What Paſſions in a Parent's Breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from Impending Fate;
And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the Dangers and the Toils of War;
Or to his Doom my braveſt Off-ſpring yield,
And fatten, with Celeſtial Blood, the Field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant Eyes:
What Words are theſe, O Sov'reign of the Skies?
Short is the Date preſcrib'd to Mortal Man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,
Whoſe Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?
How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,
Before proud *Ilion* muſt reſign their Breath!
Were thine exempt, Debate wou'd riſe above,
And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in Fight;
And when th' aſcending Soul has wing'd her Flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,
The breathleſs Body to his Native Land.
His Friends and People, to his future Praiſe,
A Marble Tomb and Pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting Honours to his Aſhes give;
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-Compeller overcome,
Aſſents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.
Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns diſtill'd
A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field.
The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,
Laments his Son, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy Native Reign.
Now met in Arms the Combatants appear,
Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear:
From ſtrong *Patroclus'* Hand the Jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the Groin of valiant *Thraſymed*,
The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling, bites the bloody Plain.
Two ſounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw,
The firſt aloof with erring Fury flew,

The

The next more fatal pierc'd *Achilles'* Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus*, of *Theban* Breed;
Fix'd in the Shoulder's Joint, he reel'd around;
Rowl'd in the bloody Duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry Ground.
His ſudden Fall th' entangled Harneſs broke;
Each Axle groan'd; the bounding Chariot ſhook;
When bold *Automedon*, to diſengage
The ſtarting Courſers, and reſtrain their Rage,
Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:
The reſt move on, obedient to the Rein;
The Car rowls ſlowly o'er the duſty Plain.
The towring Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,
And firſt *Sarpedon* toſt his weighty Lance,
Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Courſe,
And ſpent, in empty Air, its dying Force.
Not ſo *Patroclus'* never-erring Dart;
Aim'd at his Breaſt, it pierc'd the mortal Part
Where the ſtrong Fibres bind the ſolid Heart.
Then as the ſtately Pine, or Poplar tall,
Hewn for the Maſt of ſome great Admiral,
Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a crackling Sound
It ſinks, and ſpreads its Honours on the Ground;
Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth Supine,
Before his Chariot ſtretch'd his Form divine:
He graſp'd the Duſt, diſtain'd with ſtreaming Gore,
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.
So lyes a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and ſucks the ſmoking Blood;
Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the Wood.
Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band,
The dying Chief addreſs'd his laſt Command.
Glaucus, be bold, Thy Task be firſt to dare
The glorious Dangers of deſtructive War,
To lead my Troops, to combate at their Head,
Incite the Living, and ſupply the Dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt Breath,
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon's* Death.

What-

What Grief, what Shame muſt *Glaucus* undergo,
If theſe ſpoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;
Defend my Corps, and conquer in my Right;
That taught by great Examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquiſh, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' inſulting Victor with Diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate Prince, and on his Boſom trod;
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;
From the wide Wound gulh'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul iſſu'd in the Purple Flood.

Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the Realms above,
Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*:
Deſcend my *Phœbus*, on the *Phrygian* Plain,
And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his Body in the cryſtal Flood,
With Duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with Blood:
O'er all his Limbs *Ambroſial* Odours ſhed,
And with Celeſtial Robes adorn the mighty Dead.
Thoſe Honours paid, his ſacred Corps bequeath
To the ſoft Arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*;
They to his Friends the mournful Charge ſhall bear;
His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid ſhall rear;
Theſe unavailing Rites he may receive,
Theſe, after Death, are All a God can give!

Apollo bows, and from Mount *Ida*'s Height
Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;
Thence, from the War, the breathleſs Hero bore,
Veil'd in a Cloud, to ſilver *Simois*' Shore:
There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and dreſt
His Manly Members in th' Immortal Veſt,
And with Perfumes of ſweet *Ambroſial* Dews
Reſtores his Freſhneſs, and his Form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two Twins of winged Race,
Of matchleſs Swiftneſs, but of ſilent Pace,
Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;

The

The Corps amidſt his weeping Friends they laid,
Where endleſs Honours wait the Sacred Shade.

To the Lady LOVISA LENOS: *With* OVID's *Epiſtles.*

By Dr. GARTH.

IN moving Lines theſe few Epiſtles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well;
How faintly the ſucceſsful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when ſoft Intreaties fail,
Aſſert their uncontеſted Right, and Rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and reſent too late;
'Tis ſure they Love, whene'er they ſtrive to Hate.
Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.
In diff'ring Breaſts what diff'ring Paſſions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The Fire we boaſt, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But yours, like Incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your Sex, in all that can engage, excell;
And ours in Patience, and perſuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees:
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.
Tho' Infant Graces ſooth your gentle Hours,
More ſoft than Sighs, more ſweet than breathing Flow'rs;
Let raſh Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;
'Tis Bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.

The

The Time e'er long, if Verſe preſage, will come,
Your Charms ſhall open in full *Bridenal* Bloom.
All Eyes ſhall gaze, all Hearts ſhall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languiſh but for you.
The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.
So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe;
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

To a Perſon who was Deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery.

Written by the Earl of M------, *now* D. *of* B-----.

WHAT Heart, but yours, could hold this double Fire
Of Blind Devotion, and of kind Deſire!
Love would ſhine out, were not your Zeal ſo bright,
Whoſe glaring Flames o'ercome his gentler Light,
Leſs ſeems that Faith which Mountains can remove,
Than this, which triumphs over Youth and Love.
But Heav'n our Paſſions ſees with Pity ſtill,
And they who Love well, can do nothing ill.
Or does the dread of Worldly Ills divide
Our Loves? Alas, there is no Ill beſide:
So with a Fright ſome are depriv'd of Breath,
And poorly die, only for fear of Death.
While to us nothing but our ſelves is Dear,
Who e'er ſhall frown, yet what have we to fear? [Fate,
Fame, Wealth, and Power, thoſe high-priz'd Gifts of
The low Concerns of a leſs happy State,

Are

Are beneath ours; and Fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no Impreſſion make:
We can lye ſafe, lock'd in each other's Arms,
And neither ask her Help, nor fear her Harms;
But reſt contented, like the Bleſt above,
And ſlight thoſe Storms that underneath us move.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit,
I ſee my Ruin, and I muſt ſubmit;
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How ſad a Wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Ill-natur'd Envy, when provok'd by Fear,
Revenge for Wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Nay, Zeal it ſelf, from whence all Miſchiefs ſpring,
Has never done ſo barbarous a thing.
Juſt ſuch a diſmal Fate is ſaid to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer Sex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much Art,
Here was his Power, his Perſon, and his Heart;
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could move,
She ſooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love;
When ſtraight a Guſt of fierce Devotion blows,
And in a moment all her Joys o'erthrows;
The poor *Armida* tears her Golden Hair,
Matchleſs 'till now, for Love, or for Deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad Nymph complains?
Yet you perform what *Taſſo* only feigns:
And, after all my Vows, my Sighs, my Tears,
With which at length I overcame your Fears;
So many Doubts, ſo many Dangers paſt,
Viſions of Zeal now vanquiſh me at laſt.
So in great *Homer*'s War, throughout the Field,
Some Leader ſtill made all before him yield;
But when a God would take the conquer'd ſide,
The Weak prevail'd, and the Victorious dy'd.

WOMAN.

IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of Yore,
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore;
A Prince, that never fail'd to move
Each Heart with Envy, or with Love.
As in the Glass he did one Day
From Head to Foot himself survey,
Can any Man alive, said he,
For Shape and Face compare with me!
Whoe'er shall such a Person bring,
Upon the Honour of a King,
May claim my Favour, and depend
I'll make the charming Guest my Friend.
A *Roman* Knight was standing by,
And made the Monarch this Reply:
Your Majesty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave
To fetch my Brother, and you'll see
None, but your self, has more than he.
But that may easily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly share
The Pains you take to please the Fair;
And may, while you pursue new Game,
Solace the poor forsaken Dame.
Astolpho answer'd thereupon;
(For so they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much desire
To know this Brother; bring the Squire.
The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
We *Cynthio* will his Name suppose.
He in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
Wed to a young and charming Spouse:
But, whether bless'd in wedlock Vows
With such a Mate, he best could tell;
—His Neighbours liked her passing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,
That to the Court he needs muſt go;
Where he'd be ſure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.
But then, alas! the charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Expreſt ſo movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go;
Proteſting againſt all Relief,
She ſeems to Triumph in her Grief;
Puts on her tragic Airs, and tries
To draw the Tears from *Cynthio*'s Eyes.
And can you leave me then? ſaid ſhe,
Has *Cynthio* ſo much Cruelty?
Ah! will you to my tender Care
The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
Can you forget a faithful Wife,
And Pleaſures of a Rural Life,
That calm Repoſe and Peace of Mind,
Which none in Crowds nor Courts can find,
Theſe flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
Soften the Soul to pleaſing Dreams;
Theſe Woods that ſhelter us from Heat,
Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
The riſing Hills, and winding Vales,
And Ev'ning's ſweet refreſhing Gales,
Thoſe coy Receſſes o'the Grove,
Thoſe Seats of Innocence and Love!
But oh! what ſhould engage your Stay,
I fear moſt haſtens you away!
You ſcorn in Solitudes to ſhine,
And ſlight an eaſie Heart like mine.
Go, cruel Man! be vain, and ſhew
Thoſe Charms, which none can boaſt but you.
What *Cynthio* offer'd, to abate
Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
Our Story mentions not: We'll ſay,
His Sorrow took his Speech away;
A Method that will beſt excuſe
The Squire, and diſengage my Muſe.

The

The Wife, when now with broken Heart
She ſaw him ready to depart,
Reminding him of former Bliſſes,
And ſtifling him with Tears and Kiſſes,
A Bracelet gave him, as a Charm
To keep his precious Life from Harm.
Take and wear this, my Dear, ſaid ſhe;
And when you ſee it, think of me.
An honeſt meaning Body might
Have thoug[illegible] he would have dy'd that Night.
Well, *Cynthio* went; but on the Road,
About two Leagues from his Abode,
The Bracelet came into his Head,
Which he had left on Spouſe's Bed,
As having taken there his Leave.
This ſtrange Neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender Heart, and gallopt back,
Not knowing what Excuſe to make.
To the dear Bed, in haſte he flies;
And on his Wife's chaſte Boſome ſpies
A Lubbard Hind, and both ſo faſt
Aſleep, as if they ſlept their laſt.
Cynthio, at firſt, reſolv'd they ſhou'd:
But having paus'd awhile, thought good
To let the ſcurvy Matter reſt:
And in my Judgment that was beſt.
For in theſe nice Affairs, the Wiſe
Make uſe of neither Ears nor Eyes.
Whether 'twas Wiſdom or Compaſſion
With-held the Husband's Indignation;
Or that the Poet was unwilling
To ſpoil a Merry Tale, with Killing;
Ill Woman live! poor *Cynthio* ſaid,
Let thy own Conſcience thee upbraid:
Then ſtrait took Horſe, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to ſnore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple which he left behind;
And fretting, as he ſcower'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song:

Had

Had ſome briſk Wit, or powder'd Beau,
Or Col'nel lac'd from Top to Toe,
Or Page been choſen for her uſe,
She might have pleaded ſome Excuſe:
But after Swooning, Sighing, Sobbing,
Zoon's! to debauch that Booby *Robin!*
Then ſpurr'd his Horſe with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Paſſion.
Such keen Reflections on his Caſe
Had giv'n the Squire a diſmal Face.
The Ladies, when they ſaw him, ſaid,
Lord! Is the Man alive, or dead!
Is this the Beautiful *Narciſſus*,
Was ſent for in Poſt-haſte, to kiſs us!
Heav'ns! did you ever ſee a Fellow,
With Sides ſo lank, and Face ſo yellow!
The King was pleas'd, the Knight was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire aſham'd.
Cynthio, tho' worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton;
And ſtill one eaſily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face:
But wanting Life, and Force, to fire
The Ladies Boſoms with Deſire.
Saunt'ring, one Day, about the Court,
In places of the leaſt Reſort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to ſee,
That open'd to a Gallery;
And, from a private Cloſet there,
Theſe tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my Charming Boy!
Muſt I then ſtill my Vows apply
To one, ſo Lovely and ſo Shy?
A Thouſand glitt'ring Beaux would fain
Do what you may, yet wiſh in vain.
When *Floramel* the Meſſage brought,
You curſt her, call'd her all to naught;
And heedleſs of my am'rous Rage,
Would play at Cribbidge with a Page,

Rather than eaſe the fond Deſires
Of her, that for your Love expires.
Cynthio was puzzell'd, and one may
Give any one at leaſt a Day
To gueſs the Nymph that humbly ſu'd,
And Swain ſo ſtubborn to be woo'd.
Now who ſhou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the King's ugly Dwarf! and ſhe,
In whoſe Embraces he was ſeen,
The bright *Aſtolpho*'s haughty Queen!
The crazy Wainſcot was but ſlight,
And at a Chink let in the Light;
Where *Cynthio* with Amazement ſaw
Theſe tender Lovers, thro' the Flaw.
Both did on *Floramel* rely,
To be ſecure of Privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too, perhaps, had her Amour,
Which took up all her Thought and Care;
So, mindful of her own Affair,
Forgot th' Importance of her Poſt,
And heedleſly the Key had loſt;
Which *Cynthio* kept for future Uſe,
And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuſe.
I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
Among the better Sort of Folks:
A Royal Dame for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine.
Since ſuch a Princeſs ſlights the King,
For ſuch an ugly, little thing,
I think my Wife was leſs to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
Thus having ſet his Mind at Peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increaſe;
His hollow Cheeks begin to riſe,
Freſh Vigour ſparkles in his Eyes,
A ſecond Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.
The Fair with eager Looks purſue
The Man, they lately ſcorn'd to view;

Tranſported with his ſudden Charms,
And die to claſp him in their Arms.
When *Cynthio* thus had heard and ſeen
What paſt betwixt the Dwarf and Queen,
He thought he cou'd, on no Pretence,
Hide the Smock-Treaſon from his Prince.
But that he might the leſs diſpleaſe,
Open'd the Matter by degrees;
And, as it fell in Converſation,
Had always ready ſome Quotation,
To ſhew, that Heroes in all Ages
Had worn the Matrimonial Badges.
Dread Sir, ſaid he, the proudeſt Shees
Make frequently ſuch Slips as theſe;
And many Dames of Regal Station
Have condeſcended to the Faſhion:
Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Senſe,
Have againſt Horns found no Defence;
But when they had 'em, always bore
Their Fronts as upright as before.
The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear Spouſe, to wait on you,
I was convinc'd by her Miſcarriage,
That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
Then did each Circumſtance relate,
Of his, and of the Monarch's Fate.
The King was fir'd: You ſeem, ſaid he,
A Man of Senſe and Probity:
Yet, tell me where I may behold,
With my own Eyes, what you have told.
He did; and plac'd him, where, unſeen,
He ſaw the Dwarf upon the Queen.
Struck with the Baſeneſs of the Crime,
He ſtood aſtoniſh'd for a time;
Then ſaid, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
Have play'd us but an ugly Game:
Yet ſince we can't what's paſt unravel,
Dear *Cynthio*, let us both go Travel;
And try what Fortune we ſhall find
Among the reſt of Womankind.

To put in Practice this Deſign,
Change you your Name, and I'll change mine.
Great Equipage would trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the State of King,
Lay dull Formality aſide,
And all things equally divide.
Bare-foot I round the World would roam,
Quoth *Cynthio*, rather than go home.
All that your Majeſty requires,
Is what my injur'd Heart deſires.
We'll ramble, 'till we have forgot
The dire Effects of Nuptial Knot.
It ſhall be ſo, the King reply'd;
But firſt, a Table-Book provide,
To take the Names of thoſe we find
Pliant to our Deſires, and kind.
It won't be long, I dare ingage,
Before we fill up ev'ry Page;
For ſhe that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flattery, or Gold.
Both thus Equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table-Book.
The many Favours they receiv'd
Were hard to tell, or be believ'd.
Each lovely Nymph, when they appear,
Puts on her moſt becoming Air,
And ev'ry ſtudy'd Grace diſplays,
Happy if ſhe obtain their Praiſe;
But happier ſhe, whoſe killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
Grow warm, and ſoften in a trice:
Where-e'er they come they meet freſh Prey,
And a new Face for ev'ry Day;
Round all the Country ſtrole for Prizes,
And fail no *May-pole*, nor Aſſizes.
In ev'ry Town take ſpecial Care
To finiſh *Alderman*, and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly ſwells.

In

In *Folio*-Book the niceſt Dame
Is proud to Regiſter her Name.
Your Criticks will object, that I
Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magiſtrate,
Who know themſelves of high Degree,
Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.
It may be ſo; but I want time
To draw their Courtſhip out in Rhyme:
And grant, I be a little rude;
My Tale the ſooner will conclude.
When our Gallants had ta'en their Swing,
And quencht their Thirſt at ev'ry Spring,
Aſtolpho ſaid, We can ſubdue
What Heart ſoever we purſue:
But, if Old *Galen*'s Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;
In which, Variety of Meat
Is apt to make one over-eat.
We'll have a ſingle Diſh in common,
That is, between us both, one Woman.
Quoth *Cynthio*, what you ſay is true;
The Viſcount's pretty Wife will doe.
I'm not diſpos'd to have a Flame,
The King reply'd, for ſuch a Dame:
A little Seamſtreſs might be found,
Fair as a Dutcheſs, and as Sound.
To ſuch we need no Homage pay;
Or at the Park, or at the Play:
But without making any Rout,
To Ogle 'em, or Lead 'em out;
We do what we deſire with Eaſe,
And are in no Conſtraint to pleaſe.
Said *Cynthio*, what if we ſhou'd try
The Daughter of our Landlady?
She's ſtill a Maid, I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' twelve years old.
Your Motion's good, *Aſtolpho* ſaid,
If I may have the Maidenhead:

This Privilege, at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy; let me claim
For once, dear Friend, the Preference;
Allow me here to play the Prince;
In this one ſingle Branch I'd ſtrive
To keep up my Prerogative.
Quoth *Cynthio*, Sir, in ſuch a Caſe,
Pray how can Fleſh and Blood give place?
In all things elſe, I ſhall be ſtill
Obedient to your Royal Will;
But if you pleaſe, we'll leave this Cauſe
To the Deciſion of two Straws.
Draw Lots they did, with earneſt Care,
For this imaginary Ware;
Which *Cynthio* claim'd in Point of Law,
By vertue of the longeſt Straw.
The little Damſel being come
(No matter why) into the Room,
The King and Squire the Girl careſt,
Her Beauty prais'd, and Bubbies preſt;
Then ſhew'd a Ring, which ſhin'd ſo bright,
That ſhe ingag'd to come that Night.
She did; for when her Mother ſlept,
She ſoftly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the middle plac'd her,
And honeſtly by Turns Embrac'd her,
To the contenting of all three;
But *Cynthio* was in Ecſtaſie,
To think how he had got, with Might,
Entry and Seiſin of his Right.
I'll Pardon him, for t'is in vain,
To have on that point any Pain,
In which all Girls, with little Trouble,
Can the moſt cunning Wenchers bubble;
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
Doth ſomewhere, as I'm told, Remark.
Thus all went well; becauſe the Maid
The Virgin part exactly play'd;
Tho' ſhe had that fantaſtick Toy
Beſtow'd upon a Premice Boy.

Howe'er that merry Night was ſpent
Abundantly to her Content;
So was the next; and 'tis averr'd
She paſt as merrily the third.
The Prentice wonder'd, to behold
The Damſel grown ſo very Cold;
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he ſmelt how Matters went,
And did in bitter Terms reprove
The Girl, for being falſe in Love.
She whimper'd; but confeſs'd, at laſt,
The Contract ſhe had lately paſt.
And to appeaſe him, thus ſhe ſaid;
If there be Credit in a Maid,
Soon as theſe naughty Gueſts are gone,
I'll Lye with you, and *you alone.*
A Fig, ſaid he, for any Gueſt;
Let me this very Night, you'd beſt.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way to do't, can you deviſe?
Theſe Folks, to whom I am ingag'd,
If I ſhould fail, would be inrag'd;
And keep the Ring, for which, you know,
What Pains I nightly undergo.
Let's get the Ring, ſaid he, for you,
And gratifie my Humour too.
Do they Sleep ſound? Yes, when thy Sleep,
Said ſhe; but I'm oblig'd to keep
My Poſt between 'em both, while one
Lyes ſtill, but 'till his Friend has done,
So that I ſeldom want Imploy.
At their firſt Snoring, ſaid the Boy,
I'll viſit you, and ask no more
Than that you would not ſhut the Door.
She left it open, and he came
To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame;
Then ſliding up between the Sheets,
(Love ever favours theſe Deceits)
There plac'd himſelf, I know not how;
But my good Author does avow,

That tho' the Lovers did awake,
Soon as the Bed began to ſhake;
Yet all the while the Boy was at her,
They neither of 'em ſmoakt the Matter.
What has my Comrade eat to-night,
To fire his Blood and force Delight,
Aſtolpho thought; And ſtill the Squire
Lay wond'ring at the Monarch's Fire.
In the mean-while, the ſturdy Boy
His precious Time did well imploy:
And as the Day began to peep,
The Partners being faſt aſleep,
The Lad ſlipt off, and the *Young* Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.
When the Knights Errant were awake,
Cynthio the Monarch thus beſpake.
Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppreſt!
Compoſe your weary Limbs to Reſt;
And after ſuch unuſual Pains,
Conſult the Welfare of your Reins.
Odds-fiſh, the merry King reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
'Till, tyr'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame.
But, had you ſooner quencht your Flame,
I would have made a Poſt or two;
And that's as much as I could do.
Quoth *Cynthio*, there is no Diſpute
With Kings, that will be Abſolute:
But for the future, I'll beware
How Sov'raigns in my Pleaſures ſhare.
The King was piqu'd at this Retort;
Some Monarchs would have quarrel'd for't:
But he, good Prince, reply'd, Dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of the Debate.
Then, having call'd her up in haſte,
To tell 'em how the Matter paſt,
Eager each other to Refute,
Both told the Cauſe of their Diſpute;
She bluſhing, on her Knees did fall,
Ask'd Pardon, and diſcover'd all.

They

They would not treat the Damſel ill;
But, after having laught their fill,
Gave her the Ring, and Fifty Crowns,
To buy new Top-knots, Gloves, and Gowns;
With which the Baggage ſoon was Wed:
When modeſtly, in Bridal Bed,
She loſt, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maiden-head for good and all.
Thus did this Monarch and his Friend
To their Adventures put an End;
Finding themſelves o'ercharg'd with Lawels,
Which, tho' not gain'd in Warlike Quarrels,
Yet ſhall Immortalize their Names,
As long as *Cupid*'s Altar flames;
Lawrels more fair, than thoſe attain'd
By Cities won, or Battels gain'd;
More fair, altho' they only coſt
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears, at moſt;
And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by dint of Charms.
Their Table-Book quite full of Names,
Of Beauties that had quench'd their Flames;
Come, ſaid the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have ſpent our Fire.
E'en let us to her Homes reſort,
You to the Country, I to Court.
Our Wives are looſe about the Waſte;
But others are not overchaſte.
'Tis in Misfortune ſome Relief,
To have Companions in our Grief;
Then let us both, like prudent Men,
Return, and take our Dames again.
That Love, which *Hymen* had ſubdu'd,
Perhaps our Abſence has renew'd.
And, as *Aſtolpho* had divin'd,
Their Wives were tenderly inclin'd.
After ſome Chiding, more for Faſhion,
Our Author ſays, than out of Paſſion,
They ſtrove loſt Pleaſures to retrieve,
As faſt as Love wou'd give 'em leave;

Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked Dwarf, or Lubbard Hind.
Then let us not, without fruileſs Care,
Expect Perfection in the Fair;
But ſince we cannot live with 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em;
And ſtedfaſtly this Truth believe,
That ev'ry Woman comes from *Eve*.

From LUCAN.

Upon *Cæſar*'s looking upon the dead Bodies after the Battel of *Pharſalia*, and not ſuffering them to be Burnt.

HOS, Cæſar, populos ſi nunc non uſſerit Ignis,
Uret cum Terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.
Communis mundo ſupereſt Rogus, Oſſibus aſtra
Miſturus. Quocunque Tuam Fortuna vocabit,
Hæ quoque eunt Animæ; non altiùs ibis in auras,
Non meliore loco Stygiâ ſub nocte jacebis.
Libera fortuna Mors eſt: Capit omnia Tellus
Quæ genuit; Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam.

Thus Engliſh'd:

CÆSAR,
If now theſe Bodies want their Pile and Urn,
At laſt, with the whole Globe, they're ſure to burn.
The World expects one general Fire: And thou
Muſt go where theſe poor Souls are wand'ring now.
Thou'lt reach no higher, in th' Ethereal Plain,
Nor 'mongſt the Shades a better place obtain.
Death levels all: And he that has not room
To make a Grave, Heaven's Vault ſhall be his Tomb.

Alcimus Avitus's *Deſcription of* PARADISE.

NON hic alterni ſuccedit temporis unquam
Bruma, nec aſtivi redeunt poſt frigora Soles;
Hic Ver aſſiduum Cœli clementia ſervat.
Turbidus Auſter abeſt, ſempérque ſub aere ſudo
Nubila diffugiunt, jugi ceſſura ſereno.
Nec poſcit Natura loci, quos non habet, imbres,
Sed contenta ſuo dotantur germina rore.
Perpetuò viret omne ſolum, terræque benignæ
Blanda nitet facies: Stant ſemper collibus herbæ,
Arboribúſque comæ, &c.

Thus Engliſh'd:

No change of Seaſons or Exceſs was there,
No Winter chill'd, nor Summer ſcorch'd the Air,
But, with a conſtant Spring, Nature was freſh and fair,
Rough Winds or Rains that Region never knew,
Water'd with Rivers and the morning Dew;
The Heav'ns ſtill clear, the Fields ſtill green and gay,
No Clouds above, nor on the Earth decay;
Trees kept their Leaves and Verdure all the Year,
And Fruits were never out of Seaſon there.

GALLUS: ELEG. I.

Æmula cur ceſſas finem properare Senectus.

MOVE faſter, Life: thou tireſome Gueſt away,
Why in this ruin'd Cottage doſt thou ſtay?
Why am I forc'd to drag the heavy Chain
Of Life, when nothing but the Dregs remain?
My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppreſs'd,
And Death, kind Death alone can give 'em Reſt.

While

While youthful Blood the well-fill'd Channels fed,
And o'er each Part a ſprightly Vigour ſpread;
Wholly reſign'd to Nature's boundleſs Sway,
I follow'd ſtill where Pleaſure led the Way.
Roving from Thought to Thought, with freſh Delight,
Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.
With Beauty's various Forms my Breaſt was fir'd;
The more I taſted, ſtill the more deſir'd.
The well-ſhap'd ſlender Nymph did Paſſion move,
By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love;
If plump, ſhe charm'd me with a comely Face,
And fleſhy Plumpneſs fill'd our ſoft Embrace;
Majeſtick Stature, with a nervous Strength,
(A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at Length)
Struck me with awful Love: Who cou'd withſtand
The Dart ſhot from an *Amazonian* Hand?

The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,
And pleas'd the Lover with her lively Air.
Sometimes my Muſe ſung fair *Dorinda*'s Praiſe,
In Smiles we liſten'd to the tuneful Lays;
Sometimes, by ſprightly Airs to Love betray'd,
With antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.
When brisk Champaign reliev'd the Lover's Care,
(Each Goblet ſacred to the abſent Fair,)
With double Joy I bore the double Load,
The wanton Goddeſs, and the reeling God.

In Pleaſure thus my youthful Hours were paſt,
For Love's the greateſt Pleaſure, and the laſt.
Guarded by inward Heat, my Breaſt lay bare
To Winter Storms, nor felt the Northern Air;
On *Iſis*' Banks oft have I naked ſtood,
And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.
Oft thro' the Woods I chac'd the frighted Prey,
Nor ſunk beneath the Labour of the Day;
But preſſing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,
And ſmear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewel the Lover's ſoft'ning Joys,
The warbling Lute, ſoft Pipe, and mellow Voice.
Farewel, *Tho' Muſick be the Food of Love,*
No tuneful Numbers can my Paſſion move.

The

The ſparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,
Are hurtful grown, and muſt no more go round,
Nor artful Meaſures beat the burthen'd Ground.
The Savage Game no more Delight can yield,
Farewel the manly Pleaſures of the Field.
Now by enervate Age I am o'ercome,
That univerſal Conqueror, from whom
The firſt-form'd Matter muſt receive its doom.
With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,
My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death;
The thoughts of Pleaſure paſt torment my Breaſt,
For 'tis a diſmal Thought to have been Bleſt.
Oh wretched State! in lingering Pain I lye,
Robb'd of Life's uſe, yet not allow'd to die.
Th' Unhappy wiſh for Death, but wiſh in vain;
Death flies their Courtſhip with a coy Diſdain,
While to the Youthful, and the happy Breaſt
He is too oft a bold unwelcome Gueſt.
Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown
A frightful Spectre, to my ſelf unknown?
My Face to livid Shades its Air reſigns,
And deep-plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.
The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleſhy Cloathing gone,
A ſhrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone;
My Eyes, when they beheld the Form (afraid
To ſee the dreadful Change which Age had made;)
Shrunk back into their Sockets with the Fright,
And with a filmy Veil they ſhroud their Sight.
Diſtilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,
Mourn their dead Luſtre in a ſcalding Show'r.
Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all ſerene the Sky,
O'ercaſt they ſeem, and clouded to my Eye;
The Day creeps on with ſuch a gloomy Light,
I ſcarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.
No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice,
'Tis now become a hollow mumbling Noiſe;
The liſt'ning Ear, on ev'ry Word intent,
Catches the Sound, and gueſſes what is meant.
Sour'd with the thoughts of Pleaſure paſt, I praiſe
The good old Times, and blame the preſent Days;

Doating

Doating with Age, my ever-babling Tongue
Boaſts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when young;
Then ſtrait forgetting it was told before,
Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.
In vain does Age its mighty Wiſdom boaſt,
'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Coſt,
Purchas'd ſo late, ere long enjoy'd, 'tis loſt.
And by Experience this ſad Truth I know,
I ſcarce remember what I did juſt now.
Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am poſſeſt,
And Bags of Gold lye crowded in the Cheſt;
Amidſt this heap of Riches I am Poor,
Since 'tis to me become a uſeleſs Store;
Like wretched *Tantalus*, within the Flood
I ſtand, but cannot taſte the Golden Food.
No more erect, no more the Heav'ns I ſee,
That Attribute of Man is loſt to me.
With down-caſt Looks I view my place of Birth,
And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth;
The mould'ring Clay ſeeks out its firſt Abode,
While a ſtiff Plant ſupports the tott'ring Load,
And with repeated Thumps knocks at the Ground,
To let the weary Traveller lye down.
Open thy Boſom, Earth, and, in the Womb
Of Nature, let me find a ſecond Tomb.
To thy cold Breaſt my colder Limbs receive,
They're now that very Clod thou once didſt give.
Where-e'er I go, when-e'er I walk the Street,
(With Wonder pointed at by all I meet,)
Some pity the old Man, while others cry,
There goes the Picture of Mortality.
So tender am I grown, I cannot bear
The gentle Dew, or the ſoft Southern Air;
Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheums oppreſt,
And Ptiſick Coughs ne'er ceaſe to tear my Breaſt,
Of Eaſe they rob the Day, the Night of Reſt.
Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait
With Joy, the laſt indulgent Blow of Fate.
Happy the Man, whoſe Life, without allay,
In a ſmooth Stream of Pleaſure glides away,
And with his Pleaſure ends his lateſt Day.

Mine ſeems to wait on ev'ry Gaſp of Breath,
'Tis better once to die; *Then welcome Death.*

The Love of GALLUS: *Tranſlated from* VIRGIL's *Tenth Eclogue.*

By Mr. J. TRAPP.

ONE Labour, *Arethuſa*, to the paſt,
One let us add; this Labour is my laſt.
Something in Verſe is to my * *Gallus* due,
Which ev'n *Lycoris* may with Pity view.
How can a Verſe to *Gallus* be deny'd?
So may'ſt thou ſafe beneath the Ocean glide,
Nor *Doris* mix with thine her brackiſh Tide.
Begin; and, while the browzing Cattle rove,
Let us relate how *Gallus* pin'd for Love.
Nor ſing we to the Deaf; the Lawns around
Anſwer our Notes, and Echoe to the Sound.
What Woods, or Groves, ye Nymphs, did you detain,
When *Gallus* dy'd with Love's tormenting Pain?
For neither 'twas the Hill where Poets dream;
Nor *Pindus*' Top, nor *Aganippe*'s Stream.
For him the weeping Laurels droop'd in Tears,
For him the Shurbs; and *Maenalus* who rears
Its Head o'ergrown with Pines; *Lycæus* mourn'd,
And its bleak Cliffs his ſweet Complaints return'd:
While ſtreatch'd beneath a moſſy Rock he lay,
Sleepleſs all Night, and ſighing all the Day.
The Flocks ſtand round, and in dumb Pity moan;
Them, divine Poet, bluſh not thou to own:
The fair *Adonis* did not ſcorn to keep
Along the River's Side his grazing Sheep.

* Gallus *was a Man of Quality, an excellent Poet, and a particular Friend of* Virgil's.

To

To comfort him, and eaſe his reſtleſs Care,
The tardy Herdſmen, and the Swains repair;
Menalcas wet with Winter-Acorns came:
All ask the Cauſe of his unhappy Flame.
Apollo too arriv'd; and why in vain,
He cry'd, will *Gallus* hug his fruitleſs Pain?
Thy lov'd *Lycoris*, Cauſe of all thy Woes,
Follows another, thro' rough Camps and Snows.
Sylvanus came, with rural Honours crown'd,
With flowry Wreaths, and Lillies nodding round.
And *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God, with Berries preſs'd
And red Vermillion painted, join'd the reſt.
Where will this end, he ſaid? what fond Diſeaſe?
No Tears can unrelenting Love appeaſe;
Love minds them not: As ſoon ſhall Flocks refuſe
To feed, or Graſs be ſatisfy'd with Dews;
As ſoon ſhall Bees with flow'ry Sweets be cloy'd,
As cruel Love with weeping be allay'd.
Yet penſive, he; Theſe things you ſhall relate,
Arcadian Shepherds; if you ſing my Fate,
And in complaining Muſick make your Groves
And Mountains ſound with my unhappy Loves,
Ye only skill'd; my Soul its wiſh will have,
And ſweet ſhall be my Slumbers in the Grave.
Oh! had it been my Fate with you to join,
To tend the Flocks, or prune the cluſt'ring Vine!
With *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* I ſhould ſpend
My Hours; my Lover ſhe, and he my Friend.
And what's the Fault, tho' black *Amyntas* be?
Violets, and Hyacinths are black as he.
Both in their way to me Delight would bring,
Phyllis weave Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſing.
Behold, my dear *Lycoris*, here are Shades,
Cool Groves, refreſhing Springs, and flow'ry Meads;
Here bleſs'd, with thee, I could for ever ſtay,
And in ſoft Fondneſs languiſh Life away.
Now tyrannizing Love to War's Allarms
Confines me, and the rough Fatigue of Arms,
While thou (but can I yet believe 'tis ſo?)
Art roving o'er the diſtant *Alpine* Snow,

Ah!

Ah! cruel! far from me; or wand'ring near
The frozen *Rhine*: Ah! how I die with fear
Leſt the rough Ice upon the froſty Ground
Should bruiſe thy tender Feet, or that ſoft Body wound.
I'll go: and, to divert my raging Pains,
Sing my ſweet Numbers in *Sicilian* Strains.
It is reſolv'd; to Wilds I will repair,
To Dens of Beaſts, and all thoſe Hardſhips bear.
On ev'ry Tree indent her charming Name,
With Verſe, expreſſive of my fatal Flame.
The tender Bark my Love engrav'd ſhall ſhow,
And with th' increaſing Bark my Love ſhall grow.
Mean-while, among the Nymphs, I'll ramble o'er
Mænalian Cliffs, or hunt the foaming Boar;
With Hounds I'll chaſe the Beaſts, and ſeek their Spoils,
And round *Parthenian* Thickets pitch my Toils,
In ſpight of Froſt; now, now, methinks, I go
O'er Rocks, thro' ſounding Woods, and twang the *Parthian* Bow.
As if thoſe Sports my Frenzy could compoſe,
Or Love could learn to pity human Woes.
And now again the Nymphs no more can eaſe
My Soul, nor ev'n my Verſe its Pains appeaſe;
Ye Woods, farewel; your Shades no longer pleaſe.
No Toils of ours the cruel God can change,
Whither thro' parch'd, or frozen Climes we range;
Whether of *Heber*'s Flood on *Thracian* Coaſts
We drink, or tread the ſtiff *Sithonian* Froſts;
Or feed our Flocks on *India*'s torrid Sands,
When ſcorching *Cancer* burns the thirſty Lands:
'Tis ſtill the ſame; where-ever we remove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

The Deſcription of the PRODIGIES *which attended the Death of* JULIUS CÆSAR. *Tranſlated into Blank Verſe, from the latter End of the firſt Book of* Virgil's Georgicks.

By J. TRAPP.

The Poet deſcribing the various Signs, by which the Sun foretels all ſorts of Weather, takes Occaſion from thence to make the following Digreſſion.

Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam, &c.

HE too at *Cæſar*'s Murther, pitying *Rome*,
With duſty Scurf obſcur'd his beamy Head,
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Tho' at that Time, Earth too, and ſpacious Seas,
And Dogs obſcene, and ill-preſaging Birds
Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld
O'er-boilling *Ætna* with *Volcanos* burſt
Thunder, and rage into *Cyclopean* Fields,
Rolling vaſt Globes of Flames and melted Stones?
Germany heard Arms clatt'ring in the Sky;
The *Alps* with unexampled Shuddrings quak'd;
And frequently among the ſilent Groves
Voices were heard, and Spectres wondrous pale
Seen in the Duſk of Ev'ning: Cattle ſpoke,
(Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams ſtood ſtill;
In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept, and Braſs
Sweated: *Eridanus*, the King of Floods,
With roaring Inundation o'er the Plains
Swept Woods away, and Cattle with their Folds.
Nor did mean-while th' ill-bodling Fibres ceaſe
To menace Fate, nor Blood to riſe in Wells,

Nor

Nor Cities loudly to reſound with Wolves
Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky
Did Lightning with more nimble Flaſhes glare,
Nor e'er ſo thick did baleful Comets blaze.
For this, *Philippi* ſaw the *Roman* Troops
Twice in like Arms engage; and Heav'n thought fit
That twice *Æmathia*, and the ſpacious Fields
Of *Hæmus*, ſhould be fruitful with our Blood.
Nay, and the Time ſhall come, when in thoſe Coaſts
The lab'ring Hind, as with the crooked Share
He turns the Glebe, ſhall plough up Piles conſum'd
With rugged Ruſt, and with the pond'rous Rakes
Claſh againſt empty Helmets, and admire
Big, manly Bones, dig'd from their open'd Graves.
Ye Tutelary Gods, Thou *Romulus*,
And Mother *Veſta*, who preſerv'ſt with Care
Etrurian Tiber, and the *Roman* Tow'rs;
Permit, at leaſt, this wond'rous Youth to prop
The reeling World; already by our Blood
Enough We've ru'd the Perjuries of *Troy*.
Long ſince, O *Cæſar*, the Celeſtial Court
Has envy'd Us thy Preſence, and repines
Thou ſhouldſt on Mortal Triumphs be employ'd,
Where Right and Wrong are blended; o'er the World
So many Wars, ſuch various Shapes of Vice:
Tillage has loſt its due Regard; the Hinds
Preſs'd into Soldiers, Fields lye waſte, and wild;
And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.
Euphrates here, there *Germany* makes War;
The Neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues, and fly
To Arms; *Mars* rages impious o'er the World.
As when the Racers from their Barriers ſtart
Oft whirling round the Goal; the Charioteer
Holding in vain the Bridles, by the Steeds
Is drag'd, nor will their Mouths obey the Rein.

The STORY *of* PHAETON.

Tranſlated from the Concluſion of the Firſt, and the Beginning of the Second Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

By J. TRAPP.

HEnce * *Epaphus* th' illuſtrious Title bears
Of Son to *Jove*, Celeſtial Honour wears,
And Temples with his Mother jointly ſhares.
Equal to him in Age and ſprightly Fire
Was *Phaëton*; He, boaſting of his Sire
The Sun, to *Epaphus* refus'd to yield;
Who mortify'd him thus, with Fury fill'd:
With a falſe Father's Name thy Fancy ſwells,
Fool, to believe all true, thy Mother tells.
Confounded, *Phaëton* bluſh'd; nor could engage
In that Diſpute, but Shame ſuppreſs'd his Rage.
Strait to his Mother *Clymené* he bore
Th' opprobrious Words; and ſaid, To grieve you more,
I, that fierce Youth, that Spirit full of Flame
Abaſh'd, no Anſwer made: I die with Shame,
That ſuch Reproaches, by a Rival mov'd,
Could once be urg'd, and could not be diſprov'd.
But if indeed you don't my Blood bely,
Produce ſome Proof of a Deſcent ſo high,
And vindicate my Title to the Sky.
Thus having ſaid, about her Neck he flung
His twining Arms, and on his Mother hung.
Then by his own, and by her Husband's Head,
And by each Siſter's *Hymeneal* Bed,
Conjures her with plain Proof to eaſe his Fear,
And make the Author of his Birth appear.

* *From his being born of* Io, *who was belov'd by* Jupiter; *as it is related in the preceding Story.*

'Tis

'Tis doubtful whether *Clymené* were mov'd
More by th' Intreaty of the Son ſhe lov'd,
Or by her Honour's Stain. She ſpread abroad
Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God;
By thoſe bright Beams, ſhe cry'd, thy Mother ſwears,
By him who us, and all things ſees, and hears;
That *Phœbus* whom thou ſee'ſt, who bleſſes Earth
And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave thee Birth.
If not, may I this Light for ever loſe,
And view that God no more, whoſe Name I uſe.
Nor is't a tedious Task his Court to find,
His Morning-Palace to our Coaſts is join'd.
If ſo thy Will determine, thither go,
And from thy Father's Mouth thy Father know.
At this Advice, by his fond Parent giv'n,
The Youth exults, and thinks of nought but Heav'n.
Then his own *Æthiopia* leaves with haſte;
And having *India*'s torrid Confines paſs'd,
Which juſt beneath the burning Axle lay,
Strait to his Father's Court with Speed purſues his way.

The Beginning of the Second Book.

TOw'ring on Pillars awful to the Sight [bright,
Sol's Palace ſtood; with golden Splendour
And flaming Rubies darting radiant Light.
The Roof with fineſt Iv'ry was o'erlaid;
The Silver Folding-Doors a Glory round diſplay'd.
The Work its rich Materials did outſhine;
For there had *Mulciber*, with Art divine,
Engrav'd the circling Waves, the ſolid Ball,
And Heav'n's wide Arch expanded over All.
Shrill-ſounding *Triton* ſwims the winding Seas,
And mimick *Proteus*, wat'ry Deities;
Ægæon claſping round unwieldy Whales,
And preſſing with his Arms their monſtrous Scales.
With *Doris*, and her Nymphs; ſome ſmoothly glide
Along the Flood, and ſome on Fiſhes ride:

Some

Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;
Their Looks not unlike, nor the ſame appear,
But, juſt as Siſters ſhould, a decent Diff'rence bear.
The Earth has Men, and Cities, Beaſts, and Woods,
Rivers, and Nymphs, and other Rural Gods.
High above all Heav'n's bright Effigies ſhines,
And on each Door are ſix refulgent Signs.
Here *Phaëton*, having gain'd the ſteep Aſcent,
Strait to his doubted Father's Preſence went,
And ſtood at diſtance; for his mortal Sight
Could bear no nearer that Exceſs of Light.
Attir'd in Purple, *Phœbus* on a Throne
Was ſeated, which with dazling Emralds ſhone.
Around him ſtood Days, Months, Years, Ages, Hours;
Gay Spring, all freſh, and crown'd with blooming Flow'rs;
Parch'd Summer with her Wheaten Wreath appear'd,
Autumn with Juice of trodden Grapes beſmear'd,
And icy Winter with his hoary Beard.
There *Phœbus*, with his all-beholding Eyes,
His youthful Offspring in Confuſion ſpies,
Trembling at thoſe Celeſtial Novelties:
When thus; What Buſ'neſs hither brings my Son,
My *Phaëton*, whom I ſhall ne'er diſown?
O thou, whoſe Influence cheers the World with Day,
The Youth reply'd; O Father, if I may
Guiltleſs of Uſurpation uſe that Name,
Nor *Clym'ne* with a Falſhood hides her Shame;
Give ſure Credentials which my Birth may prove,
And from my Mind theſe reſtleſs Doubts remove.
He ſpoke; and ſtrait the Father from his Head
Flung the bright Rays, which ſtreaming Glory ſpread,
Bid him draw near, and thus, Embracing, ſaid:
Nor art thou worthy ſure to be deny'd,
Nor has my *Clymené* thy Birth bely'd.
To clear thy Doubts, ask what thy Thoughts ſuggeſt,
And no Repulſe ſhall baffle thy Requeſt:
And may that *Stygian* Lake which Gods revere,
But never ſee, this ſolemn Promiſe hear

Scarce had he ended, when th' aſpiring Boy
Demands one Journey on th' ethereal Way,
To drive his Father's Steeds, and guide the Day.
Fain would th' unwary God his Oath revoke,
Thrice ſhook his radiant Head, and thus he ſpoke.
'Tis true, my Promiſe from my Lips is flown,
And thou haſt made my heedleſs Words thy own.
But oh! could I thoſe heedleſs Words recant,
This only I confeſs I ſhould not grant.
Ev'n now I may diſſuade; in Ruin end
Theſe wild Attempts; great things thy Thoughts intend,
Which this green Age, and childiſh Strength tranſcend.
Thy State is mortal, Godlike thy Deſire;
Nay ev'n above the Gods thou doſt aſpire.
For let them ne'er ſo daringly confide
In their own Might, yet none has Pow'r to ride
On my hot Axle, and my Chariot guide.
Not he who darts his Lightning from above
Can rein theſe Steeds: And what's more great than *Jove?*
The firſt Aſcent with Pain my Horſes climb,
So ſteep it riſes; next thro' Heav'n ſublime
I'm born; from whence with Horror pale I grow,
To ſee the diſtant Earth and Seas below.
Prone is the Ev'ning Stage, which gives me Pain
In ſwift Deſcent, and needs a ſteady Rein.
Ev'n *Tethys*, who receives me, quakes with Dread,
Leſt I ſhould headlong plunge into her wavy Bed.
Beſides, this globous and ethereal World,
With all its Stars, and ſpinning Orb, is whirl'd:
I drive adverſe; and urge my full Career,
In oppoſition to the rapid Sphere.
But couldſt thou bear the Force with which it rolls?
Or ſtand the ſwift Rotation of the Poles?
Perhaps thou there conceiv'ſt the bleſt Abodes,
And rich with Gifts the Temples of the Gods.
Thro' Snares and Forms of Monſters lies the way;
For granting that on neither hand thou ſtray,
Cloſe by the *Bull*'s ſtern Horns the Chariot goes,
Th' *Æmonian Archer*, and the *Lion*'s Paws,
And thro' the *Crab*'s, and twiſted *Scorpion*'s Claws.

Nor is't an equal Task for thee to cool
My foaming Steeds, and thoſe mad Heats controul
Which glow within their Breaſts, and from their
Noſtrils roll.
Scarce can my Strength their toſſing Heads reſtrain,
When ſtruggling, and reluctant to the Rein.
But thou, leſt I a fatal Preſent give,
My Son, correct thy raſh Demand, and live.
To prove thee mine, thou fain wouldſt have appear
Undoubted Tokens; which I give by Fear,
Am prov'd thy Father by Paternal Care.
Behold my Looks; and could my Thoughts be ſeen,
Thou might'ſt perceive the Pain that cleaves my Breaſt
within.
In fine, of all that in th' ethereal Sky,
Or Earth, or Seas (look round) thou canſt eſpy,
Demand ſome Gift, and nothing I'll deny.
Decline this one; thy longing Fancy raves,
And not an Honour, but a Curſe it craves.
Why round my Neck fond Twinings doſt thou make?
I've ſworn already by the *Stygian* Lake;
Doubt not; in vain thou nothing ſhalt require,
But mix more Prudence with thy next Deſire.
He ended; but the other ſtill retain'd
His firm Reſolves, and urg'd his firſt Demand.
The Sire then ling'ring with ſlow Steps proceeds,
And him to *Vulcan*'s Work, his Chariot, leads.
Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold;
The Wheels with ſilver Spokes, and golden Circles roll'd.
Gems ſet in Rows adverſe, and ſparkling bright,
Reflected on the God the dazzling Light:
Which while th' ambitious Youth with wond'ring Eyes
Runs o'er, and all the beauteous Work ſurveys;
Lo! from the roſie Eaſt her purple Doors
The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with bluſhing Flow'rs:
The leſſen'd Stars draw off, and diſappear,
Whoſe bright Battalions laſtly *Lucifer*
Brings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.
When *Phœbus* ſaw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,
And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn;

He

He bids the nimble Hours his Steeds array
With Harneſs; ſtrait the Goddeſſes obey:
From their high Mangers with *Ambroſia* fed,
And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beaſts they lead,
And fit the rattling Bridles. Then the Sire,
To make his Son endure th' Ethereal Fire,
A ſacred Ointment o'er him ſpreads with care,
And with the radiant Glory crowns his Hair.
When Sighs repeated from his Breaſt had broke,
Thoſe ſad Preſages of ill Luck, he ſpoke.
That all my words may not be ſpent in vain,
Son ſpare the Laſh, and manage well the Rein.
Swift of themſelves they ſcour along the Sky,
And Pain it is to check them, as they fly.
Nor muſt thou ſtrait thro' the five Circles ride,
A Path oblique do's Heav'n's Convex divide:
Which bounded by three Zones, do's in its Line
From both the Poles on either hand decline.
There drive; thou'lt ſee the Track the Wheels have made;
That Fire may neither Heav'n nor Earth invade,
But both the Heat in juſt proportion prove,
Nor ſink below the Road, nor ſoar above.
For if too high, th' etherial Manſions glow;
The Earth is turn'd to Aſhes, if too low;
Between th' Extremes ſecureſt ſhalt thou go.
On the left, keeping ſtill the middle Track,
Avoid the *Altar*; on the right, the *Snake*.
The reſt I leave to Chance; be ſhe thy Guide,
And for thee better than thy ſelf provide.
While I am talking, to th' *Heſperian* Strand
The Night's advanc'd; I muſt no longer ſtand:
The Morn is ris'n, I'm ſummon'd to appear:
Take, take the Bridles; or if prudent Fear
Has chang'd thy Mind, my Chariot ſtill refuſe,
And while thou'rt yet ſecure, my Counſel chuſe;
While yet thou doſt not on my Axle ſit,
My proper Province to my ſelf permit:
Let me diſpenſe the Day; thou ſafely live,
And view that Light which I alone can give.

Forthwith th' impatient Youth with eager Heat
Seizes the Reins, and ſprings into the Seat;
Then ſtood aloft, with that high Charge o'erjoy'd,
And to his Sire unwelcome thanks repaid.
Mean-while hot *Pyroeis* with *Eöus* join'd,
With *Æthon* fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,
The Sun's ſwift Steeds each other's Rage provoke,
Neighing aloud, and ſnorting Fire and Smoke;
And haſty to perform Fate's harſh Decree,
Inſult the Barriers, pawing to get free:
Which, when, not thinking of th' unhappy Boy
Her Grandſon, *Tethys* had remov'd away,
And all the Heav'nly Tract before 'em lay;
Strait, in a moment ſtarting, out they ſpring,
Cutting th' oppoſed Clouds, and born on Wing
Outfly the Eaſtern Winds; ſo light a Load
They could not feel, but miſs'd the poiſing God.
As Ships, when no juſt Ballaſt is aſſign'd,
Are whiffled thro' the Sea, and dance before the Wind;
The Chariot ſo jump'd, rocking thro' the Air
On rattling Wheels, and totter'd here and there.
Which when the Steeds perceive, they ſoon forſake
The beaten Road, and wild Excurſions make.
He's damp'd with Fear, nor do's he know the Way,
Nor would the Horſes, if he did, obey.
Then firſt the *Bear* grew hot, and wiſh'd in vain
To cool her Head in the forbidden Main.
The *Serpent* too, plac'd in the frozen Zone,
Benumb'd with Cold at firſt, and fear'd by none;
Rous'd by the Heat, unfurls her tardy Spires, [Fires
Frets with an angry Hiſs, and feels th' approaching
Thou too *Boötes*, from the Sun ſo far
Remote, fled'ſt nearer to the Polar Star,
Tho' ſlow, and lagging with thy lazy Car.
But when th' unhappy Youth from higheſt Sky
Saw Earth, which vaſtly diſtant down did lye;
Struck pale with Fear, he ſhiver'd at the Sight,
Half blinded by th' inſufferable Light.
Too late he wiſhes now h' ad ne'er deſir'd
His Father's Steeds, nor his high Birth enquir'd:

Wiſhes

Wiſhes his fatal Suit had been deny'd,
And would be Mortal by the Father's Side.
Like ſome toſs'd Bark, whoſe Pilot in Deſpair
Turning all fruitleſs vain Attempts to Pray'r,
Abandons all to th' Hazards of the Air;
He's driven: What ſhould he do? much Space behind
He ſees; more onward; meaſures both in Mind.
Sometimes, which he muſt never reach, the Weſt
He views, ſometimes looks back upon the Eaſt.
Puzzled and loſt, He dares not looſe the Rein,
Tho' weary, faint, and holding it with Pain,
Nor do's his Horſes Names in Mind retain.
Then ſcatter'd o'er the Sky ſtrange Forms appear,
And monſtrous Shapes, which chill his Blood with Fear.
There is a Place, wherein his crooked Paws
The *Scorpion* into two bent Arches draws, [Claws.
And ſtretches thro' two Signs his Tail and winding
Him when the Youth ſaw twiſted in a Ring
Wriggling himſelf, and threatning with his Sting
Fork'd horribly, and ſweating pois'nous Black;
Quite robb'd of Strength, he let the Bridles ſlack.
Soon as the fiery Steeds perceive the Reins
Lie looſe and uſeleſs on their reeking Mains,
They roam at random, and thro' Paths untrod
Without Controul they rambling make a Road;
Where their impetuous Frolick prompts, they rove,
And make Incurſions on the Stars above.
Now with reſiſtleſs Force they bound on high,
Now thunder down the ſteepneſs of the Sky
Nearer to Earth: Amazement ſeiz'd the Moon,
To ſee her Brother's Steeds beneath her own.
The Clouds aſcend in Smoke; high points of Land
Firſt catch the Flame, of all their Juices drain'd.
Scorch'd are the Paſtures; Trees to Aſhes turn, [burn.
And o'er ten thouſand Fields the crackling Harveſts
But Trifles theſe; great Cities were deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt the Fire whole Kingdoms laid.
The ſame did on vaſt Woods and Mountains ſeize;
Athos, Cilician Tauros, Tmolus blaze;

Oete, and *Ida*, once for Fountains fam'd,
And Virgin *Helicon* and *Hæmus* flam'd,
Hæmus, which yet from *Orpheus* was not nam'd.
Ætna, which long had burnt for many an Age,
Now roars and thunders with redoubled Rage,
Parnaſſus, *Eryx*, *Othrys*, *Cynthus* glow,
Mimas, and *Rhodope* now free from Snow.
Dyndamaë, *Mic'le*, and *Cytheron*, Seat
Of Sacred Rites; nor *Scythia* from the Heat
Its Cold ſecures; *Caucaſus* glares with Fire,
Oſſa, and *Pindus*, and *Olympus* higher
Than both, are wrapp'd in Smoke, or blazing ſhine,
And th' airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.
Now *Phaëton*, i'th' rapid Chariot hurl'd,
From ev'ry Part beholds the flaming World;
Involv'd in Smoke, and dragg'd he knows not where,
As from a Stove he draws the ſcalding Air,
Nor longer can the Coals, and Balls of Aſhes bear.
Whether on high he's hurry'd, or below,
He ſees not, but perceives his Chariot glow.
Then firſt 'tis thought the torrid *Indians* Blood
Drawn to the Surface of their Bodies ſtood;
From whence their black Complexion has remain'd:
Then *Libya* parch'd, and of its Moiſture drain'd,
Has, ever ſince, its Drought, and ſcorching Sands retain'd.
The Nymphs with Hair diſhevel'd mourn the Loſs
Of purling Springs, and Fountains edg'd with Moſs.
Bœotia doubts where *Dirce*'s Brook ſhould ſtray,
Argos ſeeks *Amymone* ſtol'n away,
Nor *Corinth* do's *Pirene*'s Streams enjoy.
Nor in their Channels diſtant Rivers glide
Securely; *Tanais* rolls a ſmoking Tide,
Peneus, *Cäycus*, and *Iſmenos*' Banks are dry'd.
Lycormas, *Erymanthus* feel the Heat,
And *Xanthus* doom'd to burn again by Fate.
Eurotas, and *Meander*, he who plays
Amidſt his Labyrinth and watry Maze;
Euphrates, who the Walls of *Ninus* laves,
And great *Orontes*, flow with ſcalding Waves.

Then

Thermodon, *Ganges*, *Phaſis*, *Iſter* burn,
Melas's, and *Sperchius*'s Banks to Aſhes turn.
Alphëus boil'd; Billows of melted Gold
In the rich Stream of yellow *Tagus* roll'd.
Thoſe River-Birds, with whoſe delightful Song
Mœonia's winding Shores ſo oft had rung,
No cooling Waters find to quench their Fire,
But in *Cäyſter*'s bubling Tide expire.
To the World's End affrighted *Nilus* flies,
And hides his Head, which ſtill in ſecret lies;
For the ſev'n Channels where he drew his Train,
Sev'n dry and duſty Vallies now remain.
The ſame hard Fate each *Thracian* River mourns,
Heber and *Strymon* thirſt with empty Urns.
Nor are the *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Po*, or *Tiber* freed,
Tiber, to whom wide Empire was decreed. [Light
The Ground all cleaves, and thro' the Chinks the
Strikes into Hell, and ſcares the Shades of Night.
Th' infernal King was ſtartled as it ſhone,
And, with his Conſort, trembled on his Throne.
The Ocean ſhrinks; and what before was Main,
Appears a ſpacious Waſte, and ſandy Plain.
Rocks ſtanding high above the ſhallow Seas,
The number of the *Cyclades* increaſe.
The Fiſh all dive, and creep into the Mud,
Nor dare the Dolphins play above the Flood.
Supine in Death the monſtrous *Phocæ* ſleep,
And float upon the Surface of the Deep.
Nereus and *Doris* too in rocky Caves
Contracted lay beneath the boiling Waves.
Thrice *Neptune* with ſtern Aſpect rais'd his Head,
And thrice ſhrunk back into his Oozy Bed.
But kind, indulgent Earth, whoſe ſmoaking Sides
The Sea embrac'd, and bounded with its Tides,
'Midſt fuming Rills, and leſſen'd Springs that come
To ſeek for ſhelter in their Mother's Womb,
Rears her ill-bearing Head; and from the Blaze
Endeavours with her Hand to guard her Face,
Then trembling She the whole Creation ſhakes,
And ſinking thus with ſacred Accent ſpeaks.

If 'tis your Will, and I deſerve to die,
Great *Jove*, why ſleeps th' Artillery of the Sky?
Since 'tis my Fate to periſh by the Fire,
Let me, Supreme of Gods, by Yours expire;
If from your thund'ring Arm the Ruin come,
Its mighty Author's Name will eaſe my Doom.
Scarce can my Voice expreſs this feeble Pray'r;
(Heat choak'd her Mouth) behold my blazing Hair:
How Clouds of Smoke my wat'ry Eyes annoy,
And round my Head the crackling Cinders play.
Are theſe the beſt Rewards you can confer
On me, your uſeful Slave? who all the Year
The wounding Strokes of Plow and Spade have born,
And with the goring Harrows have been torn?
Who have on Men and Cattle wholſome Food,
And Incenſe on your ſacred Shrines beſtow'd?
But grant theſe Judgments juſtly light on me;
What has your Brother done, or what his Sea?
Why do his Waves decreaſe, nor dare to riſe;
But keep that modeſt diſtance from the Skies?
But if not He, nor I your Favour ſhare,
Yet your own Heav'n will ſure command your Care.
Pity your ſelf; behold the ſmoaking Poles,
How round them both the ruddy Vapour rolls.
If once they ſink, none can your Courts enſure,
Nor Fate it ſelf your ſtarry Throne ſecure.
See *Atlas* labours with unuſual Pain,
And ſcarce the glowing Axle can ſuſtain.
If Sea, if Earth, and Heav'n to Ruin burn,
All huddled into Chaos we return.
Thou, if Fire's waſteful Fury ought has ſpar'd,
Yet ſave it, and the main Affair regard.
Thus She; for now ſhe could no longer bear
The ſultry Smoke, and ſuffocating Air;
Into her ſelf draws back her fainting Head
To the dark Caverns bord'ring on the Dead.
But *Jove* appeals to all the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
And ev'n to him, who had the Chariot giv'n;
Urging that now, without his Succour, all
Muſt run to Ruin, and to nothing fall.

Strait

Strait on that lofty Eminence he tow'rs,
From whence he uſually ſends down the Show'rs;
From whence his Thunderbolts abroad he pours:
Thinking the Conflagration to reſtrain
With ruſhing Tempeſts, and deſcending Rain.
But now thoſe Magazines were all bereſt
Of wat'ry Stores, and only Thunder left.
That he employs; and launch'd from his right Ear
A Bolt he whirls againſt the Charioteer:
With the ſame fatal Blow tranſports him hurl'd
At once from off the Seat, and from the World;
And quenches Fire with Fire. With furious Bound
The Steeds leap diff'rent ways, and flinging round
From off their toſſing Necks the Harneſs break,
And from their Heads the ſhatter'd Bridles ſhake.
Here lyes the Beam by thoſe impetuous Shocks
Pluck'd off, and there the Shivers of the Spokes;
In Parts remote the Reins and Axle lye,
The broken Chariot ſcatter'd o'er the Sky.
But *Phaëton* with his ſing'd and ſhining Hair
Shot like a Meteor gliding thro' the Air;
Which, if it fell not, ſeem'd a falling Star.
Him vaſtly diſtant from his native Place
The *Po* receiv'd, and waſh'd his ſmoaking Face.

To APOLLO *making Love. From Monſieur* FONTENELLE.

By Mr. TICKELL.

I.

I Am (cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd,
And panting for Breath, the coy Virgin purſu'd,
When his Wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long Liſt of the Graces his Godſhip poſſeſt:)

II.

I'm the God of ſweet Song, and Inſpirer of Lays;
Nor for Lays, nor ſweet Song, the fair Fugitive ſtays:
I'm the God of the Harp---ſtop my Faireſt---in vain;
Nor the Harp, nor the Harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,
God of Light I'm above, and of Phyſick below:
At the dreadful Word Phyſick, the Nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal Word Phyſick ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond God of Wiſdom, then alter thy Phraſe,
Bid her view thy young Bloom, and thy raviſhing Rays,
Tell her leſs of thy Knowledge, and more of thy Charms,
And, my Life for't, the Damſel ſhall fly to thy Arms.

The FATAL CURIOSITY.

By the ſame Hand.

MUCH had I heard of fair *Francelia*'s Name,
The laviſh Praiſes of the Babler, Fame;
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the Charmer, with a Critick's Eye,
Reſolv'd to find ſome Fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the Vaſſal Heart, that durſt rebel,
And where a Judge was meant, a Victim fell:
On thoſe dear Eyes, with ſweet Perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my Pride and Soul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious Poiſon run,
And, in a Look, the haſty Conqueſt won.

Thus the fond Moth around the Taper plays,
And ſports, and flutters near the treach'rous Blaze;
Raviſh'd

Raviſh'd with Joy he wings his eager Flight,
Nor dreams of Ruin, in ſo clear a Light;
He tempts his Fate, and courts a glorious Doom,
A bright Deſtruction, and a ſhining Tomb.

To the Author of ROSAMOND, *an* OPERA.

——— *Ne forte pudori*
Sit Tibi Muſæ Lyræ ſolers, & Cantor Apollo.

By the ſame Hand.

THE *Opera* firſt *Italian* Maſters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but innocent of Thought.
Britannia's learned Theater diſdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd Stage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet Stupidity.
No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
Soft as *Corelli*, and as *Virgil* ſtrong.
From Words ſo ſweet new Grace the Notes receive,
And Muſick borrows Helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy Style hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
Thy flowing Numbers far excell the new.
Their Cadence in ſuch eaſie Sound convey'd,
That height of Thought may ſeem ſuperfluous Aid;
Yet in ſuch Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the Sweets of eaſie Sound.
Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,
Which Thought creates, and laviſh Fancy builds!
What Art can trace the viſionary Scenes,
The flow'ry Groves, and everlaſting Greens,
The babling Sounds that Mimick *Echo* plays,
The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?
Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,
And all *Elyſium* to one View confin'd!

No further could Imagination roam,
'Till *Vanbrook* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome.
Ten thouſand Pangs my anxious Boſom tear,
When drown'd in Tears I ſee th' imploring Fair;
When Bards leſs ſoft the moving Words ſupply,
A ſeeming Juſtice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here ſhe begs, nor can ſhe beg in vain,
(In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each Verſe ſo ſwells expreſſive of her Woes,
And ev'ry Tear in Lines ſo mournful flows;
We, ſpite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her Crimes, and think ſhe ought to live.
Let Joy ſalute fair *Roſamonda*'s Shade,
And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with *Dido*'s Ghoſt ſhe roves,
And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bleſs their Fate,
Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
Nor longer that relentleſs Doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *A----n*.
Accept, Great Monarch of the *Britiſh* Lays,
The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
So tries the Artleſs Lark her early flight,
And ſoars, to hail the God of Verſe, and Light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be ſtill thy Fame,
And thy own Laurels ſhade thy envy'd Name:
Thy Name, the Boaſt of all the tuneful Quire,
Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre,
Who reads thy Work, ſhall own the ſweet Surprize;
And view thy *Roſamond* with *Henry*'s Eyes.

To a Lady; with the Deſcription of the PHOENIX.

By the ſame Hand.

LAviſh of Wit, and bold appear the Lines,
Where *Claudian*'s Genius in the *Phœnix* ſhines;
A thouſand ways each brillant Point is turn'd,
And the gay Poem, like its Theme, adorn'd:
A Tale more ſtrange ne'er grac'd the Poets Art,
Nor e'er did Fiction play ſo wild a Part.
Each fabled Charm in matchleſs *Celia* meets,
The heav'nly Colours, and ambroſial Sweets;
Her Virgin Boſom chaſter Fires ſupplies,
And Beams more piercing guard her kindred Eyes:
O'erflowing Wit th' imagin'd Wonder drew,
But fertile Fancy ne'er can reach the true.
Now buds your Youth, your Cheeks their Bloom diſcloſe,
Th' untainted Lilly, and unfolding Roſe;
Eaſe in your Mien, and Sweetneſs in your Face,
You ſpeak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor Time ſhall urge theſe Beauties to decay,
While Virtue gives, what Years ſhall ſteal away:
The Fair, whoſe Youth can boaſt the Worth of Age,
In Age ſhall with the Charms of Youth engage;
In ev'ry Change ſtill lovely, ſtill the ſame,
A fairer *Phœnix* in a purer Flame.

A Deſcription of the PHOENIX: *Tranſlated from* CLAUDIAN.

By the ſame Hand.

IN utmoſt Ocean lies a lovely Iſle, [ſmile,
Where Spring ſtill blooms, and Greens for ever
Which ſees the Sun put on his firſt Array,
And hears his panting Steeds bring on the Day;
When, from the Deep, they ruſh with rapid Force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious Courſe;
When firſt appear the ruddy Streaks of Light,
And glimm'ring Beams diſpel the parting Night.
In theſe ſoft Shades, unpreſt by human Feet,
The happy *Phœnix* keeps his balmy Seat,
Far from the World disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the Empire, and its King unknown.
A God-like Bird! whoſe endleſs Round of Years
Out-laſts the Stars, and tires the circling Spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar Birds to eat his Fill,
Or drink the Cryſtal of the murm'ring Rill;
But fed by Warmth from *Titan*'s purer Ray,
And ſlak'd by Steams which Eaſtern Seas convey;
Still he renews his Life in theſe Abodes,
Contemns the Pow'r of Fate, and mates the Gods.
His fiery Eyes ſhoot forth a glitt'ring Ray,
And round his Head ten thouſand Glories play;
High on his Creſt, a Star celeſtial bright
Divides the Darkneſs with its piercing Light.
His Legs are ſtain'd with Purple's lively Dye,
His azure Wings the fleeting Winds out-fly;
Soft Plumes of cheerful Blue his Limbs infold,
Enrich'd with Spangles, and bedropt with Gold.
Begot by none himſelf, begetting none,
Sire of himſelf he is, and of himſelf the Son;
His Life in fruitful Death renews its Date,
And kind Deſtruction but prolongs his Fate:

Ey'n

Ev'n in the Grave new Strength his Limbs receive,
And on the Fun'ral Pile begin to live.
For when a thouſand times the Summer Sun
His bending Race has on the Zodiaque run,
And when as oft the Vernal Signs have roll'd,
As oft the Wint'ry brought the numbing Cold;
Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged Cares,
And bends beneath the mighty Load of Years.
So falls the ſtately Pine, that proudly grew,
The Shade, and Glory of the Mountain's Brow,
When pierc'd by Blaſts, and ſpouting Clouds o'er-
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tott'ring Head, [ſpread,
Part dies by Winds, and part by ſickly Rains,
And waſting Age deſtroys the poor Remains.
Then, as the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter Light,
So, froz'n with Age, and ſhut from Light's Supplies,
In lazy Rounds ſcarce roll his feeble Eyes, [nown'd,
And thoſe fleet Wings, for Strength and Speed re-
Scarce rear th' unactive Lumber from the Ground.
Myſterious Arts a ſecond time create
The Bird, prophetick of approaching Fate.
Pil'd on an Heap *Sabæan* Herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his Sire the Sun's intenſeſt Rays;
The Pile deſign'd to form his Fun'ral Scene
He wraps in Covers of a fragrant Green,
And bids the ſpicy Heap at once become
A Grave deſtructive, and a teeming Womb.
On the rich Bed the dying Wonder lies,
Imploring *Phœbus* with perſuaſive Cries,
To dart upon him in collected Rays,
And new-create him in a deadly Blaze.
The God beholds the Suppliant from afar,
And ſtops the Progreſs of his heav'nly Carr.
" O Thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs Fires ſhall burn,
" Thy Age the Flame to ſecond Youth ſhall turn,
" An Infant's Cradle is thy Fun'ral Urn.
" Thou, on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous
" Doom
" To live by Ruin, and by Death to bloom,

" Thy Life, thy Strength, thy lovely Form renew,
" And with freſh Beauties doubly charm the View.
Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the Aromatick Bed
A golden Beam he toſſes from his Head:
Swift as Deſire, the ſhining Ruin flies,
And ſtrait devours the willing Sacrifice.
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile Fire,
Sink into Strength, and into Life expire.
In Flames the circling Odours mount on high,
Perfume the Air, and glitter in the Sky,
The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their Flight,
And Nature ſtartles at the doubtful Sight;
For whilſt the pregnant Urn with Fury glows,
The Goddeſs labours with a Mother's Throes,
Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly Flames,
The nobleſt Product of the Skill ſhe claims.
Th' enliv'ning Duſt its Head begins to rear,
And on the Aſhes ſprouting Plumes appear;
In the dead Bird reviving Vigour reigns,
And Life returning revels in his Veins:
A new-born *Phœnix* ſtarting from the Flame,
Obtains at once a Son's, and Father's Name;
And the great Change of double Life diſplays,
In the ſhort Moment of one tranſient Blaze.
On his new Pinions to the *Nile* he bends,
And to the Gods his parent Urn commends,
To *Egypt* bearing, with Majeſtick Pride,
The balmy Neſt, where firſt he liv'd, and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual Sight,
And grace the Triumph of his Infant Flight;
In Crowds unnumber'd round their Chief they fly,
Oppreſs the Air, and cloud the ſpacious Sky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged Race
Obſtruct his Journey thro' th' æthereal Space,
The Hawk and Eagle uſeleſs Wars forbear,
Forego their Courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd Nations humble Homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy Flight of their Ambroſial King.
Leſs glitt'ring Pomp does *Parthia*'s Monarch yield,
Commanding Legions to the duſty Field;

Tho'

Tho' ſparkling Jewels on his Helm abound,
And Royal Gold his awful Head ſurround;
Tho' rich Embroid'ry paint his Purple Veſt,
And his Steed bound in coſtly Trappings dreſt;
Pleas'd in the Battel's dreadful Van to ride,
In graceful Grandeur, and Imperial Pride.
Fam'd for the Worſhip of the Sun, there ſtands
A ſacred Fane in *Egypt*'s fruitful Lands,
Hew'n from the *Theban* Mountain's rocky Womb
An hundred Columns rear the Marble Dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious Load,
A grateful Off'ring to the Beamy God;
Upon whoſe Altar's conſecrated Blaze
The Seeds and Reliques of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming Incenſe makes the Temple ſhine,
And the glad Altars breathe Perfumes divine.
The wafted Smell to far *Peluſium* flies,
To chear old Ocean, and enrich the Skies,
With Nectar's Sweets to make the Nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſev'n-fold Channels of the *Nile*.
Thrice happy *Phœnix!* Heav'n's peculiar Care
Has made thy ſelf thy ſelf's ſurviving Heir;
By Death thy deathleſs Vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to Ruin all the World beſide;
Thy Age, not thee, aſſiſting *Phœbus* burns,
And Vital Flames light up thy Fun'ral Urns.
Whate'er Events have been, thy Eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while Ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging Ocean burſt his Bed,
O'er-top'd the Mountains, and the Earth o'er-ſpread,
When the raſh Youth inflam'd the high Abodes,
Scorch'd up the Skies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs Gods.
When Nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs Reign;
Fate's Tyrant Laws thy happier Lot ſhall brave,
Baffle Deſtruction, and elude the Grave.

Verſes ſent to the Hon. Mrs. MARGARET LOWTHER *on her Marriage.*

Tranſlated from *Menage.*

By the ſame Hand.

THE greateſt Swain that treads th' *Arcadian* Grove,
Our Shepherds Envy, and our Virgins Love,
His charming Nymph, his ſofteſt Fair obtains,
The bright *Diana* of our flow'ry Plains;
He, 'midſt the graceful, of ſuperior Grace,
And ſhe the lovelieſt of the lovelieſt Race.
Thy fruitful Influence, Guardian *Juno*, ſhed,
And crown the Pleaſures of the genial Bed,
Raiſe thence, their future Joy, a ſmiling Heir,
Brave as the Father, as the Mother fair.
Well may'ſt thou ſhow'r thy choiceſt Gifts on thoſe,
Who boldly rival thy moſt hated Foes;
The vig'rous Bridegroom with *Alcides* vies,
And the fair Bride has *Cytherea*'s Eyes.

To a Lady; with a Preſent of Flowers.

By the ſame Hand.

THE fragrant Painting of our flow'ry Fields,
The choiceſt Stores that youthful Summer yields,
Strephon to fair *Eliſa* hath convey'd,
The ſweeteſt Garland to the ſweeteſt Maid.
O cheer the Flow'rs, my Fair, and let them reſt
On the *Elyſium* of thy ſnowy Breaſt,
And there regale the Smell, and charm the View,
With richer Odours, and a lovelier Hue.

Learn

Learn hence (nor fear a Flatt'rer in the Flow'r)
Thy Form divine, and Beauty's matchleſs Pow'r:
Faint, near thy Cheeks, the bright Carnation glows,
And thy ripe Lips out-bluſh the op'ning Roſe;
The Lilly's Snow betrays leſs pure a Light,
Loſt in thy Boſom's more unſullied White;
And Wreaths of Jeſſ'mine ſhed Perfumes, beneath
Th'ambroſial Incenſe of thy balmy Breath.
Ten thouſand Beauties grace the Rival Pair,
How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting Charms decay,
The fading Luſtre of one haſt'ning Day,
This Night ſhall ſee the gaudy Wreath decline,
The Roſes wither, and the Lillies pine.
The Garland's Fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advanc'd thy Form, ſhall check thy Pride:
Be wiſe, my Fair, the preſent Hour improve,
Let Joy be new, and now a Waſte of Love;
Each drooping Bloom ſhall plead thy juſt Excuſe,
And that which ſhow'd thy Beauty, ſhow its Uſe.

On a Lady's Picture: To GILFRED LAWSON, *Eſq;*

By the ſame Hand.

AS *Damon Chloe*'s painted Form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting Shade:
For *Cupid* taught the artiſt Hand its Grace,
And *Venus* wanton'd in the mimick Face.
Now he laments a Look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing Eyes;
Now ſated, from the lovely Phantome flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.
Her Iv'ry Neck his Lips preſume to kiſs,
And his bold Hands the ſwelling Boſom preſs;

The

The Swain drinks in deep Draughts of vain Deſire,
Melts without Heat, and burns in fancy'd Fire.
Strange Pow'r of Paint! thou nice Creator Art!
What Love inſpires, may Life it ſelf impart.
Struck with like Wounds, of old, *Pygmalion* pray'd,
And hugg'd to Life his artificial Maid;
Claſp, new *Pygmalion*, claſp the ſeeming Charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning Image warms,
Deſtin'd to crown thy Joys, and revel in thy Arms:
Thy Arms, which ſhall with Fire ſo fierce invade,
That ſhe at once ſhall be, and ceaſe to be a Maid.

Written at BATH.

WITH wiſh'd Succeſs theſe min'ral Springs I try'd,
Which o'er hot Beds of ſmoking Sulphur glide;
For Health I came, nor was that Health deny'd.
But when unwarn'd, and fearleſs of Surprize,
I felt the darted Fire of *Celia*'s Eyes;
All was undone again: Unuſual Pains
Heav'd at my Heart, and tingled in my Veins.
No Remedy can this Diſeaſe remove;
But ev'n theſe wond'rous Waters uſeleſs prove
To quench the Fire, the raging Fire of Love.
Were *Willis*, like his Fame, ſurviving ſtill,
Ev'n *Willis* would in vain employ his Skill.
Cur'd of one Sickneſs, by a worſe I die;
And meet the Fate, from which I ſtrove to fly.
So the ſick Deer by ready Inſtinct goes,
To ſeek the healing Plant which Nature ſhews;
Crops it ſecure, nor other Danger heeds:
But while on that reſtoring Herb he feeds,
Shot by a mortal Shaft he yields his Breath,
And where he finds his Med'cine, finds his Death.

LOVE and FOLLY.

REflecting, how ev'n common Senſe was gone,
When Love had puſh'd my Reaſon from the Throne,
And how one Error drew another on;
How ev'ry Object in falſe Lights was view'd,
And vain Deſigns with wrong Addreſs purſu'd;
How I expos'd my Weakneſs to be ſeen,
And wanted Wit to *keep the Fool within*;
Deſpair'd, yet hop'd; ſcarce knew what 'twas I ſought,
While Sighs and Sonnets ſerv'd inſtead of Thought;
New Methods found th' unlucky Fire to nurſe,
And ſtill repair'd one Folly by a worſe.
Amaz'd, enrag'd, I curs'd my fatal Flame,
Bluſh'd ev'n alone, and almoſt dy'd with Shame;
Reſolv'd my native Freedom to regain,
And either break my Heart, or break my Chain.
When thus his ſage Advice *Apollo* gave;
Wouldſt thou be free? ſubmit to be a Slave.
To flounce, and ſtruggle in th' intangling Snare,
Hampers the Captive more, and ties him faſter there:
And he who in a Quickſand floundring lyes,
Still deeper ſinks, the more he ſtrives to riſe.
Nor at thy thoughtleſs Management repine;
The Fair have ſpoil'd far better Senſe than thine.
Among their Vaſſals, patient take thy Place,
And be an Idiot with a truer Grace.
But thou wouldſt needs ſee clearly with no Eyes,
Be mad with Reaſon, and in Folly wiſe.
Content thy ſelf; let this thy Care remove,
The wiſeſt of Mankind are Fools in Love.

Part of the CENTO *of* AUSONIUS, *imitated in* Engliſh *Verſe.*

Deſcriptio egredientis Sponſæ.
Tandem progreditur Veneris, &c.

THE Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears
Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years.
In wanton Folds her modeſt Garments flow,
And Bluſhes in her Cheeks, or Wiſhes, glow.
The Youth, with greedy Eyes, her Charms devour,
The Lovers Fortune curſe, and coming Hour.
The Reverend Fathers, and the Matrons ſtand,
In decent Order rank'd on either Hand;
They gaze, and ev'ry Glance ſhe darts inſpires
Forgotten Hopes, and Impotent Deſires.
In vain, alas, their Youthful Fever burns,
For oft the Wiſh, but ne'er the Joy returns.
Still on ſhe moves, and, as ſhe paſſes by,
A Thouſand little Loves around her fly:
A Thouſand *Zephyrs* crowd the balmy Air,
To Curl the Golden Treſſes of her Hair:
And where ſhe treads the ſpringing Flow'rs appear,
Forget the Seaſon, and begin the Year.
Thus *Argive Helen* look'd, by *Cupid* led
In Nuptial Triumph to the *Spartan*'s Bed.
Thus the ſweet Image of approaching Joys
Play'd in her Breaſt, and ſparkled in her Eyes.
And thus, at ſome Celeſtial Feaſt above,
The Goddeſſes proceed to viſit *Jove*;
Their Beauties, like ſo many Suns, diſplay,
And make, where-e'er they move, a milky Way.
The ſame full Luſtre in her Looks appears,
Her Beauties brighten'd by her Hopes and Fears.
Her Virgin-Hopes produce the bluſhing Roſe;
Her Virgin-Fears, the ſpotleſs Lilly ſhews.
By Nature Free, by Cuſtom only Coy;
She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy.

Willing

Willing ſhe goes, and ſtrives in vain to hide
The ſilent Raptures of a wiſhing Bride.

Deſcriptio egredientis Sponſi.

Next, from another Quarter, we behold
A Youth in *Tyrian* Purple clad, and Gold.
His Hairs to ſhed their Vernal Down begin,
Nor ever had the Razor touch'd his Chin.
The Mantle, which his tender Mother wove,
Hangs looſely on——For all his Care is Love.
A ſhining Garment, for the Day deſign'd,
And round its Edge the Gold *Meanders* twin'd;
With various Figures wrought, and rich in Art:
He ſcorns it all——The Bride has all his Heart.
His lofty Look, and his Majeſtick Mein
Are ſuch, as in diſſembled Gods are ſeen.
Thus Nervous are his Limbs, his Shoulders ſpread,
Thus firm his Step, and thus erect his Head.
From Ocean riſes thus the Morning Star,
Bright with new Rays, ere *Phœbus* mounts his Carr.
So ſhines the Bridegroom, and with eager Eyes
Surveys the Scene of Joy, and thither flies;
There meets the Bride, and round her ſlender Waſte
He folds his manly Arm; and thus embrac'd
They kiſs, and have of future Joys a Taſte.

Obligatio Munerum.

To theſe the bidden *Youth* advance by Pairs,
And each an Hymeneal Off'ring bears.
Their Parents ſmiling, view the goodly Train,
And hope the like for them, nor hope in vain.
The firſt preſents a Robe of Orient Die,
Where Beaſts are ſeen to walk, and Birds to fly.
Some Caskets bring, which *Indian* Diamonds hold,
Some poliſh'd Iv'ry, and ſome burniſh'd Gold.

With

With Talents ſome enrich the happy Pair,
This gives a Goblet, that a gilded Chair.
The Gifts in order on the Table ſet,
It bends, unable to ſuſtain the Weight.
A Chaplet round the Bridegroom's Temple's bound,
And the fair Bride is with a Garland crown'd.
The Prieſt with Myrrh their fragrant Altars load,
And the ſweet Fumes regale the Nuptial God.
Four Youths their Service to the Bridegroom lend,
And Four officious Maids the Bride attend;
All Shorn alike, and all with Chains of Gold,
So Cuſtom bids, their Necks alike enfold.
A teeming Wife before the Bride appears,
And on her Breaſts two ſucking Babes ſhe bears:
A living Type, to make the Maid reflect
On what ſhe's to enjoy, and what expect.

Epithalamium Utrique.

The Matrons, in their turn, with equal Care
To cloſe and crown the ſolemn Rites prepare.
The Lovers, to the Nuptial Bed they bring,
And thus the Virgin Quires their Spouſals ſing.
Be bleſt, ye happy Pair! be ever bleſt,
Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wiſh poſſeſt.
Let *Venus*, and her Son, profuſely ſpread
The Genial Pleaſures on the Bridal Bed,
Fair as the Field, ſo fruitful be the Soil,
And anſwer yearly to the Tiller's Toil.
When the nine Moons their deſtin'd Courſe ſhall end,
Thee, Goddeſs of the Night, thy Succour lend;
And, as the Mother's Labour ſtronger grows,
Aſſiſt, *Latona*, and relieve her Throes.
Around her like the Ivy let him twine,
And be ſhe pregnant as the branching Vine.
The Jolly God, that o'er the Vintage reigns,
Reſtore, with gen'rous Juice, his ebbing Veins.
Be all your future Days and Nights like this,
And Plenty ſweeten and ſupport your Bliſs.

Your

Your Bleſſings, may your Sons and Daughters ſhare,
Be thoſe as worthy, and be theſe as Fair.
With the ſame Joy, may you your Children view,
As your glad Parents ever lookt on you.
They Sung---- And all around the joyful Throng
Applauded---- And the Fates approv'd the Song.

Ingreſſus in Cubiculum.

The Gueſts attending ſtill; The beauteous Bride
Sits on the Bed, the Bridegroom by her Side.
But when alone, their ev'ry Glance imparts
The ſweet Confuſion of their meeting Hearts.
They talk, they toy, and as with weeping Eyes
She turns aſide, and half repenting Sighs,
He ſeizes on her Lilly Hand, and cries,
With Kiſſes intermixt---- My Love, my Life,
And ev'ry tender Name in One, my Wife,
Is it then giv'n me, in my longing Arms
To fold thee, guiltleſs thus, and taſte thy Charms?
And canſt thou now, my only Wiſh, my Spouſe,
Refuſe me the Reward of all my Vows?
Look up, and turn thy humid Eyes on mine,
They flame, and with their Fires will kindle thine.
He ſaid---- and could no more his Heat command,
But ſhe reſiſts his Rage, and checks his Hand.
Downward ſhe looks, and when the Bed ſhe ſpies,
She ſhuts, ſo modeſt Maids affect, her Eyes,
And ſoftly, ſinking in his Arms, replies:
Oh lovely Youth! if ever to thy Ear
A Father and a Mother's Names were dear,
By them let me conjure thee to forbear,
And but this Night a ſuppliant Virgin ſpare.
One Night again ſhe begs, but begs in vain;
His Hand ſhe can no more, nor he his Heat reſtrain.
Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find,
More Violent he grows, and ſhe more Kind.
The riſing Raptures break her ſwelling Sighs,
And breathleſs in the Bridegroom's Arms ſhe lies.

Her

Her Fears are flown, ſhe claſps the furious Boy,
Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy.

The HUSBAND.

By a LADY.

THE Poets ſing of old, that amorous *Jove*
In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda*'s Charms,
And with a Rival Whiteneſs fill'd her Arms.
On *Danae*'s Lap he fell a golden Show'r:
(Gold is the ſureſt Friend in an Amour.)
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's griſly Shape,
He on ſome Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that *Jove*'s Almighty Pow'r,
Thro' theſe baſe Forms, taught Females to adore.
A Likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a Husband to *Amphitryon*'s Bride:
And, in a Husband's Shape, could welcome prove,
Who muſt not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove*?

An Imitation of the First SATYR *of the First Book of* HORACE.

By a Young Gentleman at *Cambridge*.

——Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus
Esse opus omnino, quæ demant quenque dolorem,
Delicias quoque uti multas substernere possint, &c.
——Nil nostro in corpore gazæ
Proficiunt, neque nobilitas, neque gloria regni:
Quod superest animo quoque nil prodesse putandum est.
Lucret. Lib. 2.

MY Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring Thought,
We thus neglect what once with Care we sought?
That none can easie, none content can live,
With what their Reason chose, or Fate would give?
Each brainsick Hum'rist likes his Neighbour's Road,
And, since he goes it not, perversly thinks it good.
The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,
And broke with long Fatigues in constant Wars,
Curses the starveling Honours he has got,
And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.
The Merchant, trembling, whilst the rowling Seas
Tos the charg'd Barque, and risque his future Ease,
Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,
A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;
Whose Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:
In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.
The harrass'd Lawyer thinks the Peasant blest,
When early Clients interrupt his Rest, [lest.
And with impert'nent Fears his downy Hours mo-
The lab'ring Peasant, whom vexatious Law
And dread *Subpœna's* to the City draw,
Extols each Pleasure of the gawdy Town,
Where he no Labours feels, no irksome Toil has known.

'Twere vain the differing Wiſhes to rehearſe,
Or ſow'r with Diſcontents each jarring Verſe:
Not all could be expreſt by *Fabius'* Tongue,
Tho' fam'd for ſpeaking nought, and pleading long.
But leſt, like him, I, with cenſorious Rhime
Should treſpaſs on your Thoughts, or waſte your Time,
Hear to what ſpeedy Iſſue I the Cauſe
Will bring, and try it by impartial Laws.
Suppoſe ſome God, mov'd with our conſtant Grief,
Order'd each Malecontent his wiſh'd Relief;
Do thou, who hat'ſt Campaigns, a Seaman be;
And thou a Soldier, who condemn'ſt the Sea;
The Lawyer to his fancy'd Eaſe retire;
And the rude Hind to courtly Joys aſpire:
Hence, hence depart with chearful Looks, and bleſs
The pitying Pow'r, that gave your Griefs redreſs,
Chang'd the decrees of Fate, to fix your Happineſs.
What? Silent? Do you then ſo ſoon repeal
What eager Warmth purſu'd with ſo much Zeal?
Can nought your idle Diſcontents appeaſe? [pleaſe?
Can nought your troubled Souls, your reſtleſs Fancies
Come, chearful, what the Gods beſtow, receive;
'Tis Man's part to poſſeſs, the Gods can only give.
What? Hum'riſts ſtill? And do you thus embrace
The tender Deity's abounding Grace?
What Arts can skreen this Folly? What ſhall move
The future Favours of deluded *Jove?*
Well may his ſlighted Mercy ſcorn your Pray'rs,
Laugh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;
Bid you be Wretches ſtill, ſince you refuſe [buſe.
What Man could ne'er deſerve, what none but you a-
But leſt you think this writ in ſportive mood,
To raiſe your Fancy, not to make you Good:
And yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth
May not become the gayeſt Smiles of Youth:
'Tis thus the Miſtreſs, after fruitleſs Pains,
With little Arts the wayward Infant gains;
Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taſte,
Inſinuates the Leſſon with the Feaſt,
And makes the Bitter kindly reliſh, and digeſt.

But

But to be ſerious, and theſe Trifles quit,
The eaſie Offspring of luxuriant Wit;
What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,
Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave?
What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts
Increaſe the Juice the bounteous God imparts;
Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her Reign
Too narrow for their vaſt Deſires of Gain?
With one conſent they make this joint Reply;
'Tis future Care our preſent Thoughts employ:
When trembling Limbs, and ſtiffen'd Nerves preſage
The ſad Approaches of a helpleſs Age;
What then ſhall aid us, if the timely Care
Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burden bear,
And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year?
Thus with fam'd Providence the ſlender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,
Whilſt the fair Seaſon laſts, and laviſh'd Grain
Profuſely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Induſtriouſly his little Garner fills,
And the Proviſions for his Winter ſteals;
Grateful, he takes what the Occaſion grants,
And with the preſent Waſte ſupplies his future Wants.
'Tis true; but when the Winter ſharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beaſt lives wanton on his hoard, [ſtor'd.
And what with anxious Care his prudent Foreſight
Not ſo with thee, whoſe raging Thirſt of Gold,
Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,
Can e'er abate; and yet thy only Care
Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.
Whence then theſe monſtrous Fears, that dare pre-
To violate the common Mother's Womb, [ſume
And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treaſures
Tomb?
What Fruit, what Int'reſt canſt thou thence receive?
What kind return ſhould injur'd Nature give?
Or change her Courſe, to make her En'my thrive?

" But if hard Times ſhould break upon my Hoard,
" Or Folly ſquander what my Prudence ſtor'd;
" The reſt too flies, and mould'ring ſinks away,
" Leaving its Maſter to deſerv'd Decay.
But ſay, ſuppoſing it untouch'd, and whole, [Soul?
Whence ſpring the Charms, that move thy raviſh'd
What Beauty canſt thou in its Groſſneſs find,
To pleaſe thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?
What? tho' thy Barns are full, and Purſe commands
The various Products of ten thouſand Lands?
Tho' luſty Nature laviſhes her Pow'r
To meet thy Wiſh, and multiply thy Store?
Tho' teeming Provinces their Harveſts join
To ſwell thy Treaſures? Where's the vaſt Deſign?
Thy Stomach rioting at plenteous Feaſts,
No more than mine can hold, no more digeſts.
As if amongſt the Hinds, with friendly Care,
Thou the Proviſions of the reſt ſhouldſt bear;
Thou couldſt not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,
A greater Portion than thy Fellows eat,
Who careleſs walk'd at eaſe, nor felt the galling Weight:
Or tell me freely, when the eaſie Mind
Can live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;
Where is the diff'rence to conſid'ring Men,
To plough ten thouſand Acres, or but ten?
" But then 'tis ſweet to view the ſmiling Stores,
" And crowd the diſtant Joys of future Hours
" Into one Moment's Thought, and make them preſent ours.
" 'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happineſs, [poſſeſs:
" To be poſſeſſing ſtill, and know we always ſhall
" To take from Heaps that —" What? thou canſt but have
What common Appetites of Nature crave:
And if my earthen Jarr, with meaſur'd Grain,
Can thoſe in Pleaſure, and in Health maintain;
I would not richer be, I want no more,
That *Ægypt* is to me, 'tis *Afric*'s fruitful Shore.

'Twere

'Twere Madneſs ſure, if thirſty Nature's want,
One Glaſs could eaſe, one Bottle could content;
To cry, the boundleſs Ocean's Depths explore,
To quench my Thirſt, nor ſtave my fancy'd Pow'r,
Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store.
Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,
And Fancy, not our Reaſon, holds the Scale;
The angry *Auſi'dus* ſwells his foaming Streams,
And ſhows the Moral of the Miſer's Dreams;
Devouring all, he marks his waſteful Way, [away.
And bears the yielding Banks, and thoughtleſs Wretch
When he, whoſe Thoughts, contented, ne'er aſpire,
Nor ſwell beyond what preſent Wants require;
Fears not, reclining o'er the moſſy Side,
The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide,
Nor ſpoils himſelf the Streams, which pure, which peaceful glide.
He wiſely views, how all around him ſmile,
The Plants not wither'd, nor too rank the Soil:
How Nature's equal Care does each maintain
In proper Beauty, by a frugal Reign;
Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,
And flouriſhes alike with Nature's other Cares.
But ſtill, the blinded World with ſcorn regards
That Indolence, which theſe Reſults rewards;
And raviſh'd with a tawdry tinſel'd Dreſs,
For that alone each God they anxious preſs,
That is their only Wiſh, that they can only bleſs:
Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,
And meaſure virtuous Worth by great extent of Pow'r.
What ſhall we do then, ſince no *Hellebore*,
No Reaſon can the willing Mad reſtore?
Ev'n let 'em ſtill continue in their Dreams,
Debauch their Fancies with the ſoothing Themes;
'Twere vain and hopeleſs to preſume Succeſs,
Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Re-
At *Athens* liv'd a Wretch, Sordid and Old, [dreſs.
Poſſeſſing nothing, but poſſeſt by Gold:
Him the inſulting Mob, with Taunts aſſail'd,
Jeer'd as he paſs'd, or hiſt, and loudly rail'd,

Hence with the hideous Monſter's baleful Sight,
Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's deſpight;
Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies reign,
And kindred Monſters fill the diſmal Scene;
Unfit for us, or Life—By Chance repriev'd,
Got home, and from the publick Fury ſav'd,
He thus reflects— Well Fools, hiſs on, and threat,
Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate:
Shall theſe ſmall Blaſts my ſteddy Barque o'erſet?
'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my views,
A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought purſues;
Thou, thou, my darling Gold, reign'ſt Monarch here,
The deareſt Object of my Hope and Fear:
Whilſt thou art guarded ſafe, from Inſults free,
Let them wreak all their Bolts, waſte all their Shafts on me;
Not all their Threats my ſtedfaſt Soul ſhall move,
In Death I'll taſte thy Sweets, and revel with my Love;
Puſh my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,
Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.
Poor *Tantalus* the ſwelling Flood ſurveys,
That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirſt appeaſe.
Why ſmil'ſt thou, Ignorant? Thou art that Curſt,
That Wretch, who dy'ſt with everlaſting Thirſt;
And what the Fable draws in ſhort, is near
Shewn in full length by thy Example here.
Thou art the real *Tantalus*, whoſe Sleeps,
Broke with diſtemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps,
Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice reaps:
Who baſely deify'ſt what bounteous Heav'n
Deſign'd thy uſeful Slave, a Bleſſing giv'n;
Yet thou pervert'ſt its Uſe, mak'ſt it thy Lord,
As *Jove* again was to that Form reſtor'd,
Irradiated its Beams; and lighten'd from thy Hoard:
As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,
A taſteleſs Pleaſure, and an empty Shade;
Or as the *Delphian* Deities watch'd o'er,
And Thunder guarded ſafe thy hallow'd Store.

Know'ſt

Know'ſt thou not, after all thy racking Cares,
To raiſe the Heaps thy niggard Nature ſpares,
The real Value, which thy Treaſure bears?
What? know'ſt thou not its Uſe? let Bread be bought,
Let ſav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be ſought;
Let Nature's Cravings meet their juſt Supplies;
And little ſure can all her Wants ſuffice.
Reſtleſs all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,
Leſt ſudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;
Leſt ſturdy Burglars ſhould beſiege thy Pelf,
Or faithleſs Servants rob you of your ſelf:
Are theſe the only Joys thy Wealth can grant,
The only Pleaſures that thy Soul can want?
May I ſuch dang'rous Bleſſings ever ſhun,
Nor wiſh prepoſt'rouſly to be undone;
May I be ever Poor, and 'ſcape the Snares
The treach'rous *Syren* for the Rich prepares.
" But ſhould a raging Fever boil your Blood;
" Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood:
" Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed, [Head:
" Gouts rack your Limbs, or Shootings ſplit your
" This will procure you Aid, ſecure you Friends
" To watch your Wants, and wait your ſick Commands.
" To bathe and rub you with obſequious Care,
" And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help prepare;
" Shall gain the Doctor's interpoſing Pow'r,
" To ſave their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;
" Shall make him Med'cines utmoſt Arts explore,
" By that one happy Cure the Family to reſtore.
Miſtaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife,
Dread the Continuance of thy irkſome Life;
Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,
Retards Poſſeſſion, and their Hope deſtroys:
Theſe are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,
A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.
And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,
Thy only Pleaſure was to rake up Wealth;

That was thy only Friend, the reſt paſt by
Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:
Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,
All was devoted to that fatal Love;
What canſt thou in return from Friends expect,
But equal Hatred, and deſerv'd Neglect?
Well may they in thy Miſeries make bold,
And Sacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.
Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,
But 'tis your Care muſt make 'em ſerve your Ends:
'Tis juſt you buy their Service, as they yours;
'Tis mutual Intereſt Nature's frailer Bond ſecures.
All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,
Succeſsleſs Labour, and unfruitful Pain;
As if you'd teach the ſluggiſh Aſs the Courſe,
To match th' *Olympian* Racer's noble Force,
Or vie with proud *Theſſalia*'s air-born Horſe.
Then let there be an End to all your Cares,
And ſince your Stocks are great, be leſs your Fears;
End all your Labours, ſince their End is got,
And Fortune crowns you with a ſmiling Lot.
Do not like rich *Umidius* (hateful Name,
Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame.)
Whoſe Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,
Was meaſur'd out, to eaſe the tedious Tale;
Yet thoughtleſs Wretch, he dy'd with conſtant dread
Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;
Diſclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,
In Habits ſuited to his ſlaviſh Mind:
And what's the End of all this Treaſure ſpar'd?
What proves, for all his Toils, a juſt Reward?
A Fav'rite Slave (if any can be ſo
To joyleſs Miſers, who no Pleaſures know)
Took pity on her Patron's wretched Caſe,
Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,
Eas'd him from Life, and ſet his Soul at Peace.
" Well then; What's your Advice? That I ſhould
" Like *Navius*, or like *Nomentanus* live? [thrive
Strangely perverſe! Is that a Vice to ſhun,
To its moſt diſtant Oppoſite to run,
Uneaſie to be ſav'd, and glad to be undone?

Is there no golden *Medium* to be found,
A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?
I do not griping Avarice reprehend,
That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend.
Wide is the Diff'rence, and diſtinct the Fire
Which flames in *Tanais*, and exalts Deſire,
From the froz'n Humours of *Viſellius'* Sire.
In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,
Which muſt be reach'd, and never be tranſgreſs'd:
In this ſmall Compaſs Virtue ſeats her Throne,
By moſt unheeded, tho' to few unknown,
Who leave her real Charms for Monſters of their own.
But to reſume the Subject I begun,
Nor wildly from my ſtated Purpoſe run;
Shall, like the Miſer, none approve his State,
But rather praiſe the diff'rent Turns of Fate?
Shall pine, when others ſwell with flowing Joy,
Fond to amaſs; yet ſeeming fonder to deſtroy:
Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,
Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;
Shall only this or that rich Man regard,
Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:
Whilſt ſtill ſome richer One appears in view,
To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.
As, when the Chariots, with applauding Cries,
Start from the Goal to run *Olympia's* Prize;
With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,
All forwards preſs the eager foaming Steed:
Each bravely puſhing only at the beſt,
Drives furious tow'rds it, and neglects the reſt.
Hence ſprings the Reaſon, why ſo few confeſs
Their Life a real Round of Happineſs;
That few are known content to quit the Scene,
Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain;
Can leave its Pleaſures, like a chearful Gueſt,
Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feaſt,
Sated with Life, in its laſt Changes bleſs'd.
But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,
Leſt *Criſpin's* tedious Rhimes ſhould be reputed mine.

To a Lady; to whom the Author ſent a Book of his own Compoſing.

HIS moving Elegies when *Ovid* wrote,
And ſung his Exile in the ſofteſt Note;
The Bliſs he envy'd of the guiltleſs Lines,
Which no harſh Law from his lov'd *Rome* disjoins.
They than their Lord a kinder Fortune prove,
And, where he dares not go, may ſafely rove.
How does he wiſh, that * as his boundleſs Verſe
Did various Shapes and riſing Forms rehearſe,
(Where into bluſhing Flow'rs coy Maidens turn,
And weeping Boys in flowing Rivers mourn)
So he a like propitious Change might try,
And the griev'd Poet be the Elegy?
To you, fair *Celia*, thus your baniſh'd Slave
That little Pledge of vaſt Affection gave.
Go Book, ſaid I, the happy Freedom prize,
Touch'd by thoſe Hands, view'd by thoſe lovely Eyes;
An heav'nly Pleaſure you ſecurely gain,
Which your deſpairing Author ſues in vain,
Condemn'd to Abſence, and her cold Diſdain.

To CHLOE *Mask'd.*

NAY, you're diſcover'd, 'ſpite of your Diſguiſe,
Mask'd as you are, I know you by your Eyes.
So richeſt Diamonds, by an inbred Ray,
Dart thro' the Gloom, and do themſelves diſplay.
But why theſe pretty Tricks, this double Cheat,
To put a Vizard on a Counterfeit?
Would you with artful Modeſty expreſs
Beauty's chief Pride in ſelf-denying Dreſs?
Things out of Sight, of Price and Value ſeem,
And what lyes moſt conceal'd, we moſt eſteem.
Were

* *His* Metamorphoſes.

Were not each Part adorn'd with native Grace,
Yet thus you'd purchaſe a reputed Face.
Religious Rites conceal'd from common Eyes,
Are priz'd as Sacred, and as Myſteries.
Thus Heroes, when of old they diſappear'd,
Ceas'd to be Men, and were for Gods rever'd.
The *Perſian* cannot worſhip *Phœbus* more,
Than the fond *Indian* his Eclipſe adore.
But there's another Reaſon for this Skreen:
You know too well, you're dang'rous to be ſeen;
For who can view that Face in open Charms,
But ſhews his Fate in Sighs and folded Arms!
We thank you, *Chloe*, for your tender Care,
Which, tho' it checks our Joy, prevents Deſpair.
But this, alas! will Miſchief ſcarce prevent;
Do what you can, you can't be Innocent:
Beauty in Ambuſcade the Traitor plays,
Sends a ſly Dart, and unperceiv'd betrays.
It gives, like Light'ning, Death without controul,
Spares the groſs Shell, and blaſts the inmate Soul:
With ſurer Fate, when hid it active grows,
And to Reſtraint its double Virtue owes.

HORACE's Otium Divos, &c. Lib. II. Ode XVI. *to his Friend* GROSPHUS. *Imitated in Paraphraſe.*

By Mr. J. HUGHES.

INdulgent Quiet! Pow'r Serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious Queen,
Say, in what ſolitary Grove,
Within what hollow Rock, or winding Cell,
By human Eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated *Druid* doſt thou dwell?

And

And why, illuſive Goddeſs! why,
When we thy Manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,
To mock our vain Reſearch, and from our Wiſhes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
For thee the Gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous Sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
No friendly Moon or Stars appear
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:
For thee the weary Soldier prays;
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
And *Medes*, that wear majeſtick by their ſide
A full-charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious Days,
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold, [Gold.
With Gems, and Purple Veſts, and Stores of plunder'd

III.

But neither boundleſs Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Conſul's honour'd Gate,
Nor Anti-chambers with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen Cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Neſts, like Swallows, build [Sky!
Cloſe to the Palace-Roofs, and Tow'rs that pierce the
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt Wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in ſome Cottage, far from Noiſe
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid Luſt of Gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs Game projects the daring Spear!
For ſhort is Life's uncertain Race;

Then

Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Doſt thou for Happineſs repair
To diſtant Climates, and a foreign Air?
Fool! from thy ſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thy ſelf, the Source of all thy Care.
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious Downs in vain;
The feather'd Torment ſticks within his Side,
And from the ſmarting Wound a Purple Tide
Marks all his Way with Blood, and dies the graſſy Plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies
Thick driving Snows and gather'd Tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the ſailing Ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall Veſſel's painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all Places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no State's compleatly bleſt,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent Day,
And leave to Fate the reſt.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed Doom.
Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
The Heroe fell by ſudden Death;
While *Tithon* to a tedious waſting Age
Drew his protracted Breath.
And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
Perhaps unask'd to worthleſs me
Thoſe Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend,
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining Wealth and plenteous Joys ſurround,
And all thy fruitful Fields around
Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle ſtray.

Thy

Thy harneſs'd Steeds with ſprightly Voice
Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice,
While ſmoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the ſwift [meaſur'd Way,
To me the Stars, with leſs Profuſion kind,
An humble Fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful Lyrick Vein,
But a ſincere contented Mind,
That can the vile malignant Crowd diſdain.

A Thought on DEATH.

By *Mr.* GROVE.

O *Death!* What Pow'r is thine, that diſtant, thus,
By Fancy ſeen, thou call'ſt up all our Fears,
And ſhed'ſt a baleful Influence on the Soul!
Mine hangs her drooping Wings, and, downward preſs'd
By foggy Damps, attemps in vain to riſe;
For ſtill in ken of an untimely Grave,
The daily Subject of the penſive Thought,
She hovers o'er, and views the ſad Receſs.
If (which is ſeldom) I converſe with Joy,
And Nature, lighten'd of her Sorrows, ſmiles,
While pleaſing Objects dance before the Sight,
A Thought of *Death* comes croſs the lovely Scene,
And blots it out at once: So have I known
The riſing Sun dart round his golden Beams,
The welcome Promiſe of a glorious Day,
When, lo! ſcarce have we felt his vital Lamp,
But ſtrait ſome ſullen Cloud hangs threat'ning o'er;
We Sicken, the Creation ſeems to mourn,
And all things wear a deep and heavy Gloom.

A HYMN on SIGHT.

By the ſame Hand.

I Bleſs my God for ev'ry Senſe,
But moſt for thee, my darling Sight,
By whom I learn t' Adore the Pow'r
That won this beauteous World from Night.

II.

When thou art not, the glorious Scene
In Darkneſs undiſtinguiſh'd lyes,
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas are all in vain,
Nor can their Wonders move Surprize.

III.

Ev'n Light, of all material Things
Beſt Emblem of the Deity,
Spreads to the Blind unheeded Charms;
For why? 'Twas made alone for thee.

IV.

Thou awful Fears, and Thoughts ſublime,
Doſt to the raviſh'd Mind convey,
Of Him, who rais'd this ample Frame,
And o'er the whole extends His Sway.

V.

With Pleaſure now I travel o'er
Heav'n's vaſt Extent; amaz'd to ſee
Numberleſs Worlds in order roll
With rapid Motion thro' the Sky.

VI.

Infinite Pow'r, and equal Skill
In all thy Works, O Lord, I view;
Thy Breath firſt kindled up theſe Fires,
And thou their Waſtes doſt ſtill renew.

VII.

The Sun's bright Orb thy Glory fills,
The nightly Moon reflects the ſame,
And all the ſtarry Globes diffuſe,
With their own Light, their Maker's Name.

VIII. But

VIII.

But ah! how ſoon my Light is loſt,
Hopeleſs to reach the Bounds of Place!
Yet where that fails, by Fancy's Aid,
Remoter Regions I can trace.

IX.

'Till, got within the Verge of Stars,
Earth's little Ball eſcapes my ken;
The more I wonder thy Delight,
O God, is with the Sons of Men.

Of a Lady at the OPERA; *dreſt in White.*

SO would deſcending Angels charm the Sight,
With Form all Spotleſs, and with Dreſs all White;
Thus Imitating her, they'd dart ſuch Rays
Would dazzle all our Eyes, and baffle all our Praiſe.
Such Virgins ſeem for Sacrifice deſign'd;
Here too a certain Sacrifice we find;
But, faireſt Nymph, you change the Courſe of Fate,
No Victim are you made, the Victim you create.
Such pure Attire unbody'd Viſions wear:
Can what reſembles you, be ſaid to ſcare?
You raviſh, not affright, our Souls away,
So pleaſingly they fly, we ſcarce can wiſh their ſtay.
Such Garb attribute we to perfect Fame,
Conſummate Maid! you well become the ſame:
Ador'd by all, you reign by all avow'd
A Sun without a Stain, a Sky without a Cloud.
Such lovely White on lucky Days appears,
May this bright Mark diſtinguiſh all your Years;
Thus of a Piece throughout, your Face, your Mind,
Your ev'ry Hour ſerene, and ev'ry Bleſſing join'd.
Such Innocence did Nature's Bloom adorn,
Nature, where-e'er you come, again looks born;

Her

Her firſt untainted Sweets are ſet to view,
And all her killing Softneſs lives in wond'rous you.
Gods! How we rioted at Eye and Ear,
Thus to ſee Harmony, as well as hear!
O the Tranſporting Bliſs! ſo Fine! ſo Vaſt!
It cuts Deſcription ſhort, and gives of Heav'n a Taſte.

The CELEBRATED BEAUTIES.

A Poem, occaſioned upon being ſuſpected of writing The Britiſh Court.

WHY with ſuch Freedom ſhould the Town accuſe,
And charge abſurd *Encomiums* on my Muſe?
Celeſtial Objects by themſelves I place,
Nor with a *Cl--de* a *F--rr--ſt--r* diſgrace;
That Diſproportion'd *Piece* offends the View:
No Feign'd Perfection ſhould attend the True.
Whene'er my Voice attempts the *Britiſh* Fair,
I ſing the Worthy, but th' Unworthy ſpare;
Reſpect, when Merit fails, in Silence lies;
Praiſe undeſerv'd is Scandal in Diſguiſe.
What mod'rate Tongue would vulgar Things rehearſe,
Where Crowds of wond'rous Nymphs invite the Verſe?
Charmers in Millions grace this happy Sphere,
And ev'ry View preſents a Conqu'ror here.
Who to mean Subjects can debaſe his Quill,
And waſte his ſcanty Stock of Art ſo ill,
Looks like the Fop that courts a paltry Dame,
While faultleſs Maids contend to meet his Flame.
Poets ſhould ſtill Autumnal Forms omit,
Forty gives ſmall Encouragement to Wit;
The *Genius* flags beneath ſo ſtale a Theam,
And ſprightly Fancy ſinks to heavy Phlegm,
When thoſe declining Years our Strains require,
And Compliment ſupplies pretended Fire;

Some

Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,
But Beauty's an intolerable Sound:
To youth alone that Heav'nly Grace belongs,
None but the Young are Fair, and truly worthy Songs.
Ye Female Glories, which exalt our Iſle,
Vouchſafe th' auſpicious Influence of your Smile;
To you I call, to you, ye matchleſs Lights,
Inſpire my Numbers, and improve my Flights;
Leſt I depreſs your Fame with languid Lines,
And pay unhallow'd Vows at ſacred Shrines.
Would you, ye Pow'rs, but look ſerenely down,
I'd ſoar aloft, and blazon your Renown;
Then ſomething ſo Divine might raiſe my Voice,
And make me ſcarce inferior to my Choice,
What Antient Story tells, the World ſhould ſcorn,
And ev'ry Goddeſs deem in glorious *Britain* born.
Begin, my Muſe, begin with *M--rlb--gh*'s Race:
When Valour's Sung, the Father claims the Place;
And ſure, when Beauty's Pow'r employs our Flight,
The ſhining Daughters challenge foremoſt Right.
A *S--nd--rl--nd* the coldeſt Writer warms,
So turn'd for Conqueſt, ſo compleat in Charms,
There ſeems Detraction in our higheſt Praiſe,
She leaves the Muſe behind, and mocks our diſtant Lays.
Not thus *Minerva*, tho' a Goddeſs, ſhone.
O! had her Eyes ſuch dazling Luſtre thrown,
Thence the bold Artiſt had inform'd his Clay,
Nor ſought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vultur's Prey.
Could Nature's ſelf her own firſt Form expreſs,
She'd charm the World in bright *M--nth--rm--r*'s Dreſs:
Gods! what engaging Bloom ſits ſmiling there!
How languiſhingly ſweet her ev'ry Air!
Her Shape, her Geſture, all the Nymph, ſubdues,
We look our Souls away, and Fate with Tranſport chuſe.
Had Love's fair Goddeſs been ſo ſtrong in Charms,
Raſh *Diomede* had dropt his vent'rous Arms;
No ſhameful Victory the *Greek* had won,
But thouſand Wounds receiv'd, inſtead of giving one.
Splendor and Softneſs in *Br--dgw--t--r* meet,
There Mild appears an Attribute with Great;

Such

Such humble Sweetneſs gives a dawn of Joy,
She ſeems, like Heav'n, unwilling to deſtroy.
Who would not ſerve, where ſuch a Victor reigns?
What Freedom equal to ſuch gentle Chains?
But ſoon, too ſoon, miſtaken Mortals know,
Th' Imagin'd Bliſs concludes in Real Woe.
So from ſoft Breezes of the Southern Wind,
Uncumber'd Sweets we fondly hope to find;
But ſoon, alas! ſucceeds immod'rate Rain,
And ſadly renders all the promis'd Pleaſure vain.
G--d--lph--n's form'd among the firſt to ſhine,
That other Conqu'ror of the conqu'ring Line;
Nor Pride her Mein, nor Art her Aſpect knows,
Her full Renown from ſingle Nature flows;
Rich in unpractis'd Charms, ſhe ſcatters Chains,
And ſhunning Empire, certain Empire gains;
Neglectful, yet ſecure, with Arrows plays,
Unmeaning, throws, and undeſiring, ſlays;
She ſtoops to make no Prize her little Aim,
But emulates her Sire, and conquers but for Fame.
B--lt--n's Majeſtick Form invades the Sight
With awful Wonder, and ſublime Delight;
Here Diff'ring Deities conſpire our Fate,
Venus with *Juno*, Sweetneſs dwells with State:
High Pines are Emblems of her graceful Size,
And bending Oſiers ſhew her humble Guiſe.
Diſeaſe ſollicits her with impious Care,
And too too faſt her precious Spirits wear,
Not thus her Charms: Ev'n yielding, How ſhe reigns,
And conquers others, while her ſelf's in Chains?
Great, yet Oppreſt! Were Virtue's Image ſeen,
Virtue could look but equally Serene;
In Pain ſhe proves the proweſs of her Mind,
And only, when ſhe dies, deceives Mankind.
Forbid it, Heav'n! that Fate ſhould ever cloſe
Such All-commanding Eyes, and plunge the World in Woes.
To *S--ym--r*, daring Muſe, thy Numbers raiſe;
Muſe, thy beſt Numbers flag beneath her Praiſe:
Lo!

Lo! ſweeteſt Youth, diſclaiming artful Care,
Sports in her Face, and revels in her Air;
Briskneſs and Innocence their Pow'rs unite,
And next her ſpotleſs Mind, her Skin is White.
When radiant Bluſhes to her Cheeks repair,
(Such lovely Stains become the brighteſt Fair,)
Gods! how that Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!
How Earth's *Aurora* far tranſcends the Sky's!
But her high Merit checks the bold Delight,
We tremble at the Soul, yet riot at the Sight.
When *T--ft--n* was created, Nature took
Such Care to furniſh out a conqu'ring Look,
Who did not think her Hoard of Luſtre ſpent,
And Eyes deſign'd hereafter Innocent?
Nor was ſhe leſs Extravagant in Bloom, [Loom.
As if ſhe meant no future Charms, and beggar'd all her
For beauteous *Helen Troy* in Fires was ſeen,
The World was ſacrific'd to *Ægypt*'s Queen;
Behold in *Aſ--b--nh--m* a Brighter Dame,
But Virtue ſtifles ſuch Deſtructive Flame.
Heav'ns! were ſhe free from *Hymen*'s envy'd Chains,
Who would not rage with *Cupid*'s fierceſt Pains?
Marriage ſuſpends our Tranſports, for who dare
Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extream Deſpair?
Th' Illuſtrious Ancients were by halves Divine,
The Face and Mind did ne'er together ſhine:
Here all Accompliſhments are fully ſhown,
And ev'ry Goddeſs is compriz'd in One;
So Fair; yet Fairneſs ſeems her ſmalleſt Praiſe,
Her Soul's profuſe of Light, and darts immortal Rays.
P--rp--nt's in all the Pomp of Youth array'd,
Charming as Winter's Shine, or Summer's Shade;
Fair as deſcending Snow, or mounting Light,
Born to ſhame Fancy, and enſlave at Sight:
What's all our boaſted Freedom, when we gaze?
Britain's diſtinguiſh'd Bleſſing flies, and Man in Chains obeys.
The graceful Movement of the Wife of *Jove*,
Th' enchanting Aſpect of the Queen of Love,
Minerva's

Minerva's Skill, and Excellence in Arts,
Apollo's Rays, and *Cupid*'s piercing Darts,
Bright *Hebe*'s Youth, and chaſte *Diana*'s Mind,
Softneſs and Sweetneſs of the *Ch--rch--l* Kind,
All blended in one perfect Piece, would ſhew
Pr--by's conſummate Image to the raviſh'd View.
If breathing Flow'rs ſuch pleaſing Sweets diſpenſe,
If Light has Charms, and ſo allures the Senſe,
If Muſick's Strains have that perſuaſive Art,
O lovely *V--gh'n*! how form'd to ſtrike the Heart!
Such a Complexion foils the Pride of *May*,
Such Looks add Splendor to the brighteſt Day,
Such tuneful Speech affords ſo moving Sounds,
We fancy Crowns in Chains, and taſte Delight in Wounds.
C--ll--r's a Subject dear to *Britiſh* Lays,
Her Shape, her ev'ry Feature's wrought for Praiſe;
What humid Pearls of Sorrow ſeem to riſe,
As if ſhe wept the Ravage of her Eyes?
Still, ſtill we Bleed, and no Relief is gain'd,
Her killing Beauty's true, her ſaving Pity feign'd.
Thy Rhimes, oh Muſe, with young *Louiſa* grace,
That growing Wonder of the *Br--den--ll* Race;
Ev'n now her Charms diſcloſe a pleaſing Bloom,
But promiſe Riper Sweetneſs yet to come;
Nature, for all her vaſt Indulgence, fears
T' entruſt Perfection to thoſe tender Years,
But ſhortly will her choiceſt Stores diſplay,
And give to ſuch a Morn an anſwerable Day.
What mighty Glories ſhall this Fair adorn,
Ally'd to *Myra*, and of *R--chm--nd* born?
Myra ſo Bright to kindle *Gr--nv--le*'s Fire,
How did ſhe ſhine, that could ſuch Warmth inſpire!
R--chm--nd ſo great to give that Title Fame,
And more than equal her from whom our Toaſting came.
To *R--yn--lds*, Muſe, that Maſs of Beauty, riſe,
Her Mien how charming, and how bright her Eyes!
From op'ning Eaſt leſs glorious Luſtre breaks;
How Nature's curious Pencil paints her Cheeks!

The

The Loves, miſtaking her for *Venus*, throng,
And feaſted thus, continue in the wrong.
Seems ſhe not more than Numbers can expreſs? [leſs?
Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make ſuch Wonders
Men may with Juſtice Nature's dealing blame,
And charge their Parent with a partial Aim;
Who too too laviſh to her Female Race,
Beſtows freſh Gifts, and ſprings new Mines of Grace;
But ah! to them ſo ſparing, daigns to raiſe
No hidden Stores of Wit to give proportion'd Praiſe.
F--rm--r's a Pattern for the Beauteous Kind,
Compos'd to pleaſe, and ev'ry way refin'd;
Obliging with Reſerve, and humbly Great,
Tho' Gay, yet Modeſt, tho' Sublime, yet Sweet;
Fair without Art, and graceful without Pride,
By Merit and Deſcent to deathleſs Fame ally'd.
Seek not the *Venus* Star that gilds the Skies,
Two brighter Stars are found in *W--lp--le*'s Eyes;
Deſire not Nature's Wealth in Fields diſplay'd,
Far nobler Stores enrich the blooming Maid;
Rack not your Thought to paint what's ſweetly Rare,
Look but on *W--lp--le*'s Form, 'tis all Familiar there.
Thee, *Ch--tw--nd*, all that ſee thee, ſtrive to praiſe,
And with inſatiate Longings ſtill muſt gaze;
Freſh ſpringing Glories ev'ry Moment riſe,
And in new Raptures hurl us to the Skies.
O! could I reach a Harmony in Sound,
Like the fam'd Sweetneſs in her Aſpect found,
To yon bright Sphere I'd raiſe the glitt'ring Dame,
And with due Numbers ſhake the Pattern of her Frame.
Thrice glorious *N--w--ngt--n!* How juſtly great!
No Charms are abſent, and each Charm's compleat;
All that have Eyes, thy Beauties muſt confeſs,
All that have Tongues, thoſe Beauties would expreſs;
They would---But oh! the Language ſcants the Will,
Nature's too ſtrong for Art, and baffles utmoſt Skill.
Born for Command, yet mov'd from publick View,
As cloy'd with Pow'r, and weary to ſubdue;
To ſilent Shades I ſee the Victor run,
And reſt beneath the Myrtles which ſhe won;

Envy

Envy preſumes not to diſturb her there,
Envy, wherewith th' Unhandſom teize the Fair.
Her ſhining Look exalts the gazing Swain,
But oh! within he feels conſuming Pain.
So ſparkling Flames raiſe Water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and leſſens all the while.
Where charming *H--le* appears, ſhe treads on Spoils,
Our Sex are Vaſſals, and her own are Foils;
Such a peculiar Elegance of Face!
So many Sweetneſſes! ſuch lively Grace!
Oh that becoming Negligence of Air!
There's ſomething Curious in her want of Care.
Here Love may with Inconſtancy agree,
For One's Variety, One ſuch as ſhe.
Captivity, ſo caus'd, we proudly bleſs,
Are zealous to be Slaves, nor wiſh our Fetters leſs.
Attractive *Sq--re* with endleſs Pleaſure's ſeen,
Oh trifling Grandeur of the *Cyprian* Queen!
Only three Graces form'd her higheſt State,
But thouſand Graces on this *Venus* wait.
Impoſſible for Eyes to take their fill!
There's ſomething eminently winning ſtill;
A Novelty of Charms ſalutes the Sight,
More ſweet than Bloſſoms, and more gay than Light;
Two pow'rful Paſſions, when we gaze, we prove,
Joy revels in our Looks, and in our Boſoms Love.
Well *L--ngt--n*'s Name becomes the Radiant Liſt,
Who can her Praiſe refuſe, her Pow'r reſiſt?
Was ever Nymph thus exquiſitely wrought?
Seems ſhe not almoſt Lovely to a Fault?
At once ſo many crowding Wonders preſs,
Ev'n more ſhe'd Charm us, if ſhe charm'd us leſs.
Have you not ſeen, on *Anna*'s pompous Day,
A thouſand Objects all profuſely Gay?
Such Numbers only not oppreſs'd the Sight,
Yet leſs Variety gives full Delight.
See! ſee! th' alternate Glories of the Skies
Blend in her Form, and all at once ſurprize;
Her roſie Cheek the bluſh of Morning ſhows,
Her dazling Eyes the mid-day Sun diſcloſe;

Her

Her Air reſembles well the Milky Way, [play.
There Stars unnumber'd ſhine, here Loves unnumber'd
O! why did Heav'n, which thus adorn'd the Fair,
And made the Workmanſhip ſo much its Care,
Not with ſoft Pity temper all the reſt,
And place this kind Reliever in her Breaſt?
Still poor *Camelions*, we, muſt live on *Air*, [Fare.
She thinks a Look too much — the Lover's ſmalleſt

There's no way to be ſafe from *H--tl--y*'s Darts,
Nor Light nor Darkneſs can ſecure our Hearts;
Both Eyes and Ears are Traitors to Repoſe,
Looking, or liſt'ning, ends in am'rous Woes;
Gods! when we ſee, we're vanquiſh'd by her View,
And while we hear, her melting Notes ſubdue.
Muſe, ſing the Nymph that's ſo compos'd for Fame,
Make Heav'n and Earth acquainted with her Name;
Thy ſelf, oh Nymph, to teach the Muſe incline,
For there's no perfect Melody but thine;
Then ſhe might haply boaſt a warbling Air, [Fair.
And form her Song as Sweet, as Nature form'd thee

Reach diſtant *M--ndy*, Muſe, with ſounding Strains,
Th' excelling Maid that waſtes her Time in Plains;
Bid her appear, and bleſs the longing Sight:
Retirement's wrong for Youth, for Age 'tis right.
Say, that her Preſence to the World is due,
Aſpects ſo Brillant are ordain'd for View.
The Sun, whoſe Glory's but to match her Eyes,
Flaſhes diffuſive Beams, and brightens all the Skies.

Certain as Fate, and ſwift as feather'd Darts,
Oh *W--ll--mſ--n!* thy Arrows piece our Hearts;
Once with an equal Right to Glory ſhin'd
A ſignal Charmer of thy own bright Kind;
Once--- But remorſeleſs Death too quickly ſeiz'd
This finiſh'd Object, that ſo vaſtly pleas'd;
No Reſpite from Concern our Souls could find,
Did ſhe not leave thee here, a Wonder ſtill behind.

Like Banks adorn'd with Nature's flow'ry Train,
Alſt--n's ſweet Look delights th' admiring Swain,
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his Wiſhes riſe,
And would regale more Senſes than his Eyes,

But hid in Bloom, that Serpent, Scorn, deſtroys
The Lover's fondeſt Hopes, and poiſons all his Joys.
The *D--ſhw--ds* are a Family of Charms,
Each Nymph's appointed with reſiſtleſs Arms,
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo artleſs, and ſo young,
Pride of the Sight, and Pleaſure of the Tongue.
Dearly we pay for ſuch immoderate Light,
Beauty's, like Love, ſeverely Exquiſite;
Our Souls are wound to that exceſſive Height,
We ſuffer, not enjoy, the vaſt Delight.
Nor leſs renown'd in Charms the *H--rv--ys* ſtand,
How fair they ſeem! how faſhion'd for Command!
Each of herſelf might ſingly challenge Praiſe,
One were a tempting Task for endleſs Lays,
Did not another, and another ſhine
Splendid alike, and equally Divine,
As if Imperial Beauty meant no more
To reign at large, and ſpread her mighty Pow'r,
But with unequal Favour would confine
Her num'rous Treaſures to that darling Line.
Can *Sm--th* unnoted paſs, ſo fram'd for Praiſe?
Ev'n *Britain*'s Court grows brighter with her Rays.
Oh lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!
Lilly and Roſe by grateful turns ſubdue.
Promiſcuous Charms our Raviſh'd Senſes greet,
Here *April*'s Bloom, and *Auguſt*'s Ripeneſs meet;
Delights, which ſeem but to ſalute the Year,
Eternally reſide, and flouriſh here;
Who can expreſs which Seaſon chears him moſt?
How gay the Minutes fly, when ſhe's the Toaſt!
Bright as the Stone, with which the Glaſs we wound,
Inſpiring as the Juice, with which the Glaſs is crown'd.
Oh *W--lk--nſ--n!* who can of Beauty ſing,
And not an Off'ring to thy Altar bring?
Who can deſcribe the Young, the Sweet, the Fair,
And not thy Charms, thy wond'rous Charms declare?
Unſully'd Luſtre dwells upon thy Face,
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace.
One Pleaſure more, indu'gent Muſe, afford,
Pleaſure ſupream, when *F--rr--ſt--r*'s the Word!

Deſert ſo vaſt commands thy utmoſt Lays,
And ſure 'tis almoſt Impious not to praiſe;
Praiſe dare I call it? When each boldeſt Line
Shows like weak Twilight to Meridian Shine.
Lo! Mein, Complexion, Features, Voice, conſpire,
Perfection's Brands, to ſet the World on Fire;
Oh ſhe's all Wonders! Heav'n's whole Excellence
Meets in her Frame, and fills our ev'ry Senſe;
That Grace, which moſt ennobles, who can name,
Where all's divinely great, entitled all to Fame?
As well the Man, who travels all the Day
Scorch'd with the Sun, might tell the fierceſt Ray,
He knows the lucid Author of his Flames, [Beams.
But with his parching Heat alike he charges all the
Ye num'rous Charmers, who remain unſung,
Forgive th' unequal Tribute of my Tongue,
Not that your Conqueſts fail, my Strains expire,
I own your Pow'rs, and feel a ſilent Fire;
No more my preſent Raptures can purſue, [you.
But when my Muſe takes breath, I'll ſoar, and ſing of

On the Counteſs of Br---wt---r's *Recovery.*

THE Gods at firſt, in Pity to our Race,
Grieving to view the Triumphs of her Face,
And num'rous Throngs of hapleſs Lovers ſlain
By the mix'd Darts of Beauty and Diſdain,
Gave Sickneſs leave t' invade the brighteſt Throne,
To nought before, but Loves and Graces, known,
Br--wt--r's Frame: Yet on maturer Thought,
Finding meer Mortals eaſie to be wrought,
But ſuch a Workmanſhip of Nature, loſt,
Too hard to be retriev'd with all their Coſt,
Greatly reſolv'd to baffle proud Diſeaſe,
And ſave *Br--wt--r*, tho' the World ſhould ceaſe.
She lives, ſhe lives!---Oh glorioufly decreed!
We Victims either way were doom'd to Bleed,
For ev'n her Fall had brought us no Relief,
We'd chang'd our Paſſion, and had dy'd for Grief.

PRISCA'

PRISCA's *Advice to* NOVINDA.

TRuſt not falſe Man, th' experienc'd *Priſca* cries,
Think on my Fate, and oh! be timely wiſe.
Bright as you are, I ſhin'd with equal Rays,
And ev'ry Tongue ſeem'd buſie in my Praiſe.
Vaſſals in Crowds attended where I came,
Swore Chains and Darts, and talk'd me into Fame.
Too much I liſten'd, and my Sex confeſt,
Proud to be ſeen, and pleas'd to be addreſt.
The Things grew vain, and leſſen'd their Reſpect,
Frequent Appearance ends in cold Neglect.
Early, yet late, I find the dear-bought Truth,
Wither in Bloſſom, and decay in Youth.
My Preſence now at beſt but Pity draws,
And Men already point and ſay---She was.
How quickly chang'd! I ſee without a Train
The dear, dear Play-houſe, where I us'd to Reign;
No more the falſe proteſting Creatures come
From my once pow'rful Look to fetch their Doom;
No more they Start at Tragick Scenes, and cry,
Ye Gods! if *Priſca* ſmiles not, oh! we dye.
None ſeek me in the Mall, nor finding, burn,
And call out to their Fellows, T' other Turn.
No Spark regards my Motions in the Ring,
Nor miſſing me, grows ſad, and pulls his String.
At *Indian* Houſes now I'm forc'd to pay,
Elſe bring, alas! no Fav'rite Toys away.
All Marts of Love to me are fruitleſs now,
I hardly get the Trifle of a Bow;
In vain I Sparkle, Dreſs, and Ogle too,
And ſcarce a Country Squire vouchſafes to Woo.
Let this Example teach you to beware,
Too well I prove, 'tis dang'rous to be Fair;
Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone,
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne?
Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd,
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.

Believe me, Nymph, ſo read in Beauty's Bane,
Obſerve theſe Precepts, and confirm your Reign.
Let ſtrict Diſcretion all your Steps attend,
A ſeeming Tyrant, but a real Friend;
Be ſure to Rule with neceſſary Care,
Nor truſt your Empire to a faithleſs Air;
Shun the ſoft tempting Baits of publick View,
And Smile not on each Fop that flatters you;
Glow not with Rapture, when my Lord gets near,
And whiſpers ſugar'd Speeches in your Ear;
Take not his Tickets ſtill, leſt Fame ſhould ſay,
You, *Indian*-like, for Baubles, Gems repay:
All Ranks with due Reſerve be ſure to treat,
All mean our Ruin, and conſpire Deceit;
Should one preſent his Heart, whom you approve,
Employ the Prieſt, before you ſeem to Love:
Thoſe faintly burn, that ſee us prone to pleaſe;
Men naturally ſlight what comes with Eaſe.
Look without Art, nor labour to enſlave;
In this the Beauteous differ from the Brave;
Pow'r, when *We* follow, like a Shadow, flies,
But *They* by firm purſuing gain the Prize.

NOVINDA's *Anſwer to* PRISCA.

WHEN Gen'rous *Priſca*'s early Counſel came,
I frown'd to read, and ſcarce forbore to blame,
Conſtru'd it rude Impertinence at beſt,
And kept with Pain the Woman in my Breaſt;
Now conſcious of my Error, pay this Mite,
And with a frank Confeſſion greet your Sight;
No Bays by this Attempt I hope to win,
Write without Art, and without Form begin;
Know then, and Pardon, when you find the Truth,
A Fault I own, but 'twas a Fault of Youth.
Once how Ambition charm'd my eaſie Age,
And publick Places did my Soul engage!

Oh!

Oh! 'twas ſo Fine to have a num'rous Train
Watching my Glance, and crying up my Reign,
Swearing, She's Wond'rous, Gods! we're all undone,
Her Sex reſembles Tapers by the Sun.
The Sons of *Mars* diſſolv'd in am'rous Fire,
Ev'n garter'd Heroes glow'd with ſoft Deſire;
'Squires, Knights, and Lords ſtill juſtled to appear,
And wore my Chains, or ſeem'd at leaſt to wear;
I deem'd my Pow'r proportion'd to my Will,
Nor knew I Pleaſure, but to Look and Kill.
Then Pride, that nat'ral Frailty of our Kind,
Preſented Titles to my flatter'd Mind;
Her Grace, at leaſt my Lady, touch'd my Ear,
And Pages did my Train in Fancy bear.
How could I leſs expect from ſo much Praiſe?
Who could think All but an imagin'd Blaze?
Strange ſort of Lovers, that pretend to Burn,
Yet proudly Sigh, and ask for no Return!
Mere Toaſting can aſſwage ſuch Triflers Flame,
Their Paſſion's almoſt ſated with the Name.
Had one ſpoke Marriage, I'd not us'd him ill,
'Twas all Romance, and I'm *Novinda* ſtill;
Amidſt whole Numbers, not a Husband's found,
How many Deaths are fancy'd in that Sound!
Happy the Nymphs that chuſe the honeſt Shade,
Where Truth reſides, and Courtſhip's not a Trade,
Where gracious Fate beſtows a faithful Swain
Who knows to Love, and knows not how to feign.
Bear me, kind Pow'rs! to ſome ſerene Retreat,
There let me live, not wiſhing to be Great,
Far from this dear, deceitful, damning Place,
Where all is led by Int'reſt, Love's Diſgrace.
Convinc'd by you, I fly from vain Renown,
And leave the falſe Endearments of the Town;
My Bloom, my Fame are hopeleſs to prevail,
Who can ſucceed where *Priſca*'s ſelf did fail?
Howe'er one Thought delights me, that I go
While Glory's Seaſon laſts, and Honours flow;
Yet diſmal Pity wants Pretence to riſe,
Yet none enjoy the Pleaſures to Deſpiſe.

Oh! why ſhould Men complain of Female Charms,
And count their Sex expos'd to greateſt Harms?
Our ſelves are leaſt ſecure, when form'd ſo fair,
And Beauty's to the Owner moſt a Snare.
The Sun and Beauty gild the World with Rays,
Both find no Recompence but barren Praiſe;
Nay, both muſt oft Retire, if Mortals prize,
Ev'n Light offends, ſtill flaſhing in their Eyes.

Of a DWARF *Courting a Bright* LADY.

GIants, that durſt invade the Sky,
By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to Die;
Shall better Fate This Pigmy ſhare,
Who dares attempt a Heav'nly Fair?
They took a leſs ſurprizing Flight,
For tow'ring Boldneſs ſuits with Height;
But, when a Dwarf would ſtrangely Riſe,
What wretched Figure mocks our Eyes?
Correct His Raſhneſs, Nymph Divine,
You want not Light'ning, that ſo ſhine;
Strike this abſurd Aſſailant Dead,
And make the Grave his Bridal Bed.
The lofty Tree to Heav'n aſpires;
And who can blame his Bold Deſires?
'Tis for that End he ſeems ſo grown,
And therefore's wonder'd at by none.
But, if ſome humble Shrub would ſoar,
Meant for the Ground, and nothing more,
All his pretending Folly chide,
And laugh at its prepoſt'rous Pride.

To the QUEEN; *upon the Death of His Royal Highneſs.*

WHilſt Tears o'erflow the Royal Widow's Bed,
And gloomy Sadneſs veils her ſacred Head;
Each Breaſt doth Sympathetick Anguiſh feel,
Our conſcious Looks our inward Pains reveal.
O! cou'd our Sorrows but give yours Relief,
O! that our Troubles could aſſwage your Grief,
The pious Nation ſhould indulge her Woe,
And publick Tears ſhould to a Deluge flow:
But ſince we cannot Cure our Queen's Diſtreſs,
Accept that Wiſh which ſtrives to make it leſs.
When from the Fondneſs of Your ſoft Embrace,
To the bright Regions of th' Angelick Race,
The Much-lov'd Prince was order'd to remove,
And quit your Breaſt, that Paradiſe of Love;
Death, that directed the unerring Dart,
Knew well he pierc'd you in the tend'reſt Part;
But Heav'n decreed it with a wiſe Deſign,
To make your Virtues yet more glorious ſhine.
Such are *Jove*'s ſecret and myſterious Ways,
When he to Glory will his Fav'rites raiſe.
Conqueſts o'er Paſſions nobler Laurels yield,
Than all the Triumphs of the beſt-fought Field;
You to the Prince muſt give the Tribute due;
We beg no more, than that thoſe Tears be few;
Much to his Mem'ry, we confeſs, you owe,
Yet ſome Compaſſion to your People ſhow;
Let the juſt Motive of your Subjects Good,
Suppreſs the Torrent of the riſing Flood;
Our Safety, Madam, muſt depend on yours,
And the Queen's Life the World's Repoſe ſecures.

To the Right Honourable the Lord VILLIERS, *on his taking his Maſter of Arts Degree at* Cambridge, *in the Year* 1700.

By Mr. *William Worts* of *Cambridge*.

AMidſt the Joy that flows from ev'ry Tongue,
Accept, my Lord, the Muſe's humble Song:
Now you all Arts and Sciences defend;
The Sons of *Phœbus* will your Train attend,
Who on the Smiles of Greatneſs muſt depend;
It is the Portion of their glorious Fate,
To praiſe the Good, and eternize the Great:
Their Fame muſt die without the Poet's Aid:
And Poets cannot live without their Bread:
Your noble Birth and Virtues both can give,
To make the Poet, and the Poem live.
Happy that Pen! whoſe darling Wit can trace
The manly Vigour of your lovely Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace;
That can diſtinguiſh both the Great and Good,
From the courſe Figure of the vulgar Crowd:
So look'd the feign'd *Iülus*, ſo he charm'd,
When ev'ry Feature was by *Cupid* form'd;
And all the God *Eliza*'s Boſom warm'd.
But O!
What Pen can write the Beauties of your Mind,
Which Heav'n, with all its niceſt Care, refin'd;
'Tis from thoſe Wonders in your dawning Bloom,
We all expect the glorious Man to come:
The ſprightly Youth, and early Wit, will end
In the wiſe Patriot, his Country's Friend,
In the ſucceeding *William*'s Reign you'll ſtand,
The *Jerſey* and *Macenas* of our Land.

To

To a Witty and Genteel Lady.

By the ſame Hand.

LET gawdy *Phyllis* charm the cringing Fools,
With due Proportion turn'd by ſtricteſt Rules;
With a Complexion, like the Lillies Fair,
Whoſe Red may with the bluſhing Roſe compare:
Thoſe dying Charms were with the Body born,
And when that Moulders, they will prove our Scorn;
Old Age or Sickneſs will her Bloom deface,
Soil her Complexion, and diſarm each Grace.
If there be One, ye Gods! whom you ordain
I muſt obey, and ſhe Superior reign;
Let her, like brave *Camilla*, be deſign'd,
The nobleſt Pattern of a Godlike Mind;
Let her bright Soul ſubdue me from within,
Shine in her Senſe, and ſparkle in her Mien:
Thoſe Heav'nly Charms they never can decay,
Age may improve 'em, and confirm their Sway.

Preſenting A Father's Advice to his Daughter.

By the ſame Hand.

GO, happy Book! and let *Mirtilla* ſee
Her own bright Character deſcrib'd in thee;
No Feature's wanting; for in her you'll meet
The Daughter's Beauty, with the Father's Wit:
Thy Precepts drawn thro' ev'ry Part of Life,
The modeſt Virgin, and the prudent Wife:
O! may her Virtues equal Fortune find!
And Goodneſs be with happy Greatneſs join'd;
May ſhe want nothing that the Gods can give,
But ſtill as Charming, and much Happier live.

Written in the Blank Leaf of a Lady's PRIOR.

By the ſame Hand.

COu'd but my Words my real Paſſion ſhow,
And, in ſoft Verſe, like *Prior*'s Numbers, flow;
Cou'd I, ſo fortunately point my Senſe,
To wound like *Dorſet*, yet not give Offence;
Then, in this Page, ſhould *Galatea* read
My faithful Love, and how I daily bleed:
Each ſawcy Rival ſhould with Bluſhes ſee,
His fond Impertinence expos'd by me:
But Rough and Heavy muſt my Verſe appear,
When *Prior*'s noble Genius ſhines ſo near;
So droop the Nymphs, when *Galatea*'s Eyes,
In the fair Ring, with brighter Glory riſe.

On Her MAJESTY's *Grant of* Woodſtock Park, *&c. to his Grace the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH, 1704.

In a Letter to Signior *Antonio Verrio* at *Hampton Court.*

RENown'd in Arms, when mighty *Heroes* riſe,
Th' Immortal *Muſe* in laſting Numbers tries
To future Ages to tranſmit their Fame,
And give 'em, after Death, a living Name.
The *Fields of Bliſs* below, the ſhady Grove,
Were the Reward of all their Toils above;
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the ſolemn Place,
With the wreath'd Worthies of his *Roman Race.*
While greater *Marlborough* diſdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the ſlow approach of Fate:

But Reaps that glorious Harveſt whilſt he lives,
Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.
Elyſian Shades ſhall now no more be ſought,
The gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought;
The *Royal Gift* diſplays a nobler View,
No feign'd *Elyſium* can exceed the true.
Woodſtock her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more
Laments, when *Marlb'rough* ſhall her State reſtore;
She for whom *Chaucer*'s tuneful Lyre was ſtrung,
And *Wilmot*'s Muſe in ſofter Tranſport ſung,
From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head ſhall rear,
And chearful, like her conqu'ring *Lord*, appear.
Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure Reign:
High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,
By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell;
Here we behold, by *Verrio*'s Pencil wrought,
The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conqueſts brought;
How o'er th' oppoſing *Schellenberg* he run,
Which none before but Great *Guſtavus* won.
Here, Camps aſſaulted, and a City ſtorm'd;
There, on expanded Plains the Battel form'd;
Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Courſers fly,
And rapid Streams, and thund'ring Braſs defie;
While ecchoing Cliffs and Sylvan Heights around,
With Groans and Shouts alternately reſound.
Surrend'ring Squadrons with their *Lillies* torn,
And haughty Chiefs before his Proweſs born;
In Exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,
Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in vain.
Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artiſt, draw
Albion rejoicing, and the World in awe;
Paint in full Splendor all his Acts, that claim
Triumphant Laurels and immortal Fame.
Make him *Gaul*'s glitt'ring *Flowers* in Homage yield,
To fix 'em faſter in *Britannia*'s Shield;
Let *Auſtria*'s ſacred Branch in State deſcend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend;
Let your great Genius on the Canvaſs ſhow,
How the ſwift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,

How

How Eaſtward *This*, in ſtreaming Purple ſtrays,
How *That*, his Captives to our Coaſts conveys;
How *Thus* the Trophies he at once has won,
Haſte to the Riſing and the Setting Sun.

EPILOGUE, *ſpoken by Mrs.* Barry, *at her Playing in* Love for Love *with Mrs.* Bracegirdle; *for the Benefit of Mr.* Betterton.

By Mr. ROWE.

[Shield

AS ſome brave Knight, who once with Spear and
Had ſought Renown in many a well-fought Field,
But now no more with ſacred Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd;
There, if by chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs and captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;
Buckled in Mail he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.
So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid old *Thomas*, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant Damſels boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any She ſhould hold his Back.
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee, what failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you:
Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.

If

If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in times to come,
As now we talk of *Roſcius* and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *Shakeſpear*'s Ghoſt had ris'n to do him right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs Town;
Griev'd and repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are my famous Labours caſt away?
Why did I only Write what only he could Play?
But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe.
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin here.

On the KING *of* SPAIN.

PAllas, deſtructive to the *Trojan* Line, [Divine;
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands
But Love's bright Goddeſs, with propitious Grace
Preſerv'd a Heroe, and reſtor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Tyber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* roſe.

A BALLAD: *On the Victory at* AUDENARDE.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll ſing you a Song, if I can;
How *Louis le Grand*
Was put to a Stand,
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

II.

How his Army ſo great
Had a total Defeat,
Not far from the River of *Dender*;
Where his Grand-Children twain,
For fear of being Slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popiſh Pretender.

III.

To a Steeple on High
The Battel to Spy,
Up Mounted theſe clever Young Men;
And when from the Spire
They ſaw ſo much Fire
They cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then a Horſe-back they got
All upon the ſame Spot,
By Advice of their Couſin *Vendome*;
O Lord! cry'd out He
Unto Young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

V.

Juſt ſo did he ſay,
When without more delay
Away the Young Gentry Fled;
Whoſe Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

Idem CANTICUM *Latinè Redditum,*

O *Plebs & Magnates,*
Vos aures præbeatis,
Cantabo Carmen haud inane;
Veteris ut amici
Milites Ludovici,
Turbavit exercitus Annæ.

II.

Dicam ejus ut fortes
Vaſtaque Cohortes,
Prope Teneram victæ fuerunt:
Ubi gallico more,
Cum Competitore,
Nepotes ſe fugæ dederunt.

III.

Pyramidem tamen
Ut cernant certamen,
Cito ſcandunt tres adoleſcentes;
At citius deſcendunt
Oculos ſic offendunt
Tot flammæ per æthra fulgentes.

IV.

Tum Curſores repente
Vindicino ſuadente,
Conſcendunt, miſerum, ait, oh, mi
Burgundi, quid ſtatur?
Utinam tu & frater
Eſſetis una cum avo domi.

V.

Hæc illo dicente,
Generoſæ juventæ
Alæ additæ ſunt à timore;
Nam avolat pedibus
Sicut Cortex levibus,
Licet Corde plumbo gravicre.

VI. *Sed*

VI.

Not ſo did behave
The Young *Hannover* Brave
In this bloody Field, I aſſure you;
When his War-Horſe was ſhot
Yet He matter'd it not,
But Charg'd ſtill on Foot like a Fury.

VII.

While Death flew about,
Aloud He call'd out,
Hoh! You Chevalier of St. *George*,
If you'll neither ſtand
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you forge.

VIII.

Thus boldly he ſtood
As became that High Blood,
Which runs in his Veins ſo blue;
This Gallant Young Man
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
Fought, as were ſhe a Man, ſhe wou'd do.

IX.

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas laſt Year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;
When by letting 'em win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To loſe all they are worth this Campaign.

X.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Monſieur* we Lent,
With Int'reſt he ſoon ſhall Re-pay 'em;
While *Paris* may ſing
With her Sorrowful King,
De Profundis, inſtead of *Te Deum*.

XI.

From their Dream of Succeſs,
They'll awaken, we Gueſs,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough*'s Drums;

VI.

Sed non inſtar horum
Medio tot periclorum
Hannoverus audax ſeſe geſſit;
Transfixo bellatore
Omni expers timore,
Pulſos pedes acriter preſſit.

VII.

Dum Mors circumvolavit
Altâ voce clamavit
Heus! tu miles Sti. Georgi,
Si non audes ſtare
Nec terrâ nec mari,
Jus fictum ne amplius urge.

VIII.

Inſtabat cum terrore
Sanguinis pro ſplendore
Qui in Cæruleis venis turgeſcit;
Nam Annæ agnatus
Ita eſt præliatus
Ut hæc foret, modo vir eſſet.

IX.

Quas hic turbas excivit
(Quis credere quivit)
Nuperum in Hiſpaniâ malum;
Ex hoc lucro ſuffultos
Induximus ſtultos
Poſt omnia perdere naulum.

X.

Quas jam Commodavimus,
Cum fœnore rogabimus
Iterum Brugas & Clarinæam;
Canet & Rex, marente
Pariſiâ cum gente,
De Profundis *in loco* Te Deum.

XI.

Ex hoc ſomno Victoriæ
Eos tandem Marlboriæ,
Excitaverit ſonitus tubæ;

They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

XII.

O *Louis* perplex'd,
What General's next?
Thou haſt hitherto chang'd 'em in Vain:
He has Beat 'em all round,
If no New ones are found,
He ſhall Beat the Old over again.

XIII.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other Bout;
And much he's Improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale
At ev'ry Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

XIV.

As Loſers at Play
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winner he ſtill wins on:
Let who will Command,
Thou hadſt better Disband,
For, Old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

De Almanza licebit
Cogitent, ſi lubebit,
Venit is cum Blenhemii pube.

XII.

Quem ducem Ludovice,
Mittes proximâ vice?
Quas hactenus fruſtra miſiſti;
Omnes ſemel ſuperavit,
Iterumque proſtigabit,
Si novos nuſquam reperiſti.

XIII.

Si iterum præliabitur,
Tallardus *cito dabitur,*
Auxit & vires Nottinghamenſis
Zythus, Bubulaque,
Salubris maſſulaque,
Appoſita ſingulis menſis.

XIV.

Sed ut victos ludendo
Cubos abjiciendo
Parum videas promovere;
Quemcunque præfeceris,
Conſultius deſtiteris,
Pſeudocubi, Vaſer, periere.

Deſign'd to be Written on BLENHEIM-CASTLE *Gate.*

FROM *Danube*'s Banks thy two *Chief Stones* were brought;
At *Brabant*'s *Lines* thy riſing *Baſe* was wrought:
Thy lofty *Stories* fair *Ramilia* rear'd:
The tow'ring *Height* was gain'd at *Oudenard:*
Thy *Roof* Majeſtick was, with Maſter-Skill
Compleatly *Cover'd* at the Siege of *Liſle.*
The uſeleſs *Refuſe* took a cleanſing *Scour,*
Along the rapid *Scheld*'s intrenched Shore.
Such *Furniture,* as *Princely* Rich and Rare is,
Thy *Lord* ſhall challenge at the Gates of *Paris.*
But let their molten *Mome of Triumph* ſtand,
And Bluſh, tho' Braſs, at *Marlbro*'s mighty Hand:
While impious *Art* ſuſtains the *Tyrant*'s Name,
HE's not the *Statue,* but the *Soul* of *Fame.*

To Mr. W—— *on Reading his* POEMS.

By Mr. JOSEPH STANDEN.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe, that with celeſtial Flame,
And high Seraphic Numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native Skies.---No common Theme
Merits thy Thought, Self-conſcious of a Soul
Superior; though on Earth detain'd a while;
Like ſome propitious Angel, that's deſign'd
A Reſident in this inferior Orb,
To guide the wandring Souls to heav'nly Bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting Songs
Haſt ſung to mortal Ears, and down to Earth

Transferr'd

Transfer'd the Work of Heav'n. With Thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous Words, Thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal Lyre: Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring Height ſtupendous, while Thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar Eyes or Thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father: As of old,
When firſt th' Almighty from the dark Abyſs
Of everlaſting Night and Silence call'd
The ſhining Worlds with one creating Word,
And rais'd from Nothing all the heav'nly Hoſts,
And with eternal Glories fill'd the Void;
Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their Golden Harps,
And with their chearful Hallelujahs bleſs'd
The bounteous Author of their Happineſs:
From Orb to Orb th' alternate Muſick rang,
And from the cryſtal Arches of the Sky
Reach'd our *then* glorious World, the native Seat
Of the firſt happy Pair, who join'd their Songs
To the loud Echoes of th' Angelic Choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful Hymns terreſtrial Heav'n,
The Paradiſe of God; where all Delights
Abounded, and the pure ambroſial Air,
Fann'd by mild *Zephyrs* breath'd ethereal Sweets
Forbidding Death and Sorrow; and beſtow'd
Freſh heav'nly Bloom, and gay immortal Youth.
Not ſo, alas! the vile Apoſtate Race,
Who in mad Joys their brutal Hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting with their impious Blaſphemies
The Pow'r ſupreme, that gave 'em Life and Breath:
Incarnate Fiends! Outragious they defy'd
Th' Eternal's Thunder, and Almighty Wrath
Fearleſs provok'd; which all the other Devils
Would dread to meet, remembring well the Day,
When, driv'n from pure immortal Seats above,
A fiery Tempeſt hurl'd 'em down the Skies,
And hung upon their Rear, urging their Fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable Gulph;
Where, bound on ſulph'rous Lakes to glowing Rocks
With Adamantine Chains, they wail their Woes,
And know *Jehovah* Great, as well as Good;

And,

And, fix'd for ever by eternal Fate,
With Horror find his Arm Omnipotent.
Prodigious Madneſs! That the ſacred Muſe,
Firſt taught in Heav'n to mount immortal Heights,
And trace the boundleſs Glories of the Sky,
Should now to ev'ry Idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting Trophies to each ſordid Vice,
And celebrating the infernal Praiſe
Of haughty *Lucifer*, the deſp'rate Foe
Of God and Man; and winning ev'ry Hour
New Votaries to Hell; while all the Fiends
Hear theſe accurſed Lays, and thus out-done
Raging they try to match the human Race,
Redoubling all their helliſh Blaſphemies,
And with loud Curſes rend the gloomy Vault.
Ungrateful Mortals! Ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at Hell,
To dreſs up Vice in falſe deluſive Charms,
And with gay Colours paint her hideous Face,
Leading beſotted Souls thro' flow'ry Paths,
In gawdy Dreams, and vain fantaſtic Joys,
To diſmal Scenes of everlaſting Woe;
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful Throne,
And raging Flames ſurround the trembling Globe;
While the loud Thunders roar from Pole to Pole,
And the laſt Trump awakes the ſleepy Dead;
And guilty Souls, to ghaſtly Bodies driv'n,
Within thoſe dire eternal Priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable Doom.
Say now, ye Men of Wit! what Turn of Thought
Will pleaſe you then? alas! how dull and poor
(Ev'n to your ſelves) will your lewd Flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy Fate
Of Ideots! And perhaps in vain you'll wiſh
You'd been as very Fools as once ye thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt Wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed Lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your impious Laurels, and the Men
Who thought they flew ſo high, ſhall fall ſo low.

No

No more, my Muſe, of theſe tremendous Thoughts,
Reſume thy more delightful Theme, and ſing
Th' immortal Man that with immortal Verſe
Rivals the Hymns of Angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal Criticks idle Rules:
While the Celeſtial Flame that warms thy Soul
Inſpires us, and with holy Tranſports moves
Our lab'ring Minds, and nobler Scenes preſents
Than all the *Pagan* Poets ever ſung,
Homer or *Virgil*; and far ſweeter Notes
Than *Horace* ever taught his ſounding Lyre,
And purer far; tho' *Martial*'s Self might ſeem
A modeſt Poet in our Chriſtian Days.
May theſe neglected, and forgotten lye:
No more let Men be fond of fab'lous Gods,
Nor *Heathen* Wit debauch one *Chriſtian* Line;
While with the courſe and daubing Paint we hide
The ſhining Beauties of eternal Truth,
Who in her native Dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the Eyes of Angels.---Oh! like thee,
Let ev'ry nobler Genius tune his Voice
To Subjects worthy of their tow'ring Thoughts.
Let *Heav'n* and *Anna* then your tuneful Art
Improve; and conſecrate your deathleſs Lays
To *Him* who Reigns above, and *Her* who Rules below.

On the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'*s Victory at* Audenard, *juſt after the Loſs of* Ghent *and* Bruges.

By *L. Euſden*, of *Trinity-College, Cambridge.*

AS in a ſtarry Night the lonely Swain
Watching his Flock on the *Sicilian* Plain,
Upwards oft caſts his Eyes; the heav'nly Fires
Around he ſees, and all he ſees admires:

So

So I amaz'd, great Man! thy Acts ſurvey,
And ſtill from Glories to new Glories ſtray:
Loſt in the ſweet Variety of Light,
I find none brighter in a Train ſo bright;
And doubt, which firſt the grateful Muſe ſhould tell,
For ſhe on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.
But hear! loud *Paans* from the *Belgick* Strand
Reſound thy Triumphs, and our Thanks demand!
Thou art afreſh the Burthen of each Song,
The darling Subject of the tuneful Throng.
In vain, alas! they ſtring the ſprightly Lyre;
In vain great Actions can great Thoughts inſpire:
Apollo's Sons, when all their Wit is ſhown,
Reach not thy Merit, but exalt their own.
Thus num'rous Streams into the Ocean flow,
New Honours they receive, but none beſtow;
Not raiſe the Ocean's Height, while they Immortal grow.
Say, wond'rous Man! by what myſterious Charms
Thou bind'ſt th' unconſtant Goddeſs to thy Arms!
Why thus her Love ſhe partially diſplays?
Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.
Fly ſwift, yet Conqueſt ſwifter flies before;
So flaſh the Light'nings, ere the Thunders roar.
Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim,
But ev'ry Path with thee can lead to Fame.
No Tow'r ſo ſtrong, as can create Deſpair;
Nor Cliffs ſo barren, but can Laurels bear.
Dear-gain'd Experience oft has taught the Foe
The fatal Progreſs of thy Arms to know:
Too well the uſual Marks are underſtood;
A purple Dye ſtill taints the Cryſtal Flood, [Blood.
And ev'ry Field thou fatten'ſt round with *Gallick*
Here I could boundleſs rove; thy Virtues praiſe,
Sweetly bewilder'd in the various Maze:
I, *Janus*-like, could now with Pleaſure trace
Of Ages paſt a worthy, deathleſs Race:
View *Greece* with all its Heroes in the Bloom,
And the long Glories of Imperial *Rome*.

But thou already haſt poſſeſs'd the whole;
There is no Rival in the ſhining Roll:
Unleſs their diff'rent Graces were combin'd;
Young *Ammon*'s Soul with *Cæſar*'s Prudence join'd;
But tho' from all we cull'd the Parallel,
Yet thou in ſomething ſtill wou'dſt all excell.
Thus when *Apelles* with nice Labour ſtrove
Juſtly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;
The flow'ry Pride of all the Land he choſe,
And from a thouſand wou'd his one compoſe.
Some ſweet Embelliſhment in each was ſeen,
In this the Smile, in that the pleaſing Mein.
What Art could do, the Pencil had expreſt;
Not yet entire the Goddeſs ſhone confeſt,
But barely known, and little more than gueſt.
Oh! had theſe Times giv'n to the Heroe Birth,
Who once was call'd Lord of the conquer'd Earth;
Thy Arms his wild Ambition had defy'd,
And wiſely check'd the mighty Victor's Pride.
Like *Lewis*, he had found a lowlier State;
A greater ſeen, not thought himſelf ſo great:
And for more Worlds had no Complaints begun,
But wept for Grief, he could not conquer One.
Strange! to what height Ingratitude can riſe!
See! the foul Monſter of Gigantick Size!
What virtuous Acts can we ſecure engage
From black Oblivion by malicious Rage?
If to this Fiend all *Blenheim*'s Honours yield,
And the won Trophies of *Ramillia*'s Field:
If ev'ry Chance with Murm'rings be ſuſtain'd;
Two Towns ſurpriz'd move more, than Countries gain'd.
Laurels in vain ſafe from ſome Dangers are;
Envy can blaſt, what *Jove*'s own Fires will ſpare.
This fatal Truth the brave *Athenian* prov'd,
Whom the wiſe *Socrates* ſo dearly lov'd:
From that rich Source with Arts divinely ſtor'd,
Early the Youth aloft to Empire ſoar'd.
Too nobly Great, and ruin'd by Succeſs;
His Merit ſtill was more, his Glory leſs.

From *Cymè* loſt, Suſpicions did begin,
Not that he could not, but he would not win.
But may green Wreaths for ever thee adorn;
Thou under more propitious Stars waſt born:
Oft may we ſee revolve ſuch happy Days;
Oft be it thine to Conquer, ours to Praiſe.
Soon then the hideous Din of War ſhall ceaſe,
And the long-weary'd *Albion* reſt in Peace.
Learning and Arts ſhall crown'd with Plenty ſmile,
And Bays with Olives twin'd, grace the fair, bliſsful Iſle.
Mean-time, our Thanks, a worthleſs Gift, receive;
'Tis nothing, but 'tis all, that we can give.
Let no fantaſtick Wits thy Conduct blame,
Nor Envy blemiſh e'er thy ſpotleſs Fame.
Thee *Anna* choſe; in thee let all rejoice, [Choice.
Since by new Wonders Heav'n confirms the glorious

To the Reverend Dr. BENTLEY, *on the Opening of* Trinity-*College Chappel,* Cambridge.

By the ſame Hand.

LOng have we, ſafe, Time's envious Fury ſcorn'd,
By Kings firſt Founded, then by Kings adorn'd;
If fainting e'er we fear'd a fatal Cloſe,
Some new *Mæcenas* with new Life aroſe.
Fretted by Age we ſtill the ſtronger grow,
And to our Ruins all our Beauties owe.
So *Caſia* roughly chaf'd the ſweeter ſmells,
And Silver more conſum'd in Brightneſs more excels.
Rais'd on high Columns the proud Fabrick ſtands,
Where *Barrow* Praiſe from ev'ry Tongue commands:
Where the vaſt Treaſures of the Learn'd are ſhown;
No Works more Rich, more Noble, than his own.

The

The Muſes ſoon the ſtately Seat admir'd,
And in full Tranſports their glad Sons inſpir'd:
Their Sons inſpir'd ſung loud, and all around
Echo redoubl'd back the chearful Sound;
Sweet was the Song, when Lays (if ſuch they give)
Worthy of Cedar, ſhall in Cedar live. [Mind,
This ſumptuous Pile ſhew'd the brave Founder's
But equal Labours ſtill remain behind.
God's ſacred Houſe too long neglected lyes,
And from ſome other *Joaſh* wants Supplies;
But none was found, 'till you reſolv'd to ſhow
How far exalted Piety could go:
From little Funds, ſo largely to deſign,
Yet to make all in full Perfection ſhine,
Great is the Glory, and the Glory's thine.
Of old a Joy in ev'ry Face was ſeen,
Fluſh'd by the Promiſe of a bounteous Queen:
She vow'd a Temple; but too ſoon her Breath
Vaniſh'd, and ſeal'd her pious Vows in Death.
Thus *David* drew the Scheme, but not begun;
The Dome was builded by his wiſer Son.
Not ſo we far'd. Tho' by *Eliza* lov'd,
Her Siſter's Thoughts were loſt, but not diſprov'd.
'Till now we Mourn'd our Fate, but Mourn no more;
Chas'd are the Miſts, which dull'd the Light before.
New Golden Cenſers on new Altars blaze,
New Muſick ſounds the great Creator's Praiſe.
Angels again from Heav'n might liſt'ning ſtray,
Did but another ſweet *Cecilia* play.
Here, long conceal'd we view the living Paint;
Admire the Picture, not adore the Saint.
There, Cherubs with ſtretch'd Wings deceive the Sight,
And bending forwards ſeem prepar'd for flight;
While Flow'rs in pleaſing Folds adorn each Side,
Some droop their ſickly Heads, ſome wanton in their
Much more we ſee, and ſilent with Surprize, [Pride.
Recal Times paſt, and ſcarce believe our Eyes;
How gloomy once theſe hallow'd Manſions were,
But now, how wond'rous lovely, how divinely fair!

So quickly, where the fragrant Duſt was ſpread,
Riſeth the *Phœnix* from his ſpicy Bed:
Or ſuch the Change the witty Poets feign'd,
When hoary *Æſon* his young Bloom regain'd.
He but regain'd what was before his own,
While here are Beauties ſeen, 'till now unknown.
If it ſo charms, how can we ever ſhow
Thy matchleſs Worth, to whom thoſe Charms we owe?
Our vain Eſſays our Weakneſs may proclaim,
But not enlarge the Circle of thy Fame.
Praiſes from ſome deluſive may appear;
When Foes extol, we need no Flatt'ries fear.
The ſtubborn Atheiſt a fierce Shock has felt;
Steel'd tho' he was, he now begins to melt:
Since thus he ſees all Prejudice remov'd,
Thy Acts confeſs the God thy Learning prov'd.

Part of the laſt Chorus of the Fourth Act of Medea. *Imitated from the* Greek *of* Euripides.

By the ſame Hand.

FROM things conſider'd, with a ſtricter View,
And deepeſt Thought, this fatal Truth I drew:
Sure of Mankind th' unmarry'd Part is bleſt,
By Joys too much diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Suppoſe there are ('tis but ſuppoſe, I fear)
Pleaſures, which could the nuptial State endear;
Think, thou may'ſt wiſh, and ev'ry Wiſh enjoy,
A beauteous Daughter, and a blooming Boy:
Still where's the mighty Comfort of a Wife,
Or what is wanting in a ſingle Life?
Pity not ours, nor thus thy Fate admire;
The Bliſs we know not, we can ne'er deſire.

Yet

Yet this Advantage on our Side we boaſt;
The Good is little, vaſt the Ill we loſt.
All huſh'd, and calm!---- no Griefs our Eaſe impair,
Free from the Father's many a griping Care;
Firſt, how the Child may gen'rouſly be bred,
Adorn'd with Arts, and thro' each Virtue led.
Next, how to crown him with a fair Eſtate,
And ſo, to make him happy, make him great:
Parents from Labours to new Labours run,
To hoard up Treaſures for the darling Son:
Yet know not what this darling Son will prove,
A roving Spend-thrift may reward their Love.
Not ſmall the Evils which we here behold,
But far the greateſt ſtill remain untold.
Juſt when with utmoſt Pain the drudging Sire
Has rais'd a Fortune, anſw'ring his Deſire;
Already the firſt Scene of Life is done,
Whom once he call'd his Child, he calls his Son,
The Boy forgotten, and the Man begun.
Large Promiſes and Hopes the Youth incite,
His Father's Glory, and his Friends Delight:
But ſullen Clouds involve the brighteſt Day,
While all look on, to ſome Diſeaſe a Prey,
The lov'd, the wond'rous Youth untimely pines away.
Too well, alas! too well, ye Gods, we knew
Our Troubles many, and our Pleaſures few:
Why needed this freſh Plague be added more
To the rich, boundleſs miſerable Store?
The Old, as cloy'd with Life, to Death belong,
But muſt it rudely ſeize the Brave the Young?
In vain we ſtrive; the cruel Doom is read,
The Bloſſom's wither'd, and our Hopes are fled.

HERO *and* LEANDER: *A Poem, Tranſlated from the* Greek.

By the ſame Hand.

SING, Muſe, the conſcious Torch, whoſe nightly Flame,
(The ſhining Signal of a brighter Dame,)
Thro' trackleſs Waves the bold *Leander* led,
To taſte the dang'rous Joys of *Hero*'s Bed:
Sing the ſtol'n Bliſs in gloomy Shades conceal'd,
And never to the bluſhing Morn reveal'd.
I ſee the lovely Youth triumphant ride
O'er the proud Billows of th' inſulting Tide;
And lo! a Light ſhoots glimm'ring from afar,
Of nuptial Sweets the kind-preſaging Star:
A Light! which (would propitious *Jove* encline)
In brighter Glory ſhould for ever ſhine;
And mix'd among its kindred Fires above,
Be call'd the gentle Harbinger of Love.
For ſure it did on Earth this Office bear,
And *Hymen*'s Pleaſures were its nightly Care;
Till envious Winds with boiſt'rous Fury roſe:
But Goddeſs! Thou the mournful Tale diſcloſe;
At once from high the ſacred Torch was toſt,
Its Flame extinguiſh'd, and the Lover loſt.

Where *Neptune* ſtretcheth out an Arm, to bound
Fair *Europe*'s Confines from the *Aſian* Ground,
A riſing Town on either Shore commands
The diſtant Sea, and awes the neighb'ring Lands;
Here the *Idalian* Boy his Sport begun,
And with one Dart a double Conqueſt won:
To equal Breaſts an equal Flame convey'd,
The lovely'ſt Youth ador'd the lovely'ſt Maid.
He ſure muſt never have convers'd with Fame,
Who knows not *Hero* and *Leander*'s Name:
Alike both Glories of their native Place;
Abydos one, and one did *Seſtos* grace.

Who-

Who-e'er thou art, that hither bend'ſt thy way,
Oh! for a while the pleaſing Coaſt ſurvey!
This, this the Tow'r, whence the kind Light did guide
The ſwimming Lover to his *Seſtian* Bride:
That the fam'd *Helleſpont*, he nightly croſt,
Which ſtill in Murmurs groans *Leander* loſt.
But haſte we Love's ſoft Triumphs to relate,
From the firſt Dawnings to its ripen'd State:
And whence the Youth ſo Paſſionate became,
And how the Nymph glow'd with as fierce a Flame.
Hero from noble Blood her Line did trace,
Her Looks confeſs'd the Glories of her Race:
Prieſteſs of *Venus* too, but choſe to Reign
In noiſeleſs Eaſe, and ſhunn'd the Nuptial Chain.
Far from her Parents early ſhe retir'd,
And the ſafe Covert of a Tow'r deſir'd:
The Tow'r was high, and near the Water ſtood;
She ſeem'd a new-ſprung *Venus* from the Flood.
Diſcreet withal, nor lov'd to Dance, and Play,
And waſte in vain Impertinence the Day:
Secure in Innocence, ſhe liv'd unknown,
And balk'd the witty Cenſures of the Town.
There is an inborn Pride, which taints the Race;
A fair one ne'er could brook a fairer Face.
To pleaſure *Venus* was her darling Care,
Nor did thy Altars, *Cupid*, want a Share:
In vain, alas! the pious Virgin ſtrove;
No Vows the fiery Arrows could remove,
But ſhe muſt fall a Sacrifice to Love.
For now the Time was come, the ſolemn Day,
When annual Rites religious *Seſtians* pay
To Beauty's Queen; around with Sables ſpread,
She mourns *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead!
Hither in Shoals from neighb'ring Iſlands throng,
Confus'd, the Gay, the Grave, the Old, the Young:
From *Phrygia* theſe, and from *Hæmonia* ſome,
But all from *Cyprus*, and *Abydos* come,
And not one ling'ring Sluggard droop'd at Home.
No am'rous Youth would ſurely miſs the Day;
Where Feaſts invite, they ſtill with Joy obey:

Scarce (as I gueſs) on bare Devotion's ſcore,
The ſilent Statues of the Gods t'adore;
For Breaſts, like theirs, with youthful Raptures warm,
Not the dead Idols, but the living Charm.
But oh! to ſee with what a ſprightly Haſte
The beauteous Prieſteſs thro' the Temple paſt!
Not riſing *Phœbe* ſhows a Face ſo bright
To glad the World, and rule the ſpangled Night.
For on each blooming Cheek, by Nature ſpread,
Was ſeen the pureſt White, and freſheſt Red:
Such is the Hue, the ſpringing Lilly ſhows,
Fleck'd with the Bluſhes of the op'ning Roſe.
Scarce yet the Parallel would be compleat,
Not that ſo beautiful, nor this ſo ſweet.
Of old the thinking Dotards did agree
To ſtint the Graces to the Number Three;
Had *Hero* bleſt thoſe Times, they ſoon had found
Too dull their Notion, and too ſtrait their Bound:
Whene'er ſhe ſmil'd, had view'd with dumb ſurprize,
Ten thouſand Graces ſporting in her Eyes.
The bright Immortal muſt with Pleaſure hear
A Prieſteſs, far above all Mortals fair:
In Beauty's Charms (could Beauty's Cauſe be try'd)
If not a Rival, ſurely near ally'd.
No wonder then each Youth a Flame confeſt,
And with heav'd Hands the ſweet Enchantreſs bleſt:
None but inſpir'd with tender Thoughts, began
To wiſh himſelf (in vain!) the happy Man.
Deſiring Eyes on the lov'd Object hung,
Where-e'er ſhe glided thro' the wond'ring Throng,
And ſcatter'd pleaſing Ruin all along.
'Till from the Crowd
By Love one Eloquent above the reſt,
In theſe, or Words like theſe, his Soul expreſt.
Big with vain Hope to *Sparta* once I came,
Where ev'ry Nymph can ev'ry Breaſt inflame:
But never yet have in one Virgin ſeen,
With ſo much Majeſty, ſo ſweet a Mein.
Who knows, but *Venus* may ſome Cheat deſign,
And what we fancy Human, is Divine:

The

The Graces much are fam'd, and this muſt be
Sure the moſt Charming of the charming Three.
Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,
Yet could (methinks) for ever ſtill look on.
Were Death the Price, doom'd for the happy Night,
Not Death ſhould damp one Moment of Delight:
Nor could th' immortal Joys of Gods above
Engage my Wiſhes, or diſtract my Love.
But thou, O Goddeſs! liſten to my Pray'r;
If not thy *Hero*, give me ſuch a Fair.
Thus mourn'd ſome wounded Youth, whilſt others ſtrove
In wild Diſorder to conceal their Love:
But Flames too fierce to hide at once poſſeſs'd,
And roul'd, and revell'd in *Leander*'s Breaſt.
He ſaw the Nymph, and ſtruck with ſtrange Delight,
Reſolv'd on ſomething far beyond a Sight.
He bled, but would not keep his Wound unknown,
And wiſh'd to live, but could not live alone.
Ungovern'd Thoughts to Rage improv'd Deſire,
And kindled in his Eyes impetuous Fire.
Beware, ye heedleſs Youths, and fly apace;
No Dart ſo piercing, as a beauteous Face:
Nor winged Deaths with half ſuch Swiftneſs fly,
As the looſe Glances from a ſparkling Eye.
The luſcious Poiſon our fond Eyes convey
Down to th' unguarded Heart, a trembling, helpleſs Prey.
Unruly Paſſions now the Youth aſſail,
And Fears and Hopes ſucceſſively prevail:
Sooth'd with her Charms, he ſtrives his Fears to blame,
Then bluſhing, checks the too ambitious Flame:
But wiſer Love with noble Pride diſdains
The baſhful Modeſty of ſimple Swains;
And in ſoft Whiſpers ſaid, his Laws were ſuch,
None fears too little, and none hopes too much.
Rais'd with theſe Thoughts, he did his Steps advance,
To try the Magick of a ſide-long Glance;
With all the artful Blandiſhments, that move
The Soul, to liſten to the *Lure* of Love.
She took the Hint; (what Lovers now can find
That nat'ral Tendency in Woman-kind?)

Firſt ſeem'd to frown, but eaſily grew mild,
And, conſcious of her own Perfections, ſmil'd.
Then turns her Head with graceful Scorn away,
But quick returning, doth her ſelf betray;
And in Love's greateſt Eloquence replies,
The ſilent Language of conſenting Eyes.
With Joy amaz'd, the Youth his Paſſion knew
At once diſcover'd, and ſucceſsful too;
Impatient grown, he chid the tedious Light,
And wiſh'd the ſwift approaches of the Night:
Nor wiſh'd in vain; ſoon the bright *Heſper* ſhone,
And love-obliging Shades came ruſhing on.
Darkneſs can Fears expel, and Hopes renew;
Th' embolden'd Lover to his *Quarry* flew,
And there ſtood Face to Face, a glorious Interview.
Then all on Fire her Hand he gently preſs'd,
And Sighs and dying Murmurs told the reſt.
Starting ſhe did a ſhort Reſentment feign,
And with a Frown drew back her Head again.
But he, with Love inſpir'd, new Joys deſcries
Thro' the thin Umbrage of a forc'd Diſguiſe;
And ſeiz'd her Robe, and full of pleaſing Thought
The laſt Receſſes of the Temple ſought.
With Steps unequal ſhe advanc'd behind,
And with a willing, half unwilling Mind,
Threaten'd the Youth; at once Severe and Kind.
Stranger, what Madneſs doth thy Breaſt invade?
Whither, ah! whither would you force a Maid?
Let looſe my Garments quick, and home retire;
Flee the Diſpleaſure of my wealthy Sire:
If that you ſlight, and mortal Pow'r diſown,
Vex not the Prieſteſs, leſt the Goddeſs frown.
Go, be not with preſumptuous Thoughts miſ-led;
'Tis bold aſpiring to a Virgin's Bed.
True to her Sex, thus chid the charming Fair,
But glad *Leander* could ſuch Chidings bear:
This ſeeming Storm a future Calm betrays;
Th' auſpicious Omen of his *Halcyon* Days.
For Women ſoon are kind, if peeviſh grown;
Faintly they ſtruggle, when their Rage is gone.

That

That known, the Youth her fragrant Boſom preſs'd,
And warm'd with melting Lips each ſwelling Breaſt.
Then thus begun;—Oh! how ſhall I proclaim
Thy ev'ry Charm? Shall I thy wond'rous Frame
A ſecond *Venus*, or *Minerva* name?
For ſure thoſe Looks no earthly Stamp diſplay;
None ever boaſted ſo refin'd a Clay:
Bleſs'd be thy Sire, and bleſs'd be doubly more
The fertile Womb, which the fair Burden bore.
With Pity hear a Youth his Flame reveal;
Whom you could only Wound, 'tis you can only Heal.
If *Venus* be your Guide, let *Venus* move;
And by her great Example learn to Love.
Ah! come, this ſilly Name of Maid deſpiſe;
Indulge thy Soul, and give a looſe to Joys.
No Virgin can a worthy Prieſteſs be
To her, who laughs at dull Virginity.
Woulſt thou the Goddeſs faithfully adore?
Regard nice Conduct leſs, and Nature more.
Oh! canſt thou ever her ſweet Laws admire,
Yet be a Stranger to a Lover's Fire?
The little wanton God did me ordain,
If not to conquer, ſtill to hug thy Chain.
A Slave ſo humble was *Alcides* ſeen,
When led by *Hermes* to the *Lydian* Queen:
My Paſſion ſtill a nobler Spring did move;
The God of Wit yields to the God of Love.
Why need I *Atalanta*'s Fate declare,
Who wiſely (as ſhe thought) declin'd the Snare?
While from *Melanion*'s Arms all Ice ſhe fled,
And ſhun'd the Pleaſures of a Nuptial Bed:
'Till ſhe by *Venus*' Rage her Follies mourn'd,
And Love for Love, and Flame for Flame return'd.
Let this *Arcadian* Nymph inſtruct thy Mind;
Thou art more Beauteous, wouldſt thou be more Kind!'
Accents ſo ſoft her Paſſions did controul,
And ſooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her Soul;
She fix'd her Eyes upon the ſilent Ground,
And all with Crimſon Bluſhes glow'd around.

Ur-

Unwonted Motions own'd ſome new Deſire,
And oft ſhe gather'd up her looſe Attire.
A yielding Maid by ev'ry Sign was meant;
For dumb Denying is a ſure Conſent.
Pleaſingly pain'd, ſhe firſt begins to fear
Something, ſhe knows not what, ſhe knows not where.
Deep in her Breaſt *Leander*'s Charms remain;
She thinks, and ſighs, then looks, and ſighs again.
Nor the fond Lover, with a leſs Surprize,
Fed on her ſnowy Neck his famiſh'd Eyes.
Thus long a Virgin-Modeſty ſhe try'd,
Not to diſcover, what ſhe could not hide:
By ſlow degrees from Earth ſhe rais'd her Look;
Diſtilling humid Bluſhes ere ſhe ſpoke,
Then in harmonious Sounds the painful Silence broke.

Stranger, thy Words might Rocks to Pity move;
Where didſt thou learn the wond'rous Art of Love?
Ah! by whoſe Conduct didſt thou hither come?
Who firſt ſeduc'd thee from thy native Home?
Pleaſing thy Tale, but pleaſing ſtill in vain;
No faithleſs Rover muſt his Wiſh obtain:
Or if I ſhould ſo Mad and Senſeleſs prove,
My pow'rful Parents would upbraid my Love.
What, tho' ſome ſecret Pleaſures you deſign'd?
To Silence long they could not be confin'd:
The Tongues of Men ſo ſcandalous are grown;
You hear from thouſands, what you act with one.
Whoe'er thou art, thy Name and Country tell,
For mine (alas!) by thee are known too well.
That Tow'r, which mates the Skies, is my Retreat;
'Tis there I fix my Solitary Seat:
The Miſtreſs of one Damſel, I deſpiſe
What all th' unthinking Many chiefly prize,
Greatneſs, and Pomp, and Shew, and publick Noiſe.
This, this th' *Elyſium*, which I early choſe;
In vain my Father did my Choice oppoſe:
From giddy Crowds, and youthful Gambols free,
Calm I enjoy a golden Liberty:
And ſafe on Shore, with pleaſure hear from far
The grumbling Murmurs of the wat'ry War.

Here

Here paus'd the ſweet-tongu'd *Siren*; and afraid,
Began to wonder, where her Thoughts had ſtray'd.
Her Looks the Trouble of her Mind diſcloſe,
While with new Bluſhes new-born Glories roſe;
Which ſtill ſhe ſtrove to hide: But he employs
His Thoughts on Means to meet his coming Joys.
The God of Love, who ſtrikes the fatal Blow,
Can beſt (if any can) the Med'cine ſhow:
He to the Youth the Secret did reveal,
Pleas'd as he was to Wound, and then to Heal.
The Lover ſoon a zealous Fury ſhow'd
T' obey the wiſe Inſtructions of the leading God:
On her ſoft Boſom he reclin'd his Head,
And ſighing, thus the fond *Leander* ſaid.

For thee, my Fair One, Dangers I'll deſpiſe,
And dare th' Inclemencies of Winter Skies:
Swift on the Wings of Love, I'll force my Way,
Tho' Winds, and Flames, and Floods command my Stay.
Theſe Arms the foaming Surges ſhall withſtand,
Inſult their Rage, and Oar me ſafe to Land.
Thus ev'ry Night to thy Embrace I'll fly,
Shiv'ring with Cold, all pale and breathleſs lye,
And when full warm'd, with Bliſs diſſolve, and die.
Juſtly you ask the Country, whence I come;
Know then, *Abydos* is my neighb'ring Home.
Ah! from thy Turret let ſome friendly Light
Chaſe the thick Darkneſs, and direct my Sight:
Thou the delicious Land of Love ſhalt be,
And I the Ship, ſteer'd by that Star to thee.
All other Lights above I ſhall diſdain,
Whether they kindly, or unkindly reign:
Nor ſee *Orion* blazing from afar,
The ſlow *Boötes*, and the Northern Carr.
But oh! beware, too charming Maid, beware!
(If e'er my Safety can deſerve thy Care)
With Caution let the ſhining Guide be plac'd,
For when its Flame expires, I breathe my laſt.
What more?----*Leander* is the Name I bear,
And only to be thy *Leander* ſwear.

Thus

Thus did the youthful Pair reſolve to know
From mutual Love what mighty Pleaſures flow:
Secret they fix'd the Place, the Time to meet;
(For ſweeteſt Joys, if ſtoll'n, are doubly ſweet)
When ebbing Darkneſs ſeem'd to bid adieu,
And both unwilling by Conſtraint withdrew.
She to her Tow'r fled ſwifter than the Wind,
The careful Lover wiſely ſtay'd behind;
And mark'd the Place, where all his Treaſure lay,
Then nimbly leap'd from Shore, and cut the liquid Way.

The force of Love by Abſence Lovers try;
On tardy Wings the drowſie Minutes fly:
The Day looks dull, with all its Beauties bright,
'Tis Morn, 'tis Noon, but ſtill they wiſh for Night.
At laſt the Shades did with ſuch Silence creep,
That univerſal Nature ſeem'd to ſleep.
But the unpitying Tyrant, Love, denies
Refreſhing Slumbers to *Leander*'s Eyes:
Reſtleſs he roves along the dreary Shore,
While with tumultuous Rage the Surges roar.
But watchful *Hero* rais'd the Torch on high,
The kind Fore-runner of approaching Joy:
He ſaw the promis'd Star, how bright it ſhone!
And by its Flame learn'd to improve his own.
But when the Billows louder roar'd, he ſtood,
And, trembling, view'd the melancholy Flood:
Then with theſe Words his drooping Spirits chears,
Reſumes his Courage, and expels his Fears.

Love, like the Sea, a boundleſs Fury claims;
There rowling Waters, here are rowling Flames;
What means my throbbing Breaſt? Securely move
Thro' coldeſt Waters, when all-fir'd with Love.
Venus is kind; fond Heart, thy ſelf compoſe:
From the green Ocean firſt the Goddeſs roſe.
Her ſtill the Tumults of our Souls obey,
And with a Nod ſhe ſmooths the ruffled Sea.

This ſaid; the Youth with eager Haſte undreſt,
And circled round his Head his flowing Veſt:

Then

Then thro' the Floods purſu'd his hot Deſires,
(For Floods could never quench a Lover's Fires.)
Still as he ſwam, he kept the Light in view,
And was himſelf the Ship, and Pilot too.
Mean-time, the Nymph no eaſie Labour finds
To skreen the Torch from rude tempeſtuous Winds:
In ev'ry Noiſe *Leander*'s Voice ſhe hears,
And all his Dangers doubles by her Fears.
'Till, much fatigu'd, he landed on the Shore,
And with a Lover's Fury fought the Tow'r.
The Fair One met him with extended Arms,
And to his Pleaſure yielded all her Charms:
In ſilent Joy ſhe haſtens to her Room,
And ſcents his Body o'er with rich Perfume.
The Youth his nat'ral Sweetneſs thus regain'd,
But panted ſtill for what he had ſuſtain'd.
Then both laid gently down; the loving Bride
Clung to the Bridegroom, and thus ſoftly cry'd:
Canſt thou, my Dear, all this endure for me?
What faithful Lover ever lov'd like thee?
For me thy Limbs in briny Waves to ſteep,
And bear th' unwholſome Stenches of the Deep!
Oh! 'tis too much---Come to thy *Hero*'s Breaſt,
Forget thy Labours, and ſecurely reſt.
The Lover heard the ſoft-inviting Maid,
And ſwift like Light'ning, what he heard, obey'd:
Both bleſs'd alike, exalted Raptures feel,
What few can fancy, and what none can tell.
This am'rous Pair ſcorn'd vulgarly to wait
For a dull, formal, ceremonious State.
The Father no *Epithalamium* ſung,
No Mask was ſeen, no ſprightly Lyre was ſtrung.
No tuneful Bard ſome ſacred Numbers ſaid,
Nor Nuptial Torch adorn'd the Nuptial Bed.
Silence and Darkneſs, kindred Gods, were there;
One pleas'd the Youth, and one oblig'd the Fair:
That all around his downy Wings diſplay'd,
This ſhelter'd riſing Bluſhes with a Shade.
Thus in luxuriant Joys they paſs'd the Night,
Joys! which *Aurora* never blab'd by Light.

He

He with a timely Care did home retire,
Unſated ſtill, and breathing ſtill Deſire:
While ſhe her Change did from her Parents hide,
And was by Day a Maid, by Night a Bride.
And oh! how oft their Wiſhes join'd in one,
To hail the Setting, not the Riſing Sun.
See here the Sweets of Love, but quickly paſt;
Such Pleaſures are too exquiſite to laſt.
The gawdy Scene of Summer-glories gone,
Winter with ſour and furrow'd Looks ſtalks on.
The full-fledg'd Whirlwinds their hoarſe Voices try,
And drive the Clouds, and bluſter thro' the Sky.
The mounting Waves, that peaceful crept before,
Boil into Rage, and tumble to the Shore.
The trembling Mariner dares not withſtand
The angry Frith, and wiſely keeps the Land.
But Winds and troubled Seas can ne'er diſmay
Leander's Soul, or interrupt his way;
The fatal Light once ſeen, the Lover muſt obey.
Yet ſure the Fair, now Winter's Rage was ſtrong,
A while ſhould miſs thee, to enjoy thee long:
Did Reaſon guide, not Folly warp her Mind;
To prove leſs Cruel, ſhe muſt prove leſs Kind.
But Heat of Paſſion hurry'd both too far,
And ſtubborn Fate's Decrees reſiſtleſs are:
Unhappy *Hero* brandiſh'd from above
The Torch of Furies now, no more the Torch of Love.
'Twas a bleak Night; the Winds began to play,
And with eternal Lungs diſpute their Sway:
When the too conſtant, punctual Youth again,
Fluſh'd with paſt Triumphs, tempts the faithleſs Main.
Waves rowl on Waves; aloft the Waters riſe,
Swell'd by the Tempeſt, and inſult the Skies.
Fierce *Boreas* iſſues with collected Might,
And ſullen *Auſter* loud provokes to Fight.
The milder *Zephyr*, with inferior force,
Meets the mad *Eurus* in his headſtrong Courſe:
At once they ruſh, at once the Ocean roars,
And curling Billows daſh the rocky Shores.

Much

Much did *Leander* toil, and much ſuſtain;
Long ſtrove to brave their Rage, but ſtrove in vain:
Oft *Neptune*'s Aid with pious Vows implor'd,
And oft the Sea-born Goddeſs he ador'd.
Thee, *Boreas*, too he minded of thy Flame,
And what thou ſuffer'dſt for th' *Athenian* Dame:
But thee to Pity nothing can encline,
Deaf to his Pray'rs, as ſhe was once to thine.
Fruitleſs are all Eſſays; for Love's Decree,
That rules us here, is rul'd by Deſtiny.
Toſt and retoſt, no friendly Succour near,
His Courage faints, and ſinks into Deſpair.
His ſlacken'd Nerves their wonted Strength refuſe,
His Feet their Motion, Arms their Vigour loſe.
Nor can he now repair his ſtifled Breath,
But drinks the briny Waves, and ſucks in Death:
At once the Torch down by the Winds was toſt,
And with its Flame, his Life and Love were loſt.
While the poor Nymph his Abſence did bemoan,
With many a penſive Thought, and many a Groan:
The ling'ring Hours at length the Day reſtore;
But Night could never ſeem too long before.
The barren Beach and Seas ſhe round ſurvey'd,
And hop'd her Lover in the Dark had ſtray'd:
But ah! too ſoon ſhe ſpy'd him, where he lay
A Lump of beautiful, tho' breathleſs Clay.
All o'er confus'd ſhe ſtood, and would lament,
But wanted Words to give ſuch Sorrows vent.
She ſtamp'd, ſhe rowl'd her Eyes, ſhe tore her Hair,
And rav'd with all the Symptoms of Deſpair.
Then darting Headlong with a furious Leap,
From the high Tow'r ſhe plung'd into the Deep.
Thus for *Leander* dy'd his fair Belov'd,
And equal Fates their equal Paſſion prov'd.

VERSES *on the Death of the Duke of* GLOUCESTER.

AS when ſome Merchant, on the Stormy Main,
In flatt'ring Dreams enjoys his precious Gain;
But wakes with weeping Eyes to ſee it caſt
To raging Waves, and fears himſelf to ſink at laſt:
Such empty Hopes of golden Days to come,
Britannia entertain'd from *Glo'ſter*'s Bloom,
With like Amazement does her Darling moan,
And at his Fall diſhearten'd, dread her own.
Scarce were her grateful Shouts and Tranſports o'er,
Due to the Day that her *Aſcanius* bore;
When ſtraight the Tidings of th' expiring Boy,
Like Light'ning blaſted her imperfect Joy.
Thus *Ilium* ruin'd ere the Day return'd,
In Aſhes her nocturnal Revels mourn'd:
The Deluge thus th' aſtoniſh'd Nations found,
Secure of Danger, and in Pleaſures drown'd.
Ev'n in his Birth-day Ornaments he dies,
Like ſome choice Victim dreſs'd for Sacrifice;
So *Hammon*'s Son arreſted by his Death,
Amidſt the chearful Bowles reſign'd his glorious Breath:
Nor more than we the *Macedonians* griev'd,
When dying he th' adoring World deceiv'd.
Our Hopes in *Glo'ſter*, had the Fates been kind,
Another *Alexander* once deſign'd:
And Propheſy'd from his Victorious Sword
To us a ſure Defence, and to the World a Lord:
But the large Product ſhew'd too quick a Prime;
'Tis fatal to be ripe before the time.
So ſhoots ſome generous Plant, his youthful Head,
With kindly Show'rs, and Heav'n's Indulgence fed;
He ſeems by Nature's laviſh Bounty made
With proſperous growth the Clouds above t'invade,
And skreen the Flocks below with his extended Shade.

But

But thro' abounding early Vigour weak,
The Body bends, the loaded Tendrils break;
He ſheds his blooming Honours all around,
And ſinks with fatal Plenty to the Ground.
In vain each artful Son of *Pæan* tries
With emulous Skill the nobleſt Remedies,
In vain more precious Tears bedew each Parent's Eyes;
Quick as the Flow'rs are mown, he yields his Breath,
But ſhews like them awhile, ev'n Beautiful in Death;
So look'd the charming *Hyacinthus* ſlain,
By heav'nly Pow'rs belov'd, and mourn'd in vain;
No longer Life would haſty Fate allow,
Tho' then *Apollo* ſtrove, as *Ratcliff* now.
The youthful Squadron, that e'erwhile he led,
In weeping Crowds ſurrounds the lovely Dead;
So throng'd the *Cupids* where *Adonis* lay,
And mourn'd, and threw their uſeleſs Darts away.
Yet a few Years, and they in fighting Fields [yields;
With him had reap'd the Bays, which real Warfare
Had ſeen their beauteous *Mars*, with dext'rous Force,
On adverſe Javelins urge his foaming Horſe,
Or thro' wide Plains with ſlaughter'd Foes o'erſpread,
Purſue the noble Chaſe by daring *William* lead.
Ev'n *William*'s Courage by this Stroke is try'd,
Dejected only more when *Mary* dy'd;
In his ſwoln Eyes his tender Grief appears,
Tho' ſtill his Blood flows ſooner than his Tears.
How high, Great Sir, was our Expectance rais'd,
In *Glo'ſter* hoping, what in you we Prais'd!
Secure like *Eden*, tho' defil'd with Sin,
You was the Sword, and He the Cherubin.
Who can enough the fatal Hour deteſt,
When that fair Body loſt its fairer Gueſt,
The World a Wonder, and our Annals more
Than ever grac'd their ſhining Leaves before;
The nobleſt Family its ſole Increaſe,
The Land its preſent Joy, and Pledge of future Peace?
The Tyrant whom wild Rage did once provoke,
To wiſh his Nation's Fall by one compendious Stroke,

Here

Here had he Reign'd, and *Glo'ſter*'s Death beheld,
Had ſeen his Hate without his Crime fulfill'd.
Whence was this lovely Morn ſo ſoon o'er-caſt?
Was the choice Subſtance too refin'd to laſt?
Or have the Pow'rs ſome other Blow prepar'd,
And therefore firſt diſarm'd us of our Guard?
Or grudg'd they *Albion* her too wealthy Store?
Or ſnatch'd the Son, t'endear the Mother more?
How does the Mother her loſt Darling mourn,
So near his Day of Birth from her Embraces torn!
Sadly ſhe thinks on her vain Childbed Throes,
With Pangs more laſting and more ſharp than thoſe;
She wiſhes oft to fill his happier Place,
And Death ſhews lovly in her *Glo'ſter*'s Face;
Thro' ev'ry Scene of Grief her Fancy flies,
His living Hopes, and then his dying Cries:
Cries diſmal as were thoſe (when Judgment ſwept
From *Egypt* her firſt-born) by ev'ry Parent wept;
As thoſe which to the *Jews* by Foes diſtreſs'd,
Their Guardian Angels laſt Farewel expreſs'd,
O more by Sorrow now than Greatneſs known!
O thou who wer't the Mother of a Son!
Precious like him Heav'n to the Patriarch gave
Tho' no kind Angel interpos'd to ſave
Your only *Iſaac* from his ſudden Grave;
For his dear Loſs behold the Nation griev'd,
If Sorrow be by Partnerſhip reliev'd;
The Nation that your Sorrow too endures,
Or might endure her own, but cannot yours,
Then ſpare your Tears, and ſpare the Kingdom's too,
Your Sex in Virtue foil'd, excel in Courage now,
In Courage, which the World may worthy own
Of *Glo'ſter*'s Mother, and your future Throne.
So may our Guardian Angel, that a while
Vouchſaf'd in *Glo'ſter*'s Shape to bleſs our Iſle,
(Tho' now to angry Heav'n return'd again,
But Heav'n will ſtill be kind whilſt you remain:)
So may that Genius with a better doom,
Once more be Cloath'd in Fleſh from your auſpicious Womb,

And

And by reſembling this firſt heav'nly Boy,
Beguile your Melancholy into Joy:
Such be his forward Wit, his beauteous Frame,
In all, but his untimely End, the ſame:
And when (but late will be that fatal Hour; [ſtore,)
The Years your *Glo'ſter* loſt, Heav'n will to you re-
When long by publick Vows detain'd below,
To wiſhing Angels you at length ſhall go;
Let him the Throne, adorn'd by you, aſcend,
And with juſt Power the willing Iſle defend;
Compoſe his Realm's Diviſions, heal its Wounds,
Revive its Valour, and enlarge its Bounds;
Brave as his Father, make the World obey,
And gently rule it, with his Mother's Sway:
A Prince like this to *Britain*'s Hopes is due,
For *Britain* hopes freſh Miracles to view,
Remembring *Glo'ſter*, and beholding you.

To Mrs. E. C. *on her Birth-Day*, Decemb. 11. *To be Sung to Muſick.*

HAIL! happy, happy Day!
When firſt *Aminta* ſaw the Light:
May'ſt thou be ſtill Serene and Gay;
Let *Phœbus* brighten ev'ry Ray,
And drive to Regions far away
Each ſullen Shade of Night.
In mildeſt Glory let him riſe,
Fair as her lovely ſparkling Eyes,
To view his wide Command,
Large as her vaſt capacious Soul,
Where Spheres of awful Graces roll
Steddy, as thoſe in her own native Skies.
Let no ſtormy Winds ariſe,
Nor this happy Day moleſt;
But all be calm, and peaceful, as her Breaſt.

Borrow

Borrow from the Spring one ſmiling Ray,
And chaſe the rugged Winter quite away:
Let each harmonious Sound ſalute her Ear,
And vernal *Zephyrs* whiſper thro' the Air,
Soft as her Voice, or tuneful Hand,
And ſweet as her own balmy Breath.

II.

Tell me——one Day muſt this inchanting Fair
Sink into the Arms of Death?
This lovely Form like common Earth decay,
And be at laſt cold lifeleſs Clay?
Ah! muſt we loſe ſo fair a Light
In the dire Shades of everlaſting Night?
Baniſh the diſmal Thought, and be
From theſe tormenting Horrors free.
Tread in bright Virtue's Paths, like her;
And ſhortly, when the joyful Trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the Nations under Ground,
And wake the ſleeping pious Fair,
Then brighter yet you'll ſee her riſe,
With gazing Angels mounting up the Skies,
And ſhine a long Eternity.

To Mrs. M. M. *with a Bough of an* Orange-*Tree.*

By Mr. HARRISON, *of* New-College, Oxon.

FROM a warm Clime and gen'rous Soil
This Plant remov'd deludes our Toil,
Diſdains what baffled Art has done,
And drooping, mourns the diſtant Sun.
Yet, *Mira*, near thy Boſom plac'd,
It ſhall new Life, new Pleaſure taſte,
Sweets, more than Nature gave, diſpenſe,
Nor lend thee Charms, but borrow thence.

See the young Fruit thy Pow'r confeſs,
And love their own *Bermudes* leſs;
Tho' all that we think bright and fair,
Tho' Paradiſe it ſelf be there.
Ripen'd by thy auſpicious Eyes,
And eager to beſtow the Prize,
For which thy matchleſs Beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden Ball;
Love's ſmiling Queen, whoſe tender Aid
Protects the *Myrtle*'s fragrant Shade,
Fore-knowing what thy Charms would be,
Left to thy Choice this fairer Tree.

To the SPRING: *An Invocation.*

Written in the Perſon of Anacreon.

By J. L.

CHearing *Phœbus!* Come away!
Why d'ye make this long Delay?
Haſte, and cloath our naked Fields;
Trip up youthful *Flora*'s Heels;
(But lay the Goddeſs gently down,
You only know to give Green-Gown,)
Ruffle her, kiſs her, make her glow
With roſie Bluſhes,—melt her Snow,
And make her fairer Lillies grow.
Oh! how I Languiſh, how I Pine,
To view the Tendrils of the Vine,
The faithful Pledge of ſprightly Wine!
Methinks I hear the Women cry,
That *Sol* grows Old as well as I:
And almoſt at ſix thouſand Years,
One might expect a few Grey Heirs.
Aſſume the luſty Bridegroom's Flame!
Mount like a God! maintain your Fame!

And

And ſhow us you have Power yet,
To put all Nature in a Sweat.
Give me raging Drought! for why?
I long, I long! to be adry!
With flowing Wine to quench my Thirſt,
With greater Draught! and greater Guſt!
Give me Roſie-Garlands too!
Regale my Smell! adorn my Brow!
To furniſh out *Anacreon*'s Feaſt,
Love, and Wine will do the reſt.
Indulgent *Venus* all the Year
Supplies her Poet with good Cheer.
And *Bacchus* too is, under Ground
In Grots and Caverns, to be found.
Then, *Phœbus*, let not Atheiſts ſay,
You're leſs a Deity than they;
Aſſume the God! and come away.

The PHILOSOPHER's *Diſquiſition directed to the Dying* CHRISTIAN.

By Sir W. DAVENANT, *Knight.*

I.

BEfore, by Death, you newer Knowledge gain,
(For to increaſe your Knowledge you muſt die)
Tell me if all that Learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this Life rely.

II.

Is not the Learning which we Knowledge call,
Our own but by Opinion and in part?
Not made intirely certain, nor to all;
And is not Knowledge but diſputed Art?

III.

And tho' a bad, yet 'tis a forward Guide;
Who, vexing at the ſhortneſs of the Day,
Doth to o'ertake ſwift Time, ſtill onward ride:
Whilſt ſtill we follow, and ſtill doubt our Way.

IV. A

IV.

A Guide, who ev'ry Step proceeds with Doubt;
Who gueſſingly her Progreſs doth begin;
And brings us back where firſt ſhe led us out,
To meet dark Midnight at our reſtleſs Inn.

V.

It is a Plummet to ſo ſhort a Line,
As ſounds no deeper than the Sounder's Eyes;
The People's Meteor which not long can ſhine,
Nor far above the middle Region riſe.

VI.

This Spy from Schools gets ill Intelligence;
Where Art impoſing Rules, oft gravely errs,
She ſteals to Nature's Cloſet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd Characters.

VII.

She doth, like *India*'s laſt Diſcov'rers, boaſt
Of adding to old Maps, tho' ſhe has been
But ſailing by ſome clear and open Coaſt,
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

VIII.

Falſe Learning wanders upward more and more,
Knowledge (for ſuch there is in ſome degree)
Still vainly, like the Eagle, loves to ſoar,
Tho' it can never to the higheſt ſee.

IX.

For Error's Miſt doth bound the Spirit's Sight, [low)
As Clouds (which make Earth's arched Roof ſeem
Reſtrain the Body's Eyes, and ſtill when Light
Grows clearer upward, Heaven muſt higher ſhow.

X.

And as good Men, whoſe Minds tow'rds Godhead riſe,
Take Heaven's height higher than they can expreſs;
So from that height they lower things deſpiſe,
And oft contract Earth's littleneſs to leſs.

XI.

Of this forbidden Fruit, ſince we but gain
A taſte, by which we only hungry grow;
We meerly toil to find our Studies vain;
And truſt to Schools for what they cannot know.

XII.

If Knowledge be the Coin of Souls, 'tis ſet
Above the Standard of each common Reign;
And, like a Medal of God's Cabinet,
Is ſeldom ſhewn, and ſoon put up again.

XIII.

For tho' in one bleſt Age much ſway it bears,
Yet to the next it oft becomes unknown;
Unleſs like long-hid Medals it appears
In Counterfeits, and for Deceit be ſhown.

XIV.

If Heav'n with Knowledge did ſome one indue
With more than the Experience of the Dead;
To teach the Living more than Life e'er knew
In Schools, where all Succeſſion may be bred:

XV.

Then (as in Courts, meer Strangers baſhfully
At firſt their walk towards private Doors begin;
But bolder grow when thoſe they open ſpy,
And being enter'd beckon others in:)

XVI.

So to her ſtudious Cell (which would appear
Like Nature's privy-Lodgings) my Addreſs
I firſt by ſtealth would make, but entring there
I ſhould grow bold, and give to all Acceſs.

XVII.

Then to her ſecret Nurſery would proceed;
And thither bring the World, to judge how ſhe
Firſt-Cauſes, and Time's Infancy did breed;
For Knowledge ſhould, ſince good, to all be free.

XVIII.

If Knowledge muſt, as Evil, hidden lie,
Then we, its Object, Nature, ſeem to blame;
And whilſt we baniſh Knowledge, as a Spy,
We but hide Nature as we cover Shame.

XIX.

For if our Object, Nature, be correct,
Bold Knowledge then a free Spectator is,
And not a Spy; ſince Spies we ſcarce ſuſpect
Or fear, but where their Objects are amiſs.

XX. In

XX.

In gathering Knowledge from the Sacred Tree,
I would not ſnatch in haſte the Fruit below;
But rather climb, like thoſe who curious be,
And boldly taſte that which does higheſt grow.

XXI.

For Knowledge would her Proſpect take in height;
'Tis God's lov'd *Eaglet*, bred by him to fly,
Tho' with weak Eyes, ſtill upward at the Light,
And may ſoar ſhort, but cannot ſoar too high.

XXII.

Tho' Life, ſince finite, has no ill Excuſe
For being but in finite Objects learn'd,
Yet ſure the Soul was made for little uſe,
Unleſs it be in infinites concern'd.

XXIII.

Speak then ſuch things of Heaven (ſince ſtudious Minds
Seem travail'd Souls, and yours prepares to go)
As mine may wiſh the Journey, when it finds
That yours doth Heaven, her Native Country, know.

XXIV.

Tell, if you found your Faith, ere you it ſought?
Or could it ſpring ere Reaſon was full blown?
Or could it learn, 'till by your Reaſon taught,
To know it ſelf, or be by others known?

XXV.

Where Men have ſeveral Faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of Reaſon uſe;
'Tis Reaſon ſhews us which we ſhould eſchew,
When by Compariſon we learn to chuſe.

XXVI.

But tho' we there on Reaſon muſt rely,
Where Men to ſeveral Faiths their Minds diſpoſe,
Yet, after Reaſon's Choice, the Schools are ſhy
To let it judge the very Faith it choſe.

XXVII.

Howe'er, 'tis call'd to conſtrue the Records
Of Faith's dark Charter, wrapt in Sacred Writ;
And is the only Judge even of thoſe Words
By which Faith claims that Reaſon ſhould ſubmit.

XXVIII.

Since Holy Text bids Faith to comprehend
Such Myſteries as Nature may ſuſpect,
And Faith muſt Reaſon, as her Guide, attend,
Leſt ſhe miſtake what Scripture doth direct:

XXIX.

Since from the Soul's far Country, Heaven, God ſent
His Law (an Embaſſy to few reveal'd)
Which did thoſe good Conditions repreſent
Of our Eternal Peace, ere it was ſeal'd:

XXX.

Since to remote Ambaſſadors are given
Interpreters, when they with Kings confer:
Since to that Law, God's Embaſſy from Heaven,
Our Reaſon ſerves as an Interpreter:

XXXI.

Since juſtly Clients pay that Judge an awe,
Who Law's loſt Senſe interprets and reſtores;
(Yet Judges are no more above the Law
Than Truchmen are above Ambaſſadors.)

XXXII.

Since Reaſon, as a Judge, the Tryal hath
Of diff'ring Faiths, by adverſe Pens perplext;
Why is not Reaſon reckon'd above Faith,
Tho' not above her Law, the Sacred Text?

XXXIII.

If Reaſon have ſuch worth, why ſhould ſhe ſtill
Attend below, whilſt Faith doth upward climb!
Yet common Faith ſeems but unſtudy'd Will;
And Reaſon calls unſtudy'd Will a Crime.

XXXIV.

Slave Reaſon, even at home in Priſon lies;
And by Religion is ſo watch'd, and aw'd,
That tho' the Priſon Windows, both her Eyes,
Stand open, yet ſhe ſcarce dares look abroad.

XXXV.

Faith thinks, that Reaſon is her adverſe Spy;
Yet Reaſon is, thro' doubtful ways, her Guide;
But like a Scout, brought in from th'. Enemy,
Muſt, when ſhe guides her, bound and guarded ride.

XXXVI. Or

XXXVI.

Or if by Faith, not as her Judge diſdain'd,
Nor, as her Guide, ſuſpected, but is found
In every Sentence juſt to the arraign'd,
And guides her right, unguarded and unbound:

XXXVII.

Why then ſhould ſuch a Judge be ſtill deny'd
T' examine (ſince Faith's Claims ſtill publick are)
Her ſecret Pleas? Or, why ſhould ſuch a Guide
Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to go as far?

XXXVIII.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would ſhow
His Monarch's Palace to a Stranger, goes
But to the Gates; as if to let him know
Where ſo much Greatneſs dwells, not what it does;

XXXIX.

Whilſt ſtrait the Stranger enters undeny'd,
As one whoſe Breeding has much bolder been;
So Reaſon, tho' ſhe were at firſt Faith's Guide
To Heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith goes in.

XL.

But tho', at Court, bold Strangers enter, where
The way is to their baſhful Guide forbid;
Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear
And ask them, what the King then ſaid, and did:

XLI.

And ſo, tho' Reaſon (which is Faith's firſt Guide
To God) is ſtopt where Faith has entrance free,
As Nature's Stranger; tho' 'tis then deny'd
To Reaſon, as of Nature's Family;

XLII.

Yet ſtrait, when from her Viſion and her Trance
Faith does return, then Reaſon quits that awe,
Enjoin'd when Prieſts impos'd our Ignorance;
And asks, how much ſhe of the Godhead ſaw?

XLIII.

But as a prudent Monarch ſeems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his Court;
To Subjects more in Pow'r than Perſon known;
At diſtance ſought, and found but by Report;

XLIV

So God hath veil'd his Pow'r with Myſteries
Even to his Court in Heaven; and Faith comes
Not prying with a Stranger's curious Eyes, [there,
But like a plain implicit Worſhipper.

XLV.

Yet as Court-Strangers, getting ſome Acceſs,
Are apt to tell at home, more than they ſaw;
Tho' then their Pencil draws Court-greatneſs leſs,
Than that which Truth at nearer view could draw:

XLVI.

So Faith (who is even taught an Ignorance;
For ſhe by Knowledge quits her Dignity)
Does leſſen God-head, which ſhe would advance,
By telling more of God than ſhe can ſee.

XLVII.

Our Souls but like unhappy Strangers come [Coaſt;
From Heav'n, their Country, to this World's bad
They Land, then ſtrait are backward bound for home;
And many are in Storms of Paſſion loſt!

XLVIII.

They long with Danger ſail thro' Life's vext Seas,
In Bodies, as in Veſſels full of Leaks;
Walking in Veins, their narrow Galleries;
Shorter than walks of Seamen on their Decks.

XLIX.

Art's Card is by their Pilot, Faith, refus'd;
Her Courſe by gueſs ſhe ever forward bears;
Reaſon her Rudder is, but never us'd;
Becauſe tow'rds Heaven ſhe ne'er with Reaſon ſteers.

L.

For as a Pilot, ſure of fair Trade-Winds,
The Helm in all the Voyage never hands,
But ties it up, ſo Reaſon's Helm ſhe binds,
And boldly cloſe for Heaven's ſafe Harbour ſtands.

LI.

In Reaſon's place, Tradition doth her lead;
And that preſumptuous Antiquary makes
Strong Laws of weak Opinions of the Dead,
And what was common Coin, for Medals takes.

LII.

Tradition! Time's ſuſpected Regiſter!
Too oft Religion at her Tryal fails!
Inſtead of Knowledge, teacheth her to err;
And wears out Truth's beſt Stories into Tales.

LIII.

O why hath ſuch a Guide Faith's Progreſs laid?
Or can our Faith, ill guided, guide us well?
Or had ſhe not Tradition's Mapps ſurvey'd,
How could ſhe aim to ſhew us Heav'n and Hell?

LIV.

If Faith with Reaſon never doth adviſe;
Nor yet Tradition leads her, ſhe is then
From Heaven inſpir'd, and ſecretly grows wiſe
Above the Schools, we know not how, nor when.

LV.

For could we know how Faith's bold Truſt is wrought,
What are thoſe Viſions we in Sleep diſcern;
And when by Heaven's ſhort Whiſpers we are taught
More than the watchful Schools could ever learn;

LVI.

Then ſoon Faith's Ignorance, which now doth ſeem
A ſerious Wonder to Philoſophy,
Would fall from Value to a low Eſteem,
And not a Wonder nor a Virtue be.

LVII.

But tho' we cannot gueſs the manner how
Grace firſt is ſecretly in ſmall Seeds ſown;
Yet Fruit, tho' Seed lies hid, in view doth grow;
And Faith, the Fruit of Grace, muſt needs be known.

LVIII.

Faith lights us thro' the dark to Deity;
Whilſt, without ſight, we witneſs that ſhe ſhows
More God than in his Works our Eyes can ſee;
Tho' none but by thoſe Works the Godhead knows.

LIX.

If you have Faith, then you we muſt adore;
Since Faith doth rather ſeem inſpir'd than taught;
And Men inſpir'd have of the Godhead more
Than Nature ever found, or Reaſon ſought.

LX.

To you whom Inſpiration ſanctifies,
I come with Doubts, the Mind's defect of Light,
As to Apoſtles ſome, with darkned Eyes,
Came to receive by Miracles their Sight.

LXI.

And when I thus preſume, you are with more
Than Nature's publick Wealth by Faith indu'd,
Or think you ſhould reveal your ſecret Store;
You cannot judge my bold Opinion rude.

LXII.

Even Faith (not proving what it would aſſure)
But bold Opinion ſeems to Reaſon's view;
And ſince the Blind brought Faith to help their Cure,
I bring Opinion, Reaſon's Faith, to you.

LXIII.

We, for their Knowledge, Men inſpir'd adore;
Not for thoſe Truths they hide, but thoſe they ſhow;
And vulgar Reaſon finds, that none knows more
Than that which he can make another know.

LXIV.

Then tell me firſt, if Nature muſt forbear
To ask, why ſtill ſhe muſt remain in Doubt?
A Darkneſs which does much like Hell appear,
Where all may enter in, but none get out.

LXV.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
Charg'd to make God the Object of the Mind;
Then hinder'd from it, ſince he is ſo hid,
As we but ſeek that which we cannot find.

LXVI.

Our glim'ring Knowledge, like the wand'ring Light
In Fens, doth to Incertainties direct
The weary Progreſs of our uſeleſs ſight;
And only makes us able to ſuſpect.

LXVII.

Or if inquiring Minds are not kept in,
But by ſome few, whom Schools to Power advance,
Who, ſince themſelves ſee ſhort, would make it Sin,
When others look beyond their Ignorance;

LXVIII. *If,*

LXVIII.

If, as God's Students, we have leave to learn
His Truths, why doth his Text oft need debate?
Why, as thro' Miſts, muſt we his Laws diſcern?
Since Laws ſeem Snares, when they are intricate.

LXIX.

They who believe Man's Reaſon is too ſcant,
And that it doth the War of Writers cauſe;
Infer that God's great Works Proportion want,
Who taught our Reaſon, and did write thoſe Laws.

LXX.

His Text, the Soul's Record, appears to ſome
(Tho' thence our Souls hold their Inheritance)
Obſcure by growing old, and ſeems to come,
Not by Conſignment to us, but by Chance.

LXXI.

Law (which is Reaſon made Authority)
Allows Conſignment to be good and clear,
Not when, like this, it does in Copies lie,
But in the known Original appear.

LXXII.

Could this Record be too authentick made?
Or why, when God was faſhion'd to our Eyes,
And very Forms of human Laws obey'd,
Did he not ſign it but by Deputies?

LXXIII.

Or why, when he was Man, did he not deign
Wholly to write this Text with his own Hand?
Or why (as if all written Rolls were vain)
Did he ne'er write but once, and but in Sand?

LXXIV.

Tell me, why Heav'n at firſt did ſuffer Sin?
Letting Seed grow which it had never ſown?
Why, when the Soul's firſt Fever did begin,
Was it not cur'd, which now a Plague is grown?

LXXV.

Why did not Heav'n's Prevention Sin reſtrain?
Or is not Pow'r's Permiſſion a Conſent?
Which is in Kings as much as to ordain;
And Ills ordain'd are free from Puniſhment.

LXXVI.

And ſince no Crime could be ere Laws were fram'd,
Laws dearly taught us how to know Offence;
Had Laws not been, we never had been blam'd;
For not to know we Sin, is Innocence.

LXXVII.

Sin's Childhood was not ſtarv'd, but rather more
Than finely fed; ſo ſweet were Pleaſures made
That nouriſht it: For ſweet is Luſt of Pow'r,
And ſweeter, Beauty, which hath Power betray'd.

LXXVIII.

Sin, which at fulleſt growth is childiſh ſtill,
Would, but for Pleaſure's company, decay;
As ſickly Children thrive that have their Will;
But quickly languiſh being kept from Play.

LXXIX.

Since only Pleaſure breeds Sin's Appetite;
Which ſtill by pleaſant Objects is infus'd;
Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit;
And Ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd;

LXXX.

Why ſhould our Sins, which not a Moment laſt,
(For, to Eternity compar'd, extent
Of Life, is, ere we name it, ſtopt and paſt)
Receive a Doom of endleſs Puniſhment?

LXXXI.

If Souls to Hell's vaſt Priſon never come
Committed for their Crimes, but deſtin'd be,
Like Bondmen born, whoſe Priſon is their Home,
And long ere they were bound, could not be free;

LXXXII.

Then hard is Deſtiny's dark Law; whoſe Text
We are forbid to read, yet muſt obey;
And Reaſon with her uſeleſs Eyes is vext,
Which ſtrive to guide her where they ſee no way.

LXXXIII.

Doth it our Reaſon's Mutinies appeaſe,
To ſay, the Potter may his own Clay mould
To ev'ry uſe, or in what ſhape he pleaſe,
At firſt not counſel'd, nor at laſt controul'd?

LXXXIV. Pow'r's

LXXXIV.

Pow'r's Hand can neither eaſie be nor ſtrict
To lifeleſs Clay, which Eaſe nor Torment knows;
And where it cannot Favour nor Afflict,
It neither Juſtice nor Injuſtice ſhows.

LXXXV.

But Souls have Life, and Life eternal too;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It ſeems to ſhew what heav'nly Pow'r can do,
But does not in that Deed that Pow'r commend.

LXXXVI.

That we are deſtin'd after Death to more
Than Reaſon thinks due Puniſhment for Sins,
Seems poſſible; becauſe in Life, before
We know to Sin, our Puniſhment begins.

LXXXVII.

Why elſe do Infants with inceſſant Cries
Complain of ſecret Harm as ſoon as born?
Or why are they, in Cities Deſtinies,
So oft by War from raviſht Mothers torn?

LXXXVIII.

Doth not Belief of being deſtin'd draw
Our Reaſon to Preſumption or Deſpair?
If Deſtiny be not, like human Law,
To be repeal'd, what is the uſe of Prayer?

LXXXIX.

Why even to all was Pray'r enjoin'd? Since thoſe
Whom God (whoſe Will ne'er alters) did elect,
Are ſure of Heaven; and when we Pray, it ſhows
That we his Certainty of Will ſuſpect.

XC.

Thoſe who to laſting Darkneſs deſtin'd were,
Tho' ſoon as born they pray, yet pray too late;
Avoidleſs Ills we to no purpoſe fear;
And none, when Fear is paſt, will Supplicate.

The CHRISTIAN's *Reply to the* PHILOSOPHER.

By the ſame Hand.

I.

THE Good in Graves as heavenly Seed are ſown;
And at the Saints firſt Spring, the General Doom,
Will riſe, not by Degrees, but fully blown;
When all the Angels to their Harveſt come.

II.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (ſince Flowers which paſs
Thaw'd thro' a Still, and there melt mingled too,
Are rais'd diſtinct in a poor Chymiſt's Glaſs)
Do more in Graves than Men in Lymbecks do?

III.

God bred the Arts, to make us more believe
(By ſeeking Nature's cover'd Myſteries)
His darker Works, that Faith may thence conceive
He can do more than what our Reaſon ſees.

IV.

O Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide!
Whom even the dim-ey'd Arts muſt lead, to ſee
What Nature only from our Sloth does hide,
Cauſes remote, which Faith's dark Dangers be.

V.

Religion, ere impos'd, ſhould firſt be taught;
Not ſeem to dull Obedience ready lay'd,
Then ſwallow'd ſtrait for Eaſe, but long be ſought;
And be by Reaſon counſell'd, tho' not ſway'd.

VI.

God has enough to Human-Kind diſclos'd;
Our fleſhly Garments he a while receiv'd,
And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

VII. The

VII.

The Faithleſs *Jews* will this at Doom confeſs,
Who did ſuſpect him for his low Diſguiſe:
But, if he could have made his Virtue leſs,
He had been more familiar to their Eyes.

VIII.

Frail Life! in which thro' Miſts of human Breath,
We grope for Truth, and make our Progreſs ſlow;
Becauſe, by Paſſion blinded, 'till by Death,
Our Paſſions ending, we begin to know.

IX.

O rev'rend Death! whoſe Looks can ſoon adviſe
Even ſcornful Youth; whilſt Prieſts their Doctrine waſte:
Yet mocks us too; for he does make us wiſe,
When by his coming our Affairs are paſt.

X.

O harmleſs Death! whom ſtill the Valiant brave,
The Wiſe expect, the Sorrowful invite,
And all the Good embrace, who know the Grave
A ſhort dark Paſſage to eternal Light.

An Imitation of Uxor vade foras. *In* Mart. *L.* ii. *Ep.* 105.

By Captain H———

I.

SWeet Spouſe, you muſt preſently troop and be gone,
Or fairly ſubmit to your betters;
Unleſs for the Faults that are paſt, you atone,
I muſt knock off my Conjugal-Fetters.

II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,
You know well enough what's my meaning,
You ſcorn to aſſiſt my Devotion, or move,
As if all the while you were dreaming.

III. At

III.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have ſeen
A Porter more Paſſion expreſſing,
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,
And the height of the amourous Bleſſing.

IV.

Then ſay I to my ſelf, is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent poſſeſs her?
Better Motion and Vigour by far might be ſhown
By dull Spouſe of a *German* Profeſſor.

V.

So *Kate* take Advice, and reform in good time,
And while I'm performing my Duty,
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
Of paying all Scores with your Beauty.

VI.

All Day thou may'ſt Cant, and look gave as a Nun,
And run after *Burgeſs* the ſurly;
Or ſee that the Family Buſineſs be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely:

VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Maſter and King,
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,
Move, wriggle, heave, pant, clip round like a Ring,
In ſhort, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM,

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *Marlborough.*

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

——*Rheni pacator & Iſtri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Eſſe aliquam in terris Gentem quæ ſuâ impensâ, ſuo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præſtet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, & ubique jus, fas, lex potentiſſima ſint.
Liv. Hiſt. Lib. 33.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.


BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM.

WHILE Crowds of Princes Your Deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cauſe,
And *Anna*'s Praiſes crown the vaſt Applauſe;
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muſe recites,
That in ambitious Verſe attempts your Fights,
Fir'd and tranſported with a Theme ſo new:
Ten thouſand Wonders op'ning to my View
Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conqueſts fill th' Important Year,
Rivers of Blood I ſee, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad riſing out of One Campaign.
The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
Pirene's lofty Barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide Empire ſtood.
Auſonia's States, the Victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Appennines* in vain,

Nor

Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of Rocks im-
Behind their Everlaſting Hills ſecur'd: [mur'd,
The riſing *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Courſe thro' the new Conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeiz'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no Succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Deſpair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.
To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Reſolves the Weſtern World relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire Alarms,
In *Anna*'s Councils, and in *Churchill*'s Arms:
Thrice happy *Britain*, from the Kingdoms rent,
To ſit the Guardian of the Continent!
That ſees her Braveſt Son advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's Sport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;
On the firm Baſis of Deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd Faith, and Friendſhip's Holy Ties:
Their Sov'raign's well-diſtinguiſh'd Smiles they ſhare,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War:
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Bleſſings Heav'n approves their Choice;
Envy it ſelf is dumb, in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.
Soon as ſoft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,
Britannia's Colours in the Zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Croſſing the Provinces himſelf had won,
'Till the *Moſelle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the Progreſs of the Moving War:
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
In diſtant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a Purchaſe to the Sword ſhe lyes,
Her Harveſts for uncertain Owners riſe,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Maſters grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:

The diſcontented Shades of ſlaughter'd Hoſts,
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw *Britannia*'s Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.
Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he paſt,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours caſt,
Forming the wond'rous Year within his Thought;
His Boſom glow'd with Battels yet unfought:
The long laborious March he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant *Danube* to the *Maeſe*,
Between whoſe Floods ſuch pathleſs Foreſts grow,
Such Mountains riſe, ſo many Rivers flow,
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroe's Eyes,
And Danger ſerves but to enhance the Prize.
Big with the Fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful Courſe, and the proud Foe purſues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
The ſultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defenſive Shadows, and refreſhing Winds.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their Native Soil.
Still to the riſing Sun they take their way
Through Clouds of Duſt, and gain upon the Day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coaſt
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Hoſt,
That chearfully its Labours paſt forgets,
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.
O'er proſtrate Towns and Palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs)
Breathing Revenge; whilſt Anger and Diſdain
Fire ev'ry Breaſt, and boil in ev'ry Vein:
Here ſhatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,
Whilſt here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At

At length the Fame of *England*'s Heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious Interview;
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſudden Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze,
Poliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council skill'd:
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd;
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battel ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human-kind.
Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her harras'd Troops the Heroe's Preſence warms,
Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* Shouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they march with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.
The March concludes, the various Realms are paſt
Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like Hills th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs ten thouſand Thunders ſleep:
Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious Sight
His March o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.
The Weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Rema ns of Day,

Ev'ning

Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what Hoſts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe-compacted *Britons* win their Way;
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battel waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,
'Till ſlaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.
High on the Works the mingling Hoſts engage;
The Battel kindled into tenfold Rage;
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,
Nations with Nations mixt confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous Carnage lye.
How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th' Illuſtrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat!
Only deſtructive to the Brave and Great!)
After ſuch Toils o'ercome, ſuch Dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:
While *Marlbrô* lives, *Britannia*'s Stars diſpenſe
A friendly Light, and ſhine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where-e'er his Friends retire, or Foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.
Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt Terrors of the War,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crowds of Foes,
Britannia's Safety, and the World's Repoſe;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and Peace from thy victorious Hands;

King.

Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Deſtiny depends on Thine.
At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their Camp with *Britiſh* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with ſwelling Tides;
But if the ruſhing Wave a Paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving Foes diſperſt in Flight,
(Refuſe of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In ev'ry ruſsling Wind the Victor hear,
And *Marlbro*'s Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Diſgrace.
To *Donnawert*, with unreſiſted Force,
The gay victorious Army bends its Courſe;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great Increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, deſtructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls,
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their Fury on their guilty Lord.
Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' Aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* Arms;
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety ſhall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,
While to exalt thy Doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Deſtruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Un-

Unbounded Courage and Compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing Wrath, and gives a Looſe to War.
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,
A thouſand Villages to Aſhes turns,
In crackling Flames a thouſand Harveſts burns;
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants ſound in every Brake:
The liſt'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow ſtands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's juſt Commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt Commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the Trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller Clangors animates the War,
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Conſort Beat;
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;
The daring Prince his blaſted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.
The fatal Day its mighty Courſe began,
That the griev'd World had long deſir'd in vain:
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Pray'rs in Bitterneſs of Soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud Cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And *Anna*'s Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold

Behold in awful March and dread Array
The long-extended Squadrons ſhape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the braveſt Hearts,
Yet do their beating Breaſts demand the Strife,
And thirſt of Glory quells the love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *Britiſh* Minds controul,
Heat of Revenge, and noble Pride of Soul
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Poſt,
Leſſen his Numbers, and contract his Hoſt:
Tho' Fens and Floods poſſeſt the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs,
Nor Fens nor Floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders ſtands.
But O, my Muſe, what Numbers wilt thou find,
To ſing the furious Troops in Battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts and dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burſt of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battel riſe.
'Twas then great *Marlbrô*'s mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of Charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.
But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of Fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear;

Vain

Vain Inſolence! with Native Freedom brave,
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave,
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undiſtinguiſh'd dye.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate:
How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Croud of War, and lye unſung!
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, ſmiles in Death.
The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they ſhun,
Thouſands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd
Floating in Gore, with their dead Maſters mixt,
Midſt Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the diſtant *Soan*,
Or ſounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the rolling Billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;
His waving Banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And riſe Triumphant in the fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remoteſt Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears reſigns.
Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mixt Tumult in thy Boſom ſwell'd!
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy Braveſt Troops repell'd,

Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gaſping on the Ground,
Thy ſelf in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Diſtreſt! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War;
Give thy brave Foes their Due, nor bluſh to own,
The fatal Field by ſuch great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.
With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquiſht fell
The Marſhes ſtagnate, and the Rivers ſwell.
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midſt the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole Captive Hoſts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor ſeek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
Marlbro's great Work, and finiſh the Defeat.
From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Ausburg*'s [Walls,
The diſtant Battel drives th' inſulting *Gauls*,
Freed by the Terror of the Victor's Name
The reſcu'd States his great Protection claim;
Whilſt *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious Gates.
The Hero's Breaſt ſtill ſwells with great Deſigns,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius ſhines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an Army ſtorm'd;
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What diſtant Land, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his victorious Sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Where

Where the ſwoln *Rhine* ruſhing with all its Force
Divides the Hoſtile Nations in its Courſe,
While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the River flows,
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands:
Twice, ſince the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its Courſe begun,
Carries his Arms ſtill nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious Action, He forgets
The Change of Seaſons, and Increaſe of Heats:
No Toils are painful that can Danger ſhow,
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.
The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land,
But ſoon as the victorious Hoſt he ſpies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies
Such dire Impreſſions in his Heart remain
Of *Marlbro*'s Sword, and *Hockſtet*'s fatal Plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty Chief beſets
Their ſhady Coverts, and obſcure Retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.
Auſtria's Young Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway
Sceptres and Thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted Anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
What Tides of Glory to his Boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleaſing Wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch Fire with ſo much Sweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſie Greatneſs, ſuch a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the Camp or Court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond Place;
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely fluſht with an Immortal Bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath beſtow'd)
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.
The Royal Youth by *Marlbrô*'s Preſence charm'd,
Taught by his Counſels, by his Actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled Fury falls,
Diſcharges all his Thunder on its Walls,
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's Sight.
The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conqueſt crown'd,
To *Belgian* Coaſts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* purſues,
Clearing its Borders from Uſurping Foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd Nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations ſhake,
While *Marlbro* preſſes to the bold Attack,
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon Roar,
And ſhows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining Years,
Forgets his Thirſt of Univerſal Sway,
And ſcarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd.
Th' ambitious Projects for his Race deſtroy'd,
The Work of Ages ſunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions ſacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' Effects of *Anna*'s Royal Cares:
By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, whereſoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s States are free,
And taſte the Sweets of *Engliſh* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of thoſe that lye
Beneath the conſtant Influence of Her Eye!

Whilſt in diffuſive Show'rs her Bounties fall
Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and deſcend on All,
Secure the Happy, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Bleſt.
Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearſe
In the ſmooth Records of a Faithful Verſe;
That, if ſuch Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Poſterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;
Gods may deſcend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the Truth with ſpurious Rays,
And round the Hero caſt a borrow'd Blaze.
Marlbrô's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own Native Light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuine Charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who Paint 'em trueſt, Praiſe 'em moſt.

The Dedication of OVID's *Art of Love, to the Right Honourable* RICHARD, *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

OUR Poet's Rules, in eaſie Numbers tell,
He felt the Paſſion, he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft Art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry *Cæſar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.
More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;
Jove's Thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than *Cupid*'s Bow.
Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own Diſeaſe.
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and Lovers lie.

Who flatter'd moſt the Fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo, atton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the Fair One's ſake,
The Sex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.
Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Tho' you poſſeſs all Nature's Gifts, take care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.
On all that Goddeſs her falſe Smiles beſtows,
As on the Seas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young *Zephyrs* ſigh with fragrant Breath, ſoft Gales
Guide her gay Barge, and ſwell the ſilken Sails:
Each ſilver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
Fair as her Boſom, gentle as her Doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds,
Cares, Fears, and Anguiſh, hov'ring on the Coaſt,
And Wracks of Wretches by their Folly loſt.
When coming Time ſhall bleſs you with a Bride,
Let Paſſion not perſuade, but Reaſon guide:
Inſtead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has moſt Charms that is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Diſeaſe;
Weak Appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The Nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.
Her Air an eaſie Confidence muſt ſhow,
And ſhun to find what ſhe wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,
And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

To the QUEEN, *entertain'd at Night by the Counteſs of* ANGLESEY.

By Sir William Davenant, *Knight.*

FAIR as unſhaded Light; or as the Day
In its firſt Birth, when all the Year was *May*;
Sweet as the Altar's Smoak, or as the new
Unfolded Bud, ſwell'd by the early Dew;
Smooth, as the Face of Waters firſt appear'd,
Ere Tides began to ſtrive, or Winds were heard:
Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer far
Than in their Sleeps forgiven Hermits are:
You that are more, than our diſcreeter Fear
Dares praiſe, with ſuch full Art, what make you here?
Here, where the Summer is ſo little ſeen,
That Leaves (her cheapeſt Wealth) ſcarce reach at green.
You come, as if the ſilver Planet were
Miſ-led a-while from her much-injur'd Sphere,
And t' eaſe the Travails of her Beams to-night,
In this ſmall Lanthorn would contract her Light.

In Remembrance of Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

By the ſame Hand.

ODE.

BEware (delighted Poets!) when you ſing
To welcome Nature in the early Spring:
Your num'rous Feet not tread
The Banks of *Avon*; for each Flower
(As it ne'er knew a Sun or Shower)
Hangs there the penſive Head.

II.

Each Tree, whoſe thick and ſpreading growth hath [made
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,
(Unwilling now to grow)
Looks like the Plume a Captain wears,
Whoſe rifled *Falls* are ſteept i'th' Tears
Which from his laſt Rage flow.

III.

The piteous River wept it ſelf away
Long ſince (Alas!) to ſuch a ſwift Decay;
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can ſpy:
And for a River your mock'd Eye,
Will find a ſhallow Brook.

CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of *CLARE*,

NOW

Duke of *Newcaſtle*.

----- *Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur*
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud millia juſſa. Virg.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

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THE PREFACE.

THEY *that have ſeen thoſe two excellent Poems of* Cooper's *Hill and* Windſor-Forreſt; *the one by Sir* J. Denham, *the other by Mr.* Pope; *will ſhow a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of* Claremont *to a* Villa, *now belonging to the Earl of* Clare. *The Situation is ſo agreeable and ſurprizing, that it enclines one to think, ſome place of this Nature put* Ovid *at firſt upon the Story of* Narciſſus *and* Eccho. *'Tis probable he had obſerv'd ſome Spring ariſing amongſt Woods and Rocks, where Ecchos were heard; and ſome Flower bending over the Stream, and by Conſequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the* Metamorphoſis, *'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which* Ovid *had diſpoſſeſs'd her,*

——vox tantum atque oſſa ſuperſunt,

is too great a Violation of Poetical Authority. I dare ſay the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can ſay the ſame of: Experience ſhows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother ſhou'd ſucceed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient Britons, *and the* Druids *their Prieſts, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.*

CLARE-

CLAREMONT.

WHAT Frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the Brain?
Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can refrain.
So rank our Soyl, our Bards riſe in ſuch Store,
Their rich Retaining Patrons ſcarce are more.
The Laſt indulge the Fault, the Firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the Offal of their Wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnaſſus*, and lay Snares for Praiſe.
None ever can without Admirers live,
Who have a Penſion or a Place to give.
Great Miniſters ne'er fail of great Deſerts;
The Herald gives them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor Lampoon,
He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.
Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields,
Falſe Fame crys — *Athens*; honeſt Truth — *Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;
Flaggs with full Sail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal Pens ſo proſtitute the Bays,
Their Panegyricks laſh; their Satyrs praiſe.
So nauſeoſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N----'s an *Adonis*; *M*----*r* a Saint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd Heroes is compar'd,
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate it ſelf to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.
And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
Churchills and *Drydens* riſe but once an Age.
With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar*'s Birth begun;
And an Eclipſe produc'd * *Alcmena*'s Son:
The Sire of Gods o'er *Phœbus* caſt a Shade;
But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.
No Bard for Bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his Vein;
Nor dare to Flatter where he ſhou'd Arrain.
To grant big *Thraſo* Valour, *Phormio*, Senſe,
Shou'd Indignation give, at leaſt Offence.
I hate ſuch Mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this Reproach to reſcue Poetry.
Apollo's Sons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile Art,
And to Court-Preachers leave the fulſome Part.
What then --- You'll ſay, Muſt no true Sterling paſs,
Becauſe impure Allays ſome Coin debaſe?
Yes, Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with Merit, ſcribble too.
The Man who's honeſt, open, and a Friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſie to offend:
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſie; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great Good-nature errs;
Deteſting Fraud as much as Flatterers;
'Tis he my Muſe's Homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
A Name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When *Pelham* you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A Loſs ſo great, unleſs *Newcaſtle*'s Heir?
Hydaſpes that the *Aſian* Plains divides,
From his bright Urn in pureſt Cryſtal glides.
But when new-gath'ring Streams enlarge his Courſe;
He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.

* Hercules.

In

In fabled Floods of Gold his Current flows,
And Wealth on Nations, as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, *Clare*, to name ſome nobler Muſe,
That for her Theme thy late *Receſs* may chuſe.
Such bright Deſcriptions ſhall the Subject dreſs;
Such vary'd Scenes, ſuch pleaſing Images;
That Swains ſhall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their Bow'rs,
And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous Part
Where Nature borrows Dreſs from *Vanbrook*'s Art.
If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aſpire,
And Rocks are animated with his Fire.
'Tis he can Paint in Verſe thoſe riſing Hills,
Their gentle Vallies, and their ſilver Rills:
Cloſe Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balſam bleed.
With gay Variety the Proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright *Horizon* ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how antient Fame
Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.
In Times of old, when *Britiſh* Nymphs were known
To love no foreign Faſhions like their own;
When Dreſs was monſtrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode,
And Quality put on no Paint but (a) Woade.
Of *Spaniſh* Red unheard was then the Name;
For Cheeks were only taught to bluſh by Shame.
No Beauty, to encreaſe her Crowd of Slaves,
Roſe out of Waſh, as *Venus* out of Waves.
Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;
Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paſte:
No Shape-ſmith ſet up Shop, and drove a Trade
To mend the Work wiſe Providence had made.
Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,
And thrifty Silkworms ſpun for Times to come.
Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modeſty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

(a) *Glaſtum.* See *Pliny.* Ἰσάτις. See *Dioſcorides.*

The

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfaſnion'd in Addreſs.
(a) Upright in Actions, and in Thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely Mad;
But ſtill what Fancy wanted, Reaſon had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feaſts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art encreas'd Phyſician's Fees;
Nor ſerv'd up Death in Soups and Fricacees.
Their Taſte was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.
Ere Right and Wrong, by turns, ſet Prices bore;
And Conſcience had its Rate like common Whore:
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd aſſuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Miniſters.
In thoſe good Days of Innocence, here ſtood
Of Oaks, with Heads unſhorn, a ſolemn Wood,
Frequented by the (b) *Druids*, to beſtow
Religious Honours on the (c) Miſſelto.
The Naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How Trees did firſt this Stranger entertain:
Whether the buſie Birds engraft it there:
Or elſe ſome Deity's myſterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blaſted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant eſcapes the Stroak.
So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,
And Flames drove forward with outragious Waſte;

(a) *Mores eis ſimplices, à verſatâ & improbitate noſtra tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti.* See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat. (b) *Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. L. XVI.
(c) *Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius.* Plin. ibid. *Et Viſcum Druidæ.* Ovid.

Jove's

Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So Sacred was the Manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* choſe,
Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars roſe.
To *(a) Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wiſe.
Good Rules in mild Perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures ſaid.
None violated Truth, invaded Right;
Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
The People's Peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No *(b)* Politicks but Publick Intereſt.
Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
For all their Luxury was doing Good.
No Miter'd *Prieſt* did then with *Princes* vie,
Nor, o'er his Maſter, claim Supremacy;
Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſev'ral Centuries obſcure.
None loſt their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
For not believing what None underſtood.
Nor Symony, nor *Sine-Cure* were known;
Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.
Nor was the Way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail *Abigals* with fat *Pluralities*.
But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:
Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
And how the *(c)* Seaſons travell'd with the Sun:
When his dim Orb ſeem'd wading through the Air,
They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;
And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-ſhot Eye.

(a) Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c. Cæſ. Lib. VI.

(b) De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. Cæſ.

(c) Multa præterea de ſideribus, & eorum motu, de virum naturâ, &c. Cæſ.

All

All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin*'s Readers tire.
This Sect in ſacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe Tenements to thoſe.
For when the *Plaſtick* Particles are gone,
They rally in ſome Species like their own.
The ſelf-ſame Atoms, if new jumbled, will
In Seas be reſtleſs, and in Earth be ſtill;
Can, in the Truffle, furniſh out a Feaſt;
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly Squill, the Taſte.
Thoſe falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forſakes the burſting Bud,
In ſome new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to-day that from the Jaſmin blows,
Will, when the Seaſon offers, ſcent the Roſe;
And thoſe bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
Ere-long will blanch the Lilly with a Snow.
They hold that Matter muſt be ſtill the ſame;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the *(a)* Soul not dies, but ſhifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or paſt, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous ceaſe to Live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they *(b)* revive.
Again ſhall *Romulus* in *Naſſau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunſwick* Prince, ordain
Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years ſhall huſh the World again.
The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a Morning Dream.
Paſs'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.

(a) Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios. Cæſ. *(b) Et vos Barbaricos ritus —— Sacrorum Druida —— redituræ parcere vitæ.— regit idem ſpiritus artus:* Lucan. Lib. I.

Beneath

Beneath the ſhady Covert of an Oak,
In *(a)* Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they ſpoke.
Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;
The Story of thy *Villa* is their *(b)* Song.
The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
Was with each Beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry Grace.
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;
His Mother, a ſwit *Naiad* of the Flood.
Her Silver Urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring Streams,
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.
Not lovelier ſeem'd *Narciſſus* to the Eye;
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boaſt more Fragrancy.
His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
More ſmooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more fair.
In Shape ſo Poplars or the Cedars pleaſe:
But thoſe are not ſo ſtreight; nor graceful theſe.
His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung;
Tuneful his Voice, perſuaſive was his Tongue.
The haughtieſt Fair ſcarce heard without a Wound,
But ſunk to Softneſs at the melting Sound.
The fourth bright *Luſtre* had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
All Day he rang'd the Woods, and ſpread the Toils,
And knew no Pleaſures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
In vain the Nymphs put on each pleaſing Grace;
Too cheap the Quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the Chace.
For, tho' Poſſeſſion be th' undoubted View;
To ſeize, is far leſs Pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe Nymphs that yield too ſoon, their Charms impair.
And prove at laſt but deſpicably Fair.
His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees;
And palls the Appetite, he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender Wants too largely he ſupplies:
Thrives on ſhort Meals, but by Indulgence dies.
A Grot there was with hoary Moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mould'ring Stone;

(a) *Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur.* Cæſ.
(b) *Superſtitione vanâ Druida canebant, &c.* Tacit. L. IV.

Sad

Sad Silence reigns within the loneſom Wall;
And weeping Rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat, and drowſie Beetle ſleep.

This Cell ſad *Eccho* choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvan* flies,
To ſhun the Calenture of ſultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keeneſt Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Paſſage to his Heart.
Penſive the *Virgin* ſate with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Luſtre to her Charms.
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himſelf the Pity he beſtows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair Daughter of the diſtant Skies;
That, in Compaſſion leave your Cryſtal Sphere,
To guard ſome favour'd Charge, and wander here.
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity One, a Novice yet in Love.
If Words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant Tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor ſeeks from Sleep, or Suſtenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now caſts a glimm'ring Light,
The meeting Lids his ſetting Eyes benight.
What Force remains, the hapleſs Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.

Haſte, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;
With Tears repleniſh each exhauſted Urn.
Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a juſt Victim to an injur'd Shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his Tongue.

For him the *Graces* their ſad Vigils keep;
Love broke his Bow, and wiſh'd for Eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lyes.

The

The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent Honours pay.
Th' Aſcent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* ſpread;
And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Baſis pours;
And *Flora* ſtrows the Summit with her Flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Pre-eminence,
When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.
Sad *Eccho* now laments her Rigour, more
Than for *Narciſſus* her looſe Flame before.
Her Fleſh to Sinew ſhrinks, her Charms are fled;
All Day in rifted Rocks ſhe hides her Head.
Soon as the Ev'ning ſhows a Sky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her Lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before.
Her Sex's Privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to Nothing waſted, *Voice* remains.
So ſung the *Druids* —— then with Rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the *(a) Delphick* God inſpir'd.
Ere twice ten Centuries ſhall fleet away,
A *Brunſwick* Prince ſhall *Britain*'s Scepter ſway.
No more fair *Liberty* ſhall mourn her Chains;
The *Maid* is reſcu'd, her lov'd *Perſeus* reigns.
From *(b) Jove* he comes, the Captive to reſtore;
Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but Diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
Her Safety to ſecure, two Powers accord,
Her *Neptune*'s Trident, and her *Monarch*'s Sword.
Like him, ſhall his *Auguſtus* ſhine in Arms,
Tho' Captive to his *Carolina*'s Charms.

(a) Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c. Cic. de Divinatione. *(b) Son of* Jupiter *and* Danae.

Ages

Ages with future Heroes She ſhall bleſs;
And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.
Then ſhall a *Clare* in Honour's Cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs Age.
Where Guides themſelves for Guilty Views miſ-lead;
And Laws ev'n by the Legiſlators bleed,
His brave Contempt of State ſhall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.
For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long Deſcents from *Ptolemies*.
Right he ſhall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmeſt Patriot, and the warmeſt Friend.
Great *Edward*'s *(a)* Order early he ſhall wear;
New Light reſtoring to the ſully'd *Star*.
Oft will his Leiſure this *Retirement* chuſe,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muſe,
And to record the *Sylvan*'s fatal Flame, [Name.
The *Place* ſhall live in Song, and *Claremont* be the

The lamentable Song of the Lord WIGMORE *Governour of* Warwick *Caſtle, and the fair Maid of* DUNSMORE.

IN *Warwickſhire* there ſtands a Down,
And *Dunſmore-Heath* it hath to Name,
Adjoining to a Country Town,
Made famous by a Maiden's Name:

Fair *Iſabel* ſhe named was,
A Shepherd's Daughter, as ſome ſay;
To *Wigmore*'s Ears her Fame did paſs,
As he in *Warwick* Caſtle lay.

(a) Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant. Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

Poor

Poor Love-ſick Lord immediately
Upon her Fame ſet his Delight;
And thought much Pleaſure ſure did lye
Poſſeſſing of ſo fair a Wight.

Therefore to *Dunſmore* did repair,
To recreate his ſickly Mind;
Where in a Summer's Evening fair,
His Chance was *Iſabel* to find.

She ſat amidſt a Meadow Green,
Moſt richly ſpread with ſmelling Flowers,
And by a River ſhe was ſeen
To ſpend away ſome Evening Hours.

There laid this Maiden all alone,
Waſhing her Feet in ſecret wiſe,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving Eyes.

She thinking not to be eſpy'd,
Had laid from her her Country Tire;
The Treſſes of her Hair unty'd,
Hung gliſtering like the golden Wire.

And as the Flakes of Winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her Body was in ſhow;
Like ſilver Springs did run her Veins.

He, raviſht with this pleaſant ſight,
Stood as a Man amazed ſtill;
Suffering his Eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their Affections ſo,
That Reaſon's Rules were led away;
And Love the Coals of Luſt did blow,
Which to a Fire flamed high.

And though he knew the Sin was great,
It burned ſo within his Breaſt,
With ſuch a vehement ſcorching Heat,
That none but ſhe could lend him Reſt.

Lord *Wigmore* being thus drown'd in Luſt,
By liking of this dainty Dame;
He call'd a Servant of great Truſt,
Inquiring ſtraight what was her Name,

She is, quoth he, no married Wife,
But a Shepherd's Daughter as you ſee,
And with her Father leads her Life,
Whoſe Dwellings by theſe Paſtures be;

Her Name is *Iſabel* the fair.
Then ſtay, quoth he, and ſpeak no more,
But to my Caſtle ſtraight her bear,
Her Sight hath wounded me full ſore.

Thus to Lord *Wigmore* ſhe was brought,
Who with delight his Fancies fed,
And through his Suit ſuch means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his Bed.

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence ſhe came,
And every Day ſhe did invent
To cover her received Shame.

But ere three Months were fully paſt,
Her Crime committed plain appears;
Unto Lord *Wigmore* then in haſte
She long complain'd with weeping Tears.

The Complaint of Fair ISABEL, *for the Loſs of her Honour.*

LORD *Wigmore*, thus I have defil'd
And ſpotted my pure Virgin's Bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with Child,
To which vile Folly you me led.

For now this Deed that I have wrought
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my woful Parents brought,
Who now for me do make great Moan.

How ſhall I look them in the Face,
When they my Shameleſs ſelf ſhall ſee?
O curſed *Eve*, I feel thy caſe,
When thou hadſt taſted on the Tree.

Thou hidſt thy ſelf, and ſo muſt I,
But God thy treſpaſs quickly found;
No dark may hide me from God's Eye,
But leave my Shame ſtill to abound.

Wide open are mine Eyes to look
Upon my ſad and heavy Sin:
And quite unclaſped is the Book,
Where my Accounts are written in.

This Sin of mine deſerveth Death,
But judge Lord *Wigmore* I am ſhe,
For I have trod a Strumpet's Path,
And for the ſame I needs muſt die.

Beſpotted with reproachful Shame
To Ages following ſhall I be,
And in Records be writ my Blame;
Lord *Wigmore* this is long of thee.

Lord

Lord *Wigmore*, proſtrate at thy Feet,
I crave my juſt deſerved Doom,
That Death may cut off from the Root
This Body, Bloſſom, Branch and Bloom.

Let Modeſty accurſe this Crime,
Let Love and Law, and Nature ſpeak,
Was ever any Wretch yet ſeen
That in one inſtant all did break?

Then *Wigmore* Juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the Act,
Give me my Death, for that is due
To ſuch as Sin in ſuch a Fact.

O that the Womb had been my Grave,
Or I had periſh'd in my Birth,
O that ſame Day may Darkneſs have,
Wherein I firſt drew vital Breath.

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty Darkneſs on it fall,
For to make known this Sin of mine.

The Night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful Cries,
Let twinkling Stars from Sky bereav'd,
And Clouds of Darkneſs thereon riſe.

Becauſe they ſhut not up their Powers,
That gave the Paſſage to my Life.
Come Sorrow, finiſh up my Hours,
And let my Time here end with Grief.

And having made this woful Moan,
A Knife ſhe ſnatched from her Side;
Lucretia's Part was rightly ſhown,
For with the ſame fair *Iſabel* dy'd.

Where

Whereat Lord *Wigmore* grieved ſore,
A Heart repenting his amiſs,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the Flower of Maidens bliſs;

But lived long in woful wiſe,
'Till Death did finiſh up his Days,
And now in *Iſabel*'s Grave he lyes,
'Till Judgment comes, them both to raiſe.

The SHEPHERD'S *Reſolution.*

SHall I waſting in Deſpair
Die, becauſe a Woman's Fair?
Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer than the Day,
Or the flow'ry Meads in *May*,
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall a Woman's Goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her Love?
Or her worthy Merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that Goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit name of Beſt,
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair:
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die ere ſhe ſhall grieve
If ſhe ſlight me when I wooe,
I will ſcorn, and let her go:
Yet if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

A pleaſant SONG.

YOU pretty Birds that ſit and ſing
Amidſt the ſhady Valleys,
And ſee how ſweetly *Phyllis* walks,
Within her guarded Alleys:
Go pretty Birds unto her Bower,
Sing pretty Birds, ſhe may not lower:
For fear my faireſt Phyllis *frown,*
You pretty Wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping Bills
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my Love,
Which from the World is hidden:
Go pretty Birds and tell her ſo,
See that your Notes fall not too low:
For fear my faireſt Phyllis *frown,*
You pretty Wantons warble.

Go tune your Voices Harmony,
And ſing I am her Lover;
Strain low and high, that every Note
With ſweet Conſent may move her:
Tell her it is her Lover true,
That ſendeth Love by you and you;
Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,
You pretty Wantons warble.

Fly pretty Birds, and in your Bills
Bear me a loving Letter
Unto my faireſt *Phyllis,* and
With your ſweet Muſick greet her,
Go pretty Birds, unto her hie,
Haſte pretty Birds, unto her fly:
Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,
You pretty Wantons warble.

And if you find her ſadly ſet,
About her ſweetly chant it,
Until ſhe ſmiling raiſe her Head,
Ne'er ceaſe until ſhe grant it:
Go pretty Birds, and tell her I,
As you have done, will to her fly.
Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,
You pretty Wantons warble.

The SHEPHERDS *Dialogue.*

WILLY.

HOW now, Shepherd? what means that?
Why wear'ſt thou Willow in thy Hat?
Why are the Scarfs of red and yellow
Turn'd to Branches of green Willow?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and ſo am I;
Sorrows live, but Pleaſures die:
She hath now forſaken me,
Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.

WILLY.

What, that *Phyllis* lov'd thee long,
Is that the Laſs hath done thee wrong?
She that lov'd thee long and beſt,
Is her Love turn'd to a Jeſt?

CUDDY.

She that lov'd me long and beſt,
Bid me ſet my Heart at reſt,
For ſhe a new Love loves (not me)
Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.

WILLY.

Come then Shepherd, let us join,
Since thy hap is like to mine,
For the Wight I thought moſt true,
Now hath chang'd me for a new,

CUDDY.

Well then ſince thy hap is ſo,
Take no care but let her go;
Thy hard hap doth mine appeaſe,
Company doth Sorrows eaſe.

WILLY.

I will then forget her Love,
Since wantonly ſhe falſe doth prove;
And for her ſake bid all adieu,
For Women ſeldom do prove true;
Yet for her ſake I'll ſit and pine,
For ſhe was once a Love of mine,
Which ſhall ne'er forgotten be,
Though I wear the Willow Tree.

CUDDY.

Herdſman, be advis'd by me,
Caſt off Grief and Willow Tree:
For thy Grief brings her Content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

WILLY.

Then I will be rul'd by thee;
There lyes Grief and Willow Tree.
Henceforth I will do as they
That love a new Love every Day.

An Ancient SONG.

DEAR *Dorinda;* weep no more,
No more, my charming Creature, grieve;
My Wand'rings I will now give o'er,
And in the peaceful Shades will live.
With thee, my Joy, will live and love,
Conſtant as Nature to its courſe;
As conſtant as the *Turtle Dove,*
Whoſe Death can only Love divorce.

Thy Sighs no more can *Sylvio* hear,
Thy pretty Innocence has won

Me all my Paſſion to declare,
Which can be due to you alone.
Joy of my Mind, then let us haſte
And join our Hands as Hearts are join'd,
No flying Moments let us waſte
In which we greater Joys may find.

An Ancient SONG.

LET *Jug* in Smiles be ever ſeen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Paſtures ever green,
And new Crops ſpring when Harveſt's done,
My Cattle thrive and ſtill be fat,
And I my Wiſh ſhall find in that.

II.

O let my Table furniſh'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And nappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.
My Yards with Poultrey and with Swine
Well ſtor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fiſh,
My Barns well cram'd with Hay and Grain,
And I ſhall have my Wiſh in this.

III.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Diſcontent and Strife;
And know from whom I all receive,
And lead a homely harmleſs Life.
Be neat in home-ſpun cloathing clad;
And ſtill to add to all my Bliſs,
My Children train i'th' fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wiſh.

An Ancient SONG.

IF Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,
I'd ſtudy only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty Maſs,
I might bribe the Fates to let me paſs.
But ſince we can't prolong our Years,
Why ſpend we Time in needleſs Sighs and Tears?
For ſince Deſtiny
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſs o'er the old Ferry;
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
We'll have a ſhort Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Deſtiny
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;
And Fortune never does beſtow
A Look on what we do below.
But Men with equal ſwiftneſs run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no Courſe
For the better or the worſe;
Let none be a melancholly Thinker;
Let the Times the Round go,
So the Cups do ſo too,
Ne'er bluſh at the Name of a Drinker.

An Ancient SONG.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wiſt not
How he might his Miſtreſs' Favour gain,
On a time they met, but kiſt not,
Ever after that he ſued in vain:
Blame her not, alas, though ſhe ſaid nay
To him that might, but fled away.

II. Time

II.

Time perpetually is changing,
Every Moment Alteration brings,
Love and Beauty ſtill eſtranging,
Women are, alas! but wanton things.
He that will his Miſtreſs' Favour gain,
Muſt take her in a merry Vein.

III.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,
Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,
Hot and cold, but conſtant never;
Even as the pleaſant Humour hits:
Sick, and well again, and well and ſick,
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

IV.

Now ſhe will, and then ſhe will not:
Put her to the Tryal if once ſhe ſmile:
Silly Youth, thy Fortunes ſpill not,
Lingring Labours oft themſelves beguile.
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

V.

A Woman's Nay is no denial,
Silly Youths of Love are ſerved ſo;
Put her to a further Tryal,
Haply ſhe'll take it, and ſay no;
For it is a Trick which Women uſe,
What they love they will refuſe.

VI.

Silly Youth, why doſt thou dally?
Having got Time and Seaſon fit,
Then never ſtand, Sweet, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Nor too much commend an After-wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he ſhall have nay.

II.

An Ancient SONG.

I.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And thou wait'ſt on my Mother:
Thou hadſt no Power on Man at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,
Than Men acknowledge me.

II.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind:
And Men of nobler Parts they can
Our Graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
And kindled Mens Deſires,
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And Wings to fan thy Fires.

III.

Cupid in Anger flung away,
And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn,
To puniſh this proud Maid;
So ever ſince Beauty has been
But courted for an Hour,
To love a Day is held a Sin
'Gainſt *Cupid* and his Power.

An Ancient SONG.

FArewel my Miſtreſs, I'll be gone,
I have Friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my ſelf confine
To your Humours, Lady mine?

No:

No: your louring Looks do ſay,
'Twill be a rainy drinking Day,
To the Tavern let's away.

II.

There have I a Miſtreſs got,
Cloyſter'd in a Pottle-pot;
Plump and bouncing, ſoft, and fair,
Buckſom, ſweet, and debonair,
And they call her *Sack, my dear.*

III.

Sack with no ſcornful Dread will blaſt me,
Though upon the Bed ſhe caſt me,
Yet ne'er bluſh her ſelf to red,
Nor fear the loſs of Maiden-head:
And though mute and ſtill ſhe be,
Quicker Wits ſhe brings to me.
Than I e'er could find in thee.

IV.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain
To be kind yet once again,
And with thy Smiles but call me back,
Thou ſhalt be the Lady *Sack.*
Oh then try, and you ſhall ſee
What a loving Soul I'll be,
When I'm drunk with none but thee.

An Ancient SONG.

NO Man Love's fiery Paſſion can approve,
As either yielding Pleaſure or Promotion,
I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in Devotion.

II.

Beſides, Man need not love unleſs he pleaſe,
No Deſtiny can force Man's Diſpoſition;
How then can any die of that Diſeaſe,
When-as himſelf may be his own Phyſician?

III.

Some one perhaps in long Conſumption dry'd,
And after falling into Love, may dye:
But I dare lay my Life he ne'er had dy'd,
Had he been healthy at the Heart, as I.

IV.

Some others, rather than incur the Slander
Of falſe Apoſtates, may true Martyrs prove:
But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
I'll neither hang nor drown my ſelf for Love.

V.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for Love, as others do,
But prais'd be *Jove*, it was in ſuch a ſort,
That I reviv'd within one Hour or two.

VI.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd 'till now,
And know no Reaſon to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwiſe ſhall do,
His Courage is no better than his Wit.

The ANSWER.

NO Man Love's fiery Paſſion can reſiſt,
That either values Pleaſure or Promotion!
I hate Luke-warmneſs in an Amoriſt,
It is as bad in Love, as in Devotion.

II.

You that pretend to have a Love-proof Heart,
And dare deſpiſe the ſacred Pow'r of Love,
May know that more have ſain by *Cupid*'s Dart,
Than by the dreadful Thunder-bolts of *Jove*.

III.

Nor can you Love, or not Love, as you pleaſe,
For *Cupid*'s Law commands the Diſpoſition:
And I have known one die of that Diſeaſe,
Whereof himſelf to others was Phyſician.

IV. For

IV.

For when the little God doth ſhoot his Darts
From the bright Eyes of Women that are fair,
The Strokes are fatal, and will wound the Hearts
Of Men as healthful as you think you are.

V.

Thoſe that thus die for Love, incur no Slander,
But with Love's holy Martyrdom are crown'd;
Perhaps you cannot imitate *Leander*,
For every Man was not born to be drown'd.

VI.

You ſay you've been a Lover by report,
But never yet deſerv'd ſo good a Name,
He never lov'd indeed, Love's but a Sport,
It is ill jeſting with a ſacred Flame.

VII.

Long may you live unlov'd, and when you die
Women upon your loathed Grave ſhall ſpit,
'Till then all Gentlemen ſhall ſwear you Lye,
To try your Courage, as you did your Wit.

A Paſtoral SONG.

Shep. DID you not once, *Lucinda*, vow
You would love none but me?
A. Ay, but my Mother tells me now,
I muſt love Wealth, not thee.
Shep. Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Power,
Though Fate to me's unkind:
Maid. Conſider but how ſmall thy Dower
Is in reſpect of mine.
Shep. Is it becauſe my Sheep are poor,
Or that my Flocks are few?
Maid. No, but I cannot love at all
So mean a Thing as you.
Shep. Ah me, Ah me, mock you my Grief?
Maid. I pity thy hard Fate.

Shep. Pity for Love's but poor Relief,
I'll rather chuſe your Hate.
Maid. Content thy ſelf, Shepherd, a while,
I'll love thee by this Kiſs,
Thou ſhalt have no more Cauſe to mourn
Than thou canſt take in this.
Shep. Bear Record then you Powers above,
And all thoſe Holy Bands:
For it appears the trueſt Love,
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

An old Ballad of Bold ROBIN HOOD; *ſhewing his Parentage, Birth, Breeding, Valour; and Marriage at* Titbury *Bull-running. Calculated for the Meridian of* Staffordſhire, *but may ſerve alſo for* Derbyſhire, Kent, *&c.* To a Pleaſant Tune.

KIND Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon,
A very good Ballad of bold *Robin Hood*,
And of his brave Man *Little John*:
In *Loxy*-town, in merry *Nottinghamſhire*,
In merry ſweet *Loxy*-town,
There bold *Robin Robin* he was born, and was bred,
Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.
The Father of *Robin* a Foreſter was,
And he ſhot in a luſty Long Bow,
Two North-country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,
As the Pinder of *Wakefield* does know;
For he brought *Adam Bell* and *Clim* of the *Clough*,
With *William* of *Cloudeſlee*,
To ſhoot with our Foreſter for forty Mark,
And the Foreſter beat 'em all three:

His

His Mother was Neice to the *Coventry* Knight,
Which *Warwickſhire* Men call Sir *Guy*:
And he ſlew the great Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
Or mine Hoſt of the Bull tells a Lie;
Her Brother was *Gamwell*, of great *Gamwell-hall*,
And a noble Houſe-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke Bread in ſweet *Nottinghamſhire*,
And a Squire of famous Degree:
This Mother of *Robin* ſaid to her Husband,
My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,
Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwell*,
To taſte of my Brother's good Cheer:
And he ſaid, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*,
Take one of my Horſes, I pray;
The Sun is a Riſing, and therefore make haſte,
For to-morrow is *Chriſtmas-day*.
Then *Robin Hood*'s Father's grey Gelding was brought,
And Sadled and Bridled was he;
God-wot, his blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
And a Cloak that reach'd to his knee:
She got her on a Holiday-kirtle and Gown,
They were of a light *Lincoln*-green,
The Cloath was home ſpun, but for colour and make
It might have beſeemed a Queen.
And then *Robin* got on his Basket-hilt Sword,
And his Dagger on his other Side:
And ſaid, My dear Mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have twenty long Miles to ride.
When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding ſo grey,
His Father without any trouble
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his Gelding had oft carried double.
When ſhe was ſettl'd, they rode to their Neighbours,
And drunk and ſhook Hands with them all:
And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o'er
'Till they lighted at great *Gamwell-hall*;
And now you may think the Right Woſhipful 'Squire
Was joyful his Siſter to ſee:
For he kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great Oath,
Thou art welcome, dear Siſter, to me.

Next morrow, when Maſs had been ſaid in the Chappel,
Six Tables were cover'd i'th' Hall,
And in comes the 'Squire and makes a ſhort Speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all;
But not a Man ſhall taſte my *March* Beer,
'Till a *Chriſtmas* Carrol be ſung.
Then all clapt their Hands, and they ſhouted and ſung,
'Till the Hall and the Parlour it rung.
Now Muſtard and Brawn, roaſt Beef and plumb Pies,
Were ſet upon every Table:
And noble *George Gamwell* ſaid, Eat, and be merry,
And drink too as long as y'are able.
When Dinner was ended, the Chaplin ſaid Grace;
And, Be merry, my Friends, ſaid the 'Squire;
It Rains and it Blows, but call for more Ale,
And lay ſome more Wood on the Fire:
And now call you *Little John* hither to me,
For *Little John* is a fine Lad;
At Gambols and Jugling, and twenty ſuch Tricks,
As ſhall make you both merry and glad.
When *Little John* came, to Gambols they went,
Both Gentlemen, Yeomen and Clown.
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.
And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire
Was joyful this Sight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin *Robin*, thou'ſt go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:
Thou ſhalt have my Land, when I die, and 'till then
Thou ſhalt be the Staff of my Age.
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, ſaid *Robin*;
That *Little John* may be my Page.
And he ſaid, Kind Couſin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my Heart ſo let it be.
Then come hither *Little John*, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
Come hither my Page unto me:
Go fetch me a Bow, my longeſt Long Bow,
And broad Arrows one, two and three,
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,
Some merry Paſtime to ſee.

When

When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,
He winded his Bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good Yeomen bold
Before *Robin Hood* did appear;
Where are you Champions all, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
For ſtill I want forty and three?
Then ſaid a bold Yeoman, Lo yonder they ſtand,
All under the green Wood Tree.
As that Word was ſpoken, *Clorinda* came by,
The Queen of the Shepherds was ſhe;
And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Graſs,
And her Buskin did reach to her Knee:
Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was ſtraight,
And her Countenance free from Pride:
A Bow in her Hand, and Quiver of Arrows
Hung dangling down by her Side;
Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and ſo was her Hair,
And her Skin was ſmooth as Glaſs;
Her Viſage ſpoke Wiſdom and Modeſty too,
Sets with *Robin Hood* ſuch a Laſs;
Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away,
Oh! whither, fair Lady, away?
And ſhe made him anſwer, To kill a Fat Buck;
For to-morrow is *Titbury* Day.
Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me,
A little to yonder green Bower;
There ſit down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure
Of a Brace or a Leaſe in an Hour.
And as they were going towards the green Bower,
Two hundred good Bucks they eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the Herd,
And ſhe ſhot him thro' Side and Side.
By the Faith of my Body, ſaid bold *Robin Hood*,
I never ſaw Woman like thee,
And com'ſt thou from Eaſt, ay, or com'ſt thou from Weſt,
Thou need'ſt not beg Veniſon of me.
However, along to my Bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a Foreſter's Meat;
And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer
As any Man needs for to eat;

For

For there was hot Veniſon, and Warden-pies cold,
Cream clouted, with Hony-combs plenty:
And the Servitors they were, beſides *Little John*,
Good Yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.
Clorinda ſaid, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?
And he ſaid, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*;
'Squire *Gamwell*'s my Uncle, but all my Delight
Is to dwell in merry *Sherwood*;
For 'tis a fine Life, 'tis void of all ſtrife.
So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.
But oh! ſaid bold *Robin*, how ſweet wou'd it be,
If *Clorinda* wou'd be my Bride?
She bluſh'd at the Motion, yet after a Pauſe,
Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.
Then let us ſend for a Prieſt, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
And be merry before we do part.
But ſhe ſaid, It may not be ſo, gentle Sir,
For I muſt be at *Titbury* Feaſt:
And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome Gueſt.
Said *Robin Hood*, reach me that Buck, *Little John*,
For I'll go along with my Dear;
Go bid my good Yeomen kill ſix Brace of Bucks,
And meet to-morrow juſt here.
Before they had ridden five *Staffordſhire* Miles,
Eight Yeomen that were too bold
Bid *Robin Hood* ſtand, and deliver his Buck:
A truer Tale never was told;
I ſhall not, Faith, ſaid bold *Robin Hood*; Come *John*,
Stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all; ['em,
Then both drew their Swords, and ſo cut 'em and ſlaſh'd
That five of the eight did fall:
The three that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for quarter,
And pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives; [Counſel,
When *John*'s Boon was granted, he gave them good
And ſo they went home to their Wives.
This Battel was fought near to *Titbury* Town,
When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull:
I am King of the Fidlers, and ſwear 'tis a Truth,
And I call him that doubts it a Gull:

For

For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddl'd the while,
And *Clorinda* ſung, Hey derry down;
The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy Sword *Bob*,
And now let's dance into the Town.
Before we came to it, we heard a ſtrange Shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For ſome were a Bull-back, ſome dancing a Morrice,
And ſome ſinging *Arthur a Bradly*.
And there we ſee *Thomas* our Juſtice's Clark,
And *Mary* to whom he was kind,
For *Tom* rod before her, and call'd *Mary*, Madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;
And ſo may your Worſhips: But we went to Dinner,
With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan*;
They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.
When Dinner was ended, Sir *Roger*, the Parſon
Of *Dubbridge*, was ſent for in haſte; [Hand,
He brought his Maſs-book, and he bade them take
And he join'd them in Marriage full faſt.
And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his ſweet Bride
Went Hand in Hand to the green Bower,
The Birds ſung with Pleaſure in merry *Sherwood*,
And 'twas a moſt joyful Hour.
And when *Robin* came in ſight of his Bower,
Where are my Yeomen? ſaid he.
And *Little John* anſwer'd, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a green Wood Tree.
Then Garlands they brought her, by two and by two,
And plac'd them on the Bride's Head;
The Muſick ſtruck up, and they all fell to Dancing,
'Till the Bride and the Groom were a-bed;
And what they did there, muſt be Counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next Day,
And I made haſte home; but I got a good Piece
Of the Bride-cake, and ſo came away.
Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
That mary'd they were with a Ring;
And ſo will *Nan Knight*, or be buried a Maiden;
And now let us pray for the King,

That

That he may have Children, and they may get more,
To Govern, and do us ſome good;
And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood*'s Bower,
And ſing them to merry *Sherwood*.

The CAVALIER's *Complaint.*

COME, *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I ſhall tell thee ſuch a Tale
Will make thine Ears to ring:
My Coin is ſpent, my Time is loſt,
And I this only Fruit can boaſt,
That once I ſaw my King.

But this doth moſt afflict my Mind:
I went to Court, in hope to find
Some of my Friends in Place;
And walking there, I had a ſight
Of all the Crew: But, by this Light,
I hardly knew one Face!

S'life, of ſo many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bear the Marks
Of their Integrity,
And ſuffer'd Ruin of Eſtate,
It was my damn'd unhappy Fate,
That I not one could ſee!

Not one, upon my Life, among
My old Acquaintance, all along
At *Truro*, and before;
And, I ſuppoſe, the Place can ſhow
As few of thoſe, whom thou didſt know
At *York*, or *Marſton-Moor*.

But, truly, there are Swarms of thoſe
Whoſe Chins are beardleſs, yet their Hoſe
And Buttocks ſtill wear Muffs;

Whilſt

Whilſt the old ruſty Cavalier
Retires, or dare not once appear
For want of Coins, and Cuffs.

When none of theſe I could deſcry,
Who better far deſerv'd than I;
I calmly did reflect:
Old Services, (by Rule of State)
Like *Almanacks*, grow out of Date,
What then can I expect?

Troth, in contempt of Fortune's Frown,
I'll get me fairly out of Town,
And in a Cloyſter pray,
That, ſince the Stars are yet unkind
To Royaliſts, the King may find
More faithful Friends than they.

An Eccho to the CAVALIER's *Complaint.*

I Marvel, *Dick*, that having been
So long abroad, and having ſeen
The World, as thou haſt done,
Thou ſhould'ſt acquaint me with a Tale
As old as *Neſtor*, and as ſtale
As that of Prieſt and Nun!

Are we to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortune's Sport,
Where Merits ſcarce appear:
For baſhful Merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages and Cells;
Alas! it dwells not there.

Deſert is nice in its Addreſs,
And Merit oft-times doth oppreſs
Beyond what Guilt would do:

But

But they are ſure of their Demands,
That come to Court with Golden-hands,
And Brazen-faces too.

The King, they ſay, doth ſtill profeſs
To give his Party ſome redreſs,
And cheriſh Honeſty:
But his good Wiſhes prove in vain,
Whoſe Service with his Servant's Gain
Not always doth agree.

All Princes (be they ne'er ſo wiſe)
Are fain to ſee with others Eyes,
But ſeldom hear at all:
And Courtiers find't their Intereſt,
In Time to feather well their Neſt,
Providing for their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, when they are at worſt, will mend:
And let us but reflect
On our Condition t'other Day,
When none but Tyrants bore the Sway,
What did we then expect?

Mean-while a calm Retreat is beſt:
But Diſcontent (if not ſuppreſt)
Will breed Diſloyalty.
This is the conſtant Note I ſing,
I have been faithful to the King,
And ſo ſhall ever be.

On the Preface to GONDIBERT.

ROOM for the beſt of Poets Heroick,
If you'll believe two Wits and a Stoick;
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos*,
All muſt give place to the *Gondibertiados*.

For

For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a juſt Pique,
Becauſe one writ in *Latin*, and the other in *Greek*;
Beſides an old Grudge (our Criticks they ſay ſo)
With *Ovid*, becauſe his Sirname was *Naſo*:
If Fiction the Fame of a Poet thus raiſes,
What Poets are you that have writ his Praiſes?
But we juſtly Quarrel at this our Defeat,
You give us a Stomach, he gives us no Meat.
A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no Houſe:
Here is the Mountain, but where is the Mouſe?
But, Oh, *America* muſt breed up the Brat,
From whence 'twill return a *Weſt-India* Rat.
For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us
With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

On GONDIBERT.

I.

AFTER ſo many ſad Miſhaps,
Of Drinking, Rhiming, and of Claps,
I pity moſt thy laſt Relapſe.

II.

That having paſt the Soldiers Pains,
The States-mens Arts, the Seamens Gains,
With *Gondibet* to break thy Brains.

III.

And ſo inceſſantly to ply it,
To ſacrifice thy Sleep, thy Diet,
Thy Buſineſs; and, what's more, our Quiet.

IV.

And all this ſtir to make a Story,
Not much ſuperiour to *John Dory*,
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

V.

All in the Land of *Lombardy*,
A Wight there was of Knights degree,
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

VI. This

VI.

This *Gondibert* (as ſays our Author)
Got the Good-will of the King's Daughter,
A Shame, it ſeems, the Devil ought her.

VII.

So thus ſucceeded his Diſaſter,
Being ſure of the Daughter of his Maſter,
He chang'd his Princeſs for a Plaiſter.

VIII.

Of Perſon he was not ungracious,
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;
But in his Ale moſt pervicacious.

IX.

And this was Cauſe of his ſad Fate,
For in a Drunken-ſtreet Debate
One Night he got a broken Pate.

X.

Then being cur'd, he would not tarry,
But needs this ſimpling Girl would marry
Of *Aſtragon* the Apothecary.

XI.

To make the thing yet more Romancy,
Both Wiſe and Rich you may him Fancy,
Yet he in both came ſhort of *Plancy*.

XII.

And for the Damſel, he did wooe ſo,
To ſay the Truth, ſhe was but ſo-ſo,
Not much unlike her of *Toboſo*.

XIII.

Her Beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,
Yet what in Face and Shape was needing,
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

XIV.

Through all the Science ſhe was rich in
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:
Yet ſhe had Knowledge more bewitching.

XV.

For ſhe had learn'd her Father's Skill,
Both of the Alimbeck and the Still,
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

XVI. But

XVI.

But her chief Talent was a Gliſter,
And ſuch a Hand to adminiſter,
As on the Breech hath made no Bliſter.

XVII.

So well ſhe handled *Gondibert*,
That though ſhe did not hurt that part,
She made a Bliſter on his Heart.

XVIII.

Into the Garden of her Father:
Garden, ſaid I? or Back-ſide rather,
One Night ſhe went a Roſe to gather.

XIX.

The Knight he was not far behind,
Full ſoon he had her in the Wind;
(For Love can ſmell, though he be blind.)

XX.

Her Buſineſs ſhe had finiſh'd ſcarcely,
When on a gentle Bed of Parſly
Full fair and ſoft he made her Arſe lye. { *Deſunt Cætera.*

In Praiſe of ALE.

WHEN the chill Charokoe blows,
And Winter tells a heavy Tale,
And Pies, and Daws, and Rooks and Crows
Do ſit and curſe the Froſt and Snows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a *Saxon Rumkin* then,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,
Bids Valour bargain in tall Men,
Quickens the Poets Wits and Pen,
Deſpiſes Fate.

Ale, that the abſent Battel fights,
And forms the March of *Swediſh* Drums,

Diſputes the Princes Laws and Rights,
What's paſt and done tells mortal Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the Plough-man's Heart up keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones:
That wipes the Eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty Sleeps
Their very Bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*' Daughter,
Wine's emulous Neighbour, if but ſtale:
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,
And filling each Man's Heart with Laughter.
Oh give me Ale.

A familiar Epiſtle to Mr. JULIAN, *Secretary of the Muſes.*

By *Mr.* DRYDEN.

THOU Common-Shoar of this Poetick Town,
Where all the Excrements of W t are thrown,
For Sonnet, Satyr, Baudry, Blaſphemy
Are emptied, and disburden'd all in thee;
The Cholerick Wight untruſſing all in Rage
Finds thee, and lays his Load upon thy Page:
Thou *Julian*, or thou wiſe *Veſpaſian* rather,
Doſt from this Dung they well-pickt Guineas gather.
All Miſchief's thine, tranſcribing thou wilt ſtoop,
From lofty *Middleſex* to lowly *Scroop*.
What Times are theſe, when in the Hero's Room,
Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,
And little *Aſton* offers to the Bum!
Can two ſuch Pigmies ſuch a weight ſupport,
Two ſuch *Tom-Thumbs* of Satyr in a Court?

Poor

Poor *George* grows old, his Muſe worn out of Faſhion,
Hoarſly he ſung *Ephelia*'s Lamentation,
Leſs art thou help'd by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age,
That Drone has loſt his Sting upon the Stage:
Reſolve me, poor Apoſtate, this my doubt,
What hope haſt thou to rub this Winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath ſent thee this Intelligence.
A Knight there is, if thou can'ſt gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the hard-favour'd Face,
For Proweſs of the Pen renown'd is he,
From *Don Quixot* deſcended Lineally,
And though like him Unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfiniſh'd Face, what ſhall I ſay?
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s old red Clay,
That much much Oaker was on it beſtow'd,
God's Image 'tis not, but ſome *Indian* God:
Our Chriſtian Earth can no Reſemblance bring
But Ware of *Portugal* for ſuch a thing;
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confeſs,
As no *Hungarian* Water can redreſs.
A Face which ſhould he ſee, (but Heav'n was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf, Love made him blind.)
He durſt not ſtir abroad, for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming Women in the Street:
The beſt could happen from this hideous Sight,
Is that they ſhould Miſcarry with the Fright—
Heav'n guard them from the Likeneſs of the Knight.
Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward Man,
His inward Parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can:
One while he honoureth *Birtha* with his Flame,
And now he chants no leſs *Loviſa*'s Name;
For when his Paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The Scum at laſt boils up into a Song:
And ſure no mortal Creature at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with Love and Rhime.
To his dear ſelf of Poetry he talks,
His Hands and Feet are ſcanning as he walks;

His writhing Looks his Pangs of Wit accuſe,
The airy Symptoms of a breeding Muſe,
And all to gain the great *Loviſa*'s Grace,
But never Pen did Pimp for ſuch a Face;
There's not a Nymph in City, Town, or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet-doux* has been their Sport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an *Ethiop*'s Face, or his.
What Fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend?
Never to get a Miſtreſs, nor a Friend.
Strephon alike both Wits and Fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like *Eſop*'s Batt, half Bird half Beaſt;
For Fools to Poetry have no Pretence,
And common Wit ſuppoſes common Senſe.
Not quite ſo low as Fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a Fop.
His Morals like his Wit are mottley too,
He keeps from arrant Knave with much ado.
But Vanity and Lying ſo prevail,
That one Grain more of each would turn the Scale:
He would be more a Villain had he time,
But he's ſo wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he miſtakes his Talent; all his Care
Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
Small-Beer, and Gruel, are his Meat and Drink,
The Diet he preſcribes himſelf to Think;
Rhyme next his Heart he takes at the Morn peep,
Some Love-Epiſtles at the Hour of Sleep;
So betwixt Elegy and Ode we ſee
Strephon is in a Courſe of Poetry:
This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good,
The Pelican to feed thee with his Blood;
Thy Wit, thy Poet, nay thy Friend, for he
Is fit to be a Friend to none but thee.
Make ſure of him, and of his Muſe, betimes,
For all his Study is hung round with Rhimes;
Laugh at him, juſtle him, yet ſtill he writes,
In Rhime he challenges, in Rhime he fights;
Charg'd with the laſt, and baſeſt Infamy,
His Buſineſs is to think what Rhimes to Lye,

Which

Which found in Fury he retorts again,
Strephon's a very Dragon at his Pen;
His Brother murder'd, and his Mother's whor'd,
His Miſtreſs loſt, and yet his Pen's his Sword.

A Journey into FRANCE.

By Biſhop CORBET.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Nor yet to learn to Cringe nor Dance,
Nor yet to Ride or Fence;
Nor did I go like one of thoſe
That do return with half a Noſe
They carried from hence.
But I to *Paris* rode along,
Much like *John Dory* in the Song,
Upon a holy Tide,
I on an ambling Nag did get,
I truſt he is not paid for yet;
And ſpurr'd him on each Side.
And to Saint *Dennis* faſt we came,
To ſee the Sights of *Noſtre Dame*;
The Man that ſhews them Snaffles:
Where who is apt for to believe,
May ſee our Lady's Right-arm Sleeve,
And eke her old Pantofles;
Her Breaſt, her Milk, her very Gown
That ſhe did wear in *Bethlehem* Town,
When in the Inn ſhe lay.
Yet all the World knows that's a Fable,
For ſo good Cloaths ne'er lay in Stable,
Upon a Lock of Hay.
No Carpenter could by his Trade
Gain ſo much Coin as to have made
A Gown of ſo rich Stuff.

Yet they poor Fools, think for their Credit,
They may believe old *Joſeph* did it,
'Cauſe he deſerv'd enough.
There is one of the Croſs's Nails,
Which who ſo ſees, his Bonnet vails,
And if he will, may kneel.
Some ſay 'twas Falſe, 'twas never ſo,
Yet feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as Steel.
There is a Lanthorn which the *Jews*,
When *Judas* led them forth, did uſe;
It weighs my Weight down-right:
But to believe it, you muſt think,
The *Jews* did put a Candle in't,
And then 'twas very Light.
There's one Saint there hath loſt his Noſe,
Another's Head, but not his Toes,
His Elbow and his Thumb.
But when that we had ſeen the Rags,
We went to th' Inn and took our Nags,
And ſo away did come.
We came to *Paris* on the Green,
'Tis wond'rous Fair, 'tis nothing Clean,
'Tis *Europe*'s greateſt Town.
How Strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the World may eaſily ſmell it,
That walk it up and down.
There many ſtrange Things are to ſee,
The Palace and great Gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The New Bridge and the Statues there,
At *Noſtre Dame*, *Saint Q. Pater*,
The Steeple bears the Bell.
For Learning, th' Univerſity;
And for old Cloaths, the Frippery;
The Houſe the Queen did build.
Saint *Innocents*, whoſe Earth devours
Dead Corps in four and twenty Hours,
And there the King was kill'd:

The *Boſs-hill* and Saint *Dennis*-ſtreet,
The *Shaffleniſt* like *London*-Fleet,
The *Arſenal*, no Toy.
But if you'll ſee the prettieſt Thing,
Go to the Court and ſee the King,
O 'tis a hopeful Boy.
He is of all his Dukes and Peers
Reverenc'd for much Wit at his Years,
Nor muſt you think it much:
For he with little Switch doth play,
And make fine dirty Pyes of Clay,
O never King made ſuch.
A Bird that can but kill a Fly,
Or prate, doth pleaſe his Majeſty,
'Tis known to every one.
The Duke of *Guiſe* gave him a Parrot,
And he had twenty Cannons for it
For his new Galeon.
O that I e'er might have the hap
To get the Bird which in the Map
Is called the *Indian* Ruk;
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as *Guire* or *Liviné*,
Or elſe I had ill Luck.
Birds about his Chamber ſtand,
And he them feeds with his own Hand,
'Tis his Humility:
And if they do want any thing,
They need but Whiſtle for their King,
And he comes preſently.
But now then, for theſe Parts he muſt
Be enſtiled *Lewis the Juſt*,
Great Henry's *Lawful Heir*;
When to his Style to add more Words,
They'd better call him *King of Birds*,
Than of the great *Navarre*.
He hath beſides a pretty Quirk,
Taught him by Nature, how to Work
In Iron with much Eaſe.

Sometimes to the Forge he goes,
There he Knocks, and there he Blows,
And makes both Locks and Keys:
Which puts a Doubt in every one,
Whether he be *Mars* or *Vulcan*'s Son,
Some few believe his Mother.
But let them all ſay what they will,
I came reſolv'd, and ſo think ſtill,
As much the one, as th' other.
The People too diſlike the Youth,
Alledging Reaſons, for in truth
Mothers ſhould honour'd be;
Yet others ſay he loves her rather,
As well as e'er ſhe lov'd his Father,
And that's notoriouſly.
His Queen, a little pretty Wench,
Was born in *Spain*, ſpeaks little *French*,
Ne'er like to be a Mother:
For her inceſtuous Houſe could not
Have Children, unleſs they were begot
By Uncle or by Brother.
Now why ſhould *Lewis*, being ſo juſt,
Content himſelf to take his Luſt,
With his *Licina*'s Mate:
And ſuffer his little pretty Queen,
From all her Race that e'er has been
So to degenerate?
'Twere Charity for to be known
To love ſtrange Children as his own;
And why it is no ſhame:
Unleſs he yet would greater be,
Than was his Father *Henry*,
Who ſome thought did the ſame.

To Parſon WEEKS. *An Invitation to* London.

By Sir JOHN MENNIS.

HOW now, my *John*, what, is't the Care
Of thy ſmall Flock, that keeps thee there?
Or hath the Biſhop, in a Rage,
Forbid thy coming on our Stage?
Or want'ſt thou Coin? or want'ſt thou Steed?
Theſe are Impediments indeed:
But for thy Flock, thy Sexton may
In due time *Ring*, and let them *Pray*.
A B—, with an Offering,
May be brought unto any thing.
For want of Steed, I oft ſee *Vic*
Trudge up to Town with hazel Stick;
For Coin, two Sermons by the way,
Will Hoſt, Hoſteſs, and Tapſter pay.
A willing Mind pawns Wedding Ring,
Wife, Gown, Books, Children, any thing.
No way neglected, nought too dear
To ſee ſuch Friends, as thou haſt here.
I met a Parſon on the way,
Came in a Waggon t' other Day,
Who told me, that he ventur'd forth
With one Tithe Pig of little worth;
With which, and ſaying Grace at Food,
And praying for Lord Carryer's good,
He had arriv'd at's Journey's end,
Without a Penny, or a Friend.
And what great Buſineſs do you think?
Only to ſee a Friend, and drink.
One Friend? why thou haſt thouſands here
Will ſtrive to make thee better chear.
Ships lately from the Iſlands came
With Wines, thou never heardſt their Name.

Monteſiaſco, Frontiniac,
Vernaccio, and that old Sack
Young *Herric* took to entertain
The Muſes in a ſprightly Vein.

Come then, and from thy muddy Ale,
(Which ſerves but for an old Wife's Tale:
Or, now and then, to break a Jeſt,
At ſome poor ſilly Neighbour's Feaſt.)
Rouze up, and uſe the Means, to ſee
Thoſe Friends expect thy Wit, and thee.
And though you cannot come in State,
On Camel's back, like *Coryat:*
Imagine that a Pack-Horſe be
The Camel in his Book you ſee.
I know you have a Fancy, can
Conceive your Guide a *Caravan.*
Rather than fail, ſpeak Treaſon there,
And come on Charges of the Shire;
A *London* Goal, with Friends and Drink,
Is worth your Vicaridge, I think.

But if beſotted with that one
Thou haſt, of ten, ſtay there alone;
And all too late lament and cry,
Th' haſt loſt thy Friends, among them, I.

ITER BOREALE.

By Biſhop CORBET.

FOUR Clerks of *Oxford,* Doctors two and two,
That would be Doctors, having leſs to do
With *Auſtin,* than with *Galen,* in Vacation
Chang'd Studies, and turn'd Books to Recreation:
And on the Tenth of *Auguſt,* Northward bent,
A Journey not ſo ſoon conceiv'd as ſpent.

The firſt half Day they rode, they light upon
A noble Clergy Hoſt, *(a) Kit Middleton;*

(*a*) Aſhton *on the Wall, Mr.* Middleton's *Benefice.*

Who

Who numb'ring out good Diſhes with good Tales,
The major part o'th' Chear weigh'd down the Scales;
And tho' the Count'nance make the Feaſt, ſay Books,
We ne'er found better welcome with worſe Looks:
Here we paid Thanks, and parted, and at Night
Had Entertainment all in one Man's Right,
At *Flower*, (b) a Village, where our Tenant ſhe
Sharp as a Winter-morning, fierce, yet free,
With a lean Viſage, like a carved Face
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;
She pleas'd us well, but yet her Husband better,
A (c) hearty Fellow, and a good Bone-ſetter:
Now whether it were Providence or Luck,
Whether the Keepers or the Stealers Buck;
There we had Ven'ſon, ſuch as *Virgil* ſlew,
When he would feaſt *Æneas* and his Crew:
Here we conſum'd a Day, and the next Morn
To *Daintry* with a Land-wind we were born;
It was the Market, and the Lecture-day,
For Lecturers ſell Sermons, as the Lay
Do Sheep and Oxen, have their Seaſon juſt,
For both their Markets; there we drank down Duſt.
I' th' interim comes a moſt officious (d) Drudge,
His Face and Gown draw'd out with the ſame Budge,
His pendant Pouch, which was both large and wide,
Look'd like a Letters-Patents by his Side:
He was as awful, as he had been ſent
From *Moſes* with th' eleventh Commandment;
And one of us he ſought, a Man of *Flower*
He muſt bid ſtand, and challenge for an Hour;
The Doctors both were quitted of their Fear,
The one was hoarſe, the other was not there;
Therefore him of the two he ſeized, beſt
Able to anſwer him of all the reſt,
Becauſe he needs but ruminate that o'er,
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath Day before:

(b) Flowre *in* Northamptonſhire, *Dr.* Hutton's *Benefice.*
(c) Ned Hale. (d) *A Sergeant.*

For though we were reſolv'd to do him right,
For Maſter *Bayley's* (e) ſake, and Maſter *Wright*;
Yet he diſſembled that the Mace did err,
For he nor Deacon was, nor Miniſter.
No (quoth the Serjeant) ſure then by Relation,
You have a Licence, Sir, or Toleration;
And if you have no Orders, 'tis the better,
So you have (f) *Dod's* Precepts, or *Cleaver's* Letter:
Thus looking on his Mace, and urging ſtill,
'Twas Maſter *Wright's*, and Maſter *Baley's* Will,
That he ſhould mount; at laſt he condeſcended
To ſtop the gap, and ſo the Treaty ended:
The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to Dine,
We all had Preachers Wages, Thanks and Wine.
Our next Day's Stage was (g) *Lutterworth*, a Town
Not willing to be noted, or ſet down
By any Traveller; for when we had been
Thro' at both Ends, we could not find an Inn;
Yet for the Church ſake turn and light we muſt,
Hoping to find one Dram of (h) *Wickliff's* Duſt;
But we found none, for underneath the Pole
No more reſts of his Body, than his Soul:
Abuſed Martyr, how haſt thou been torn
By two wild Factions! firſt the *Papiſts* burn
Thy Bones for Hate, the *Puritans* in Zeal
Do fell thy Marble, and thy Braſs they ſteal.
A (i) Parſon met us there, who had great ſtore
Of Livings, ſome ſay, but of Manners more:
In whoſe ſtreight cheerful Age a Man might ſee
Well-govern'd Fortune, Bounty, Wiſe and Free;
He was our Guide to *Leic'ſter*, ſave one Mile,
There was his Dwelling, where we ſtay'd a while
And drank ſtale Beer, I think was never new,
Which the dun Wench that brought it us did brew.
And now we are at *Leic'ſter*, where we ſhall
Leap o'er ſix Steeples and an Hoſpital

(e) *The Miniſter of* Daintry. (f) *Miniſter of* Banbury.
(g) Lutterworth, *a Town in* Leiceſterſhire.
(h) *Who lyes buried in the Pariſh Church.*
(i) *Parſon of* Heathcot.

Twice

Twice told; thoſe Land-marks wholly I refer
To *Camden*'s Eye, *England*'s Chorographer;
Let me obſerve the Alms-mens Heraldry,
Who being ask'd what *Henry* that ſhould be
That was their Founder Duke of *Lancaſter?*
Anſwer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gant*, I aſſure you, Sir:
And ſo confuted all their Walls, that ſaid
Henry of *Richmond* this Foundation laid.
The next thing to be noted was our Cheer,
Enlarg'd with Seven and ſix-pence Bread and Beer.
But O you wretched Tapſters as you are,
Who reckon by your Number, not your Fare;
And ſet falſe Figures for all Companies,
Abuſing innocent Meals, with Oaths and Lyes:
Forbear your Coz'nage to Divines that come,
Leſt they be thought to drink all that you Sum.
Spare not the Laiety in your Reckoning thus,
But ſure your Theft to us is ſcandalous.
Away my Muſe from this baſe Subject, know
Thy *Pegaſus* ne'er ſtruck his Foot ſo low.
Is not th' uſurping *Richard* buried here,
That King of Hate, and therefore Slave of Fear;
Drag'd from the fatal Field, *Boſworth*, where he
Loſt Life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?
Search, find his Name, but there is none; O Kings,
Remember whence your Power and Vaſtneſs ſprings;
If not as *Richard* now, ſo may you be,
Who hath no Tomb, but Scorn and Memory.
And tho' from his own Store *(k) Woolſey* might have
A Palace, *(l)* or a College for his Grave;
Yet here he lyes interr'd, as if that all
Of him to be remembred were his Fall:
Nothing but Earth to Earth, nor pompous weight
Upon him, but a Pebble or a Quoit.
If thou art thus neglected, what ſhall *(m)* we
Hope after Death, that are but Shreds of thee?

(k) Cardinal Woolſey *buried there.* *(l)* Whitehall *and* hriſt-Church. *(m) Students in* Chriſt-Church.

Hold!

Hold! *William* calls to Horſe, *William* is he,
Who though he never ſaw threeſcore and three,
O'er-reckon'd us in Age, as he before
In Drink, and will bate nothing of fourſcore;
And he Commands, as if the Warrant came
From the great Earl himſelf, to *Nottingham*:
There we croſs *Trent*, and on the other ſide
Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as Up-hill we ride.
Where we obſerv'd the cunning Men like Moles,
Dwelt not in *(n)* Houſes, but were Earth'd in Holes.
So did they not Build upwards, but dig thorough,
As *Hermits* Caves, or *Conies* do their Borough.
Great Underminers ſure as any where,
'Tis thought the Powder-Traitors practis'd there.
Would you not think that Men ſtood on their Heads,
When Gardens cover Houſes there, like Leads;
And on the Chimnies-top, the Maid may know
Whether her Pottage boil, or not, below;
There caſt in Herbs, or Salt, or Bread; her Meat
Contented rather with the Smoak than Heat.
This was the Rocky Pariſh, higher ſtood
Churches and Houſes, Buildings, Stone and Wood;
Croſſes not yet demoliſh'd, and our *(o)* Lady,
With her Arms on, embracing her whole Baby:
Where let us Note, though theſe be Northern Parts,
The *(p)* Croſs finds in them more than Southern Hearts.
The Caſtle's next, but what ſhall we report
Of that which now is Ruin, was a Fort?
The Gates, two Statues keep, which *(q)* Giants are,
To whom, it ſeems, committed is the Care
Of the whole Downfal; if it be your Fault,
If you are guilty, may King *(r) David*'s Vault,
Or *(s) Mortimer*'s dark Cell, contain you both;
A juſt Reward for ſo prophane a Sloth:
And if hereafter Tydings ſhall be brought
Of any Place or Office to be bought;

(n) Houſes in the Rocks. *(o) Croſſes in* Nottingham.
(p) The ruin'd Caſtle. *(q)* Guy *and* Colebrand.
(r) Where David *King of* Scots *was kept a Priſoner.*
(s) Which is within the Caſtle.

And

And your left Lead, or unwedg'd Timber yet,
Shall paſs by your Conſent to purchaſe it;
May your deformed Bulks endure the Edge
Of Axes, feel the Beetle and the Wedge;
May all the Ballads be call'd in and die,
That ſing the Wars of *Colebrand* and Sir *Guy*.
O ye that do *Guild-hall* and *Holmeby* keep
So carefully, when both the Founders ſleep;
You are good Giants, and partake no ſhame
With theſe two worthleſs Trunks of *Nottingham*:
Look to your ſev'ral Charges, we muſt go,
Though griev'd at Heart to leave a Caſtle ſo.
The *(t) Bull-head* is the Word, and we muſt eat,
No Sorrow can deſcend ſo low as Meat:
So to the Inn we came, where our beſt Cheer,
Was, that his Grace of *York* had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or diſlike ought, my Lord's Grace anſwers all;
He was contented with this Bed, this Diet,
This keeps our diſcontented Stomachs quiet.
The Inn-keeper was old, fourſcore almoſt,
Indeed an Emblem, rather than an Hoſt;
In whom we read how God and Time decree
To honour thrifty Hoſtlers, ſuch as he;
For in the Stable firſt he did begin,
Now ſee he is ſole Lord of the whole Inn.
Mark the increaſe of Straw and Hay, and how
By thrift, a Bottle may become a Mow;
Mark him all ye that have the golden Itch,
All whom God hath condemned to be rich:
Farewel glad Father of thy Daughter Mayreſs,
Thou Hoſtler *Phœnix*, thy Example rare is.
We are for *Newark* after this ſad Talk,
And thither 'tis no Journey, but a Walk:
Nature is wanton there, and the High-way
Seem'd to be private, though it open lay;
As if ſome ſwelling Lawyer for his Health,
Or frantick Uſurer to tame his Wealth,

(t) *In* Nottingham.

Had

Had choſen out two Miles by *Trent*, to try
Two great Effects of Art and Induſtry:
The Ground we tread is Meadow, fertile Land,
New trimm'd, and levell'd by the Mower's Hand;
Above it grew a Rock, rude, ſteep, and high,
Which claims a kind of rev'rence from the Eye:
Betwixt them both there ſlides a lively Stream,
Not loud, but ſwift: *Meander* was a Theam
Crooked and rough; but had thoſe Poets ſeen
Streight even *Trent*, it had immortal been:
This ſide the open Plain admits the Sun,
To half the River which did open run;
The other half ran Clouds, where the curl'd Wood,
With his exalted Head, threatned the Flood:
Here I could wiſh us ever paſſing by,
And never paſt: Now *Newark* is too nigh;
And as a *Chriſtmas* ſeems a Day but ſhort,
Deluding times with Revels, and good Sport;
So did this beauteous Mixture us beguile,
And the whole twelve being travel'd, ſeem'd one Mile.
Now as the Way was ſweet, ſo was the End;
Our Paſſage eaſie, and our Prize a *(u)* Friend:
Whom there we did enjoy, and for whoſe ſake,
As for a kind of purer Coin, Men make
Us lib'ral Welcome with ſuch Harmony,
As the whole Town had been his Family.
Mine Hoſt of the next Inn did not repine
That we prefer'd the Hart, and paſt his Sign:
And where we lay, the Hoſt and Hoſteſs fain
Would ſhew our Loves were aim'd at, not their Gain.
The very Beggars were ſo ingenuous,
They rather Pray for him, than Beg of us;
And ſo the Doctor's Friends be pleas'd to ſtay,
The *Puritans* will let the *(x)* Organs play.
Would they pull down the Gallery builded new,
With the Churchwardens Seat, and *Burleigh* Pew;
Newark for Light, and Beauty, might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedrals are:

(u) *Dr.* Jucks. *(x)* New Church.

To

To this belongs a (y) Vicar, who ſucceeded
The Friend I mention'd, ſuch a one there needed,
A Man whoſe Life and Tongue is Eloquent,
Able to Charm thoſe Mutinous Heads of *Trent*,
And urge the Canon home, when they conſpire
Againſt the Croſs and Bells with Sword and Fire.
There ſtood a Caſtle too; they ſhew us here
The place where the King ſlept, the Window where
He talk'd with ſuch a Lord, how long he ſtay'd
In his Diſcourſe, and all but what he ſaid.
From whence, without a proſpective, we ſee
Bever and *Lincoln*, where we fain would be,
But that our Purſe, and Horſes too were bound
Within the Compaſs of a narrower Ground.
Our purpoſe is all Homeward, and 'twas time
At parting, to have Wit, as well as Wine.
Full three a Clock, and twenty Miles to ride,
Will ask a ſpeedy Horſe, and a ſure Guide;
We wanted both, and *Loughborough* may glory,
Error hath made it famous in our Story.
'Twas Night, and the ſwift Horſes of the Sun,
Two Hours before our Jades, their Race had run;
Nor Pilot, Moon, nor any ſuch kind Star,
As guided thoſe wiſe Men that came from far
To holy *Bethlem*; ſuch Lights had they been,
They would ſoon have convey'd us to an Inn:
But all were wand'ring Stars, and we as they
Were taught no Courſe, but to ride on and ſtray:
When Oh the Fate of Darkneſs, who hath try'd it,
Here our whole Fleet is ſcatter'd, and divided!
And now we labour more to meet, than erſt
We did to lodge, the laſt cries down the firſt;
Our Voices are all ſpent, and they that follow
Can now no longer track us by the hollow:
They Curſe the foremoſt, we the hindmoſt, both
Accuſing with like Patience, haſte, and ſloth.
At laſt upon a little Town we fall
Where ſome for Drink, ſome for a Candle call:

(y) *Mr.* Maſon.

Unhappy

Unhappy we!- ſuch Stragglers as we are,
Admire a Candle oftner than a Star;
We care not for thoſe glorious Lights aloof,
Give us a Tallow Candle, a dry Roof,
And now we have a Guide, we'll ceaſe to chafe,
Now we have time to pray the reſt be ſafe;
Our Guide before cries Come, and we the whiles
Ride blindfold, and take Bridges to be Stiles,
'Till at the laſt we overcome the dark,
And ſpight of Night and Error hit the Mark:
Some half Hour after enters the whole Tail,
As if they were committed to the Jail:
The *(z)* Conſtable that took 'em thus divided,
Made 'em ſeem apprehended, and not guided;
Where when we had our Fortunes both deteſted,
Compaſſion made us Friends, and ſo we reſted:
'Twas quickly Morning, though by our ſhort ſtay,
We could not find that we had leſs to pay;
All *(a)* Travellers theſe heavy Judgments hear,
A handſome Hoſteſs makes a Reckoning dear:
Her Smiles, her Words, your Purſes muſt requite 'em,
And every Welcome from her adds an Item.
Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,
For *Boſworth* we are hors'd: Behold the Fate
Of mortal Men! Foul Error is a Mother,
And pregnant once, doth ſoon beget another:
We who laſt Night did learn to loſe our Way,
Are perfect ſince, and further out next Day;
And in a *(b)* Foreſt having travell'd ſore,
Like wand'ring *Bevis* ere he found the Boar;
Or as ſome Love-ſick Lady oft hath done,
Before ſhe was reſcu'd by the Knight o'th' Sun;
So are we loſt, and meet no Comfort then,
But Carts, and Horſes wiſer than the Men:
Which is the way? They neither ſpeak, nor point,
Their Tongues and Fingers both are out of Joint;

(z) *Whom they had hired to direct them.* (a) Loughborough.
(b) Leiceſter *Foreſt.*

Such

Such Monſters by *Cole-Herton* Banks there ſit,
After their Reſurrection from the Pit.
Whiles in this Mill we labour and turn round,
As in a Conjurer's Circle, *William* found
A means for our Delivery. Turn your Cloaks,
Quoth he, for *Puck* is buſie in theſe Oaks.
If ever ye at *Boſworth* will be found,
Then turn your Cloaks, for this is Fairy Ground.
But ere this Witchcraft was perform'd, we meet
A very Man, who had not Cloven Feet;
Though *William* ſtill of little Faith, doth doubt
'Tis *Robin*, or ſome Spirit walks about:
Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to Air;
Croſs your ſelves thrice, and ſtrike him: Strike that [dare,
Thought I, for ſure this maſſie Foreſter,
In blows, will prove the better Conjurer:
But 'twas a gentle Keeper, one that knew
Humanity and Manners where they grew;
And rode along with us, 'till he could ſay,
Lo yonder *Boſworth* ſtands, and this your Way.
And now when we had ſweat, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
And eight Miles long, to thirty broad had run;
We learn'd the juſt Proportion from hence,
Of the Diameter, and Circumference.
That Night made yet amends, our Meat, our Sheets,
Were far above the Promiſe of thoſe Streets;
Thoſe Houſes that were Til'd with Straw and Moſs,
Promis'd but weak Repair for that Day's loſs
Of Patience; yet this Out-ſide lets us know,
The worthy'ſt things make not the greateſt ſhow.
The Shot was eaſie, and what concerns us more,
The Way was ſo, mine Hoſt did ride before:
Mine Hoſt was full of Ale, and Hiſtory,
And on the morrow when he brought us nigh
Where the *(c) two Roſes* join'd, you would ſuppoſe
Chaucer ne'er writ the *Romant* of the Roſe.
Hear him: See ye yond' Woods? there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army; look the other way,

(c) Boſworth *Field*.

And

And lo where *Richmond* in a Bed of Groſs,
Encamp'd himſelf o'er Night, with all his Force.
Upon this Hill they met; why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* ſtood, where *Richard* fell:
Beſides, what of his Knowledge he could ſay,
He had Authentic Notice from the Play;
Which I might gueſs by's muſt'ring up the Ghoſts,
And Policies, not incident to Hoſts:
But chiefly by that one perſpicuous thing,
Where he miſtook a Player for a King;
For when he would have ſaid, King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horſe, a Horſe, he *Burbage* cry'd,
How e'er his Talk, his Company pleas'd well.
His Mare went truer than his Chronicle;
And even for Conſcience ſake unſpurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us ſix Miles, and turn'd tail to *Nun-Eaton:*
From thence to *Coventry*, where we ſcarce Dine,
Only our Stomachs warm'd with Zeal and Wine;
And thence, as if we were predeſtin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodom*, fly to *Killingworth*.
The Keeper of the Caſtle was from Home,
So that half Mile was loſt; yet when we come
An Hoſt receives us there, we ne'er deny him,
My Lord of *Leic'ſter*'s Man, the Parſon by him;
Who had no other Proof to teſtifie
He ſerv'd the Lord, but Age and Bawdery.
Away for Shame, why ſhould three Miles divide
Warwick and us? They that have Horſes ride.
A ſhort Mile from the Town, an humble *(d)* Shrine,
At foot of a high Rock conſiſts in Sign
Of *Guy* and his Devotions, who there ſtands,
Ugly and huge, more than a Man on's Hands;
His *Helmet* Steel, his *Gorget* Mail, his *Shield*
Braſs, made the Chappel fearful as a Field.
And let this Anſwer all the Pope's Complaints;
We ſet up Giants, though we pull down Saints.
Beyond this in the Rode-way as we went,
A Pillar ſtands where this *Coloſſus* leant,

(d) Guy's *Cliff.*

Where

Where he would love, and ſigh, and for Heart's eaſe,
Oft-times write Verſes, ſome ſay ſuch as theſe:

Here will I languiſh in this ſilly Bower,
While my Sweet-heart triumphs in yonder Tower.

No other hindrance now, but we may paſs
Clear to our Inn: Oh! there an Hoſteſs was,
To whom the Caſtle and the Dun Cow are
Sights after Dinner, ſhe is Morning-ware:
Her whole Behaviour borrowed was and mixt,
Half Fool, half Puppet, and her Pace betwixt
Meaſure and Jigg; her Courtſie was an Honour;
Her Gate as if her Neighbours had out-gone her:
She was barr'd up in Whale-bones that did leeſe
None of the Whales length, for they reach'd her Knees:
Off with her Head, and then ſhe hath a Middle,
As her Waſte ſtands, juſt like the new-found Fiddle,
The Favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell ye,
Whoſe Neck and Throat are deeper than the Belly:
Have you ſeen Monkeys chain'd about their Loins,
Or Pottle-pots with Rings? Juſt ſo ſhe joins
Her ſelf together; a Dreſſing ſhe doth love,
In a ſmall Print below, and Text above.
What tho' her Name be *King*, yet 'tis no Treaſon,
Nor Breach of Statute, to enquire the Reaſon
Of her branch'd Ruff, a Cubit every poak
I ſeem to wend her, but ſhe ſtruck the ſtroak
At our Departure, and our Worſhips there
Paid for our Titles dear, as any where.
Tho' Beadles and Profeſſors both have done,
Yet every Inn claims Augmentation:
Pleaſe you walk out and ſee the *(e)* Caſtle, come,
The Owner ſaith, it is a Scholar's home;
A Place of Strength and Health; in the ſame Fort
You would conceive a Caſtle and a Court;
The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers and the Air,
May with the Trenches, Rampeirs, Walls compare:

(e) Warwick *Caſtle.*

It

It ſeems no Art, no Force can intercept it,
As if a Lover built, a Soldier kept it:
Up to the Tower, though it be ſteep and high,
We do not climb, but walk; and tho' the Eye
Seem to be weary, yet our Feet are ſtill
In the ſame Poſture, couſned up the Hill;
And thus the Workman's Art deceives our Senſe,
Making thoſe Rounds of Pleaſure and Defence.
As we deſcend, the *(f)* Lord of all this Frame,
The Honourable Chancellor, to us came;
Above the Hill there blew a gentle Breath;
But now we feel a ſweeter Gale beneath;
The Phraſe and Welcome of this Knight did make
The Place more elegent: Each Word he ſpake
Was Wine and Muſick, which he did expoſe
To us, if all our Art could cenſure thoſe:
With him there was a *(g)* Prelate, by his place
Arch-deacon to the Biſhop, by his Face
A greater Man, for that did counterfeit
Lord Abbot of ſome Convent ſtanding yet.
A corpulent Relique, marry and 'tis ſin,
Some *Puritan* get not that Face call'd in;
Amongſt lean Brethren it may ſcandal bring,
To look for Parity in ev'ry thing:
For us let him enjoy all that God ſends,
Plenty of Fleſh, of Livings, and of Friends.
Imagine us here ambling down the Street,
Circling in *Flower*, and making both Ends meet,
Where we fare well four Days, and did complain
Like Harveſt-folks of Weather and of Rain;
And on the Feaſt of *Bartholmew* we try
What Revels that Saint keeps at *(h) Banbury*.
I'th' Name of God Amen! Firſt to begin,
The Altar was converted to an Inn;
We lodged in the Chappel by the Sign,
But in a Bankrupt Tavern by the Wine;

(f) Sir Fulke Grevile. *(g) Arch-Deacon* Burton.
(h) Banbury, *at the Sign of the Altar-ſtone.*

Beſides,

Beſides, our Horſes uſage makes us think
'Twas ſtill a Church, for they in *(i)* Coffins drink;
As if 'twere congruous, that the ancient'ſt lye
Cloſe by thoſe Altars in whoſe Faith they die:
Now you believe the Church hath great variety
Of Monuments, when Inns have ſuch Society;
But nothing leſs, there's no Inſcription there,
But the Church-Wardens of the laſt paſt Year;
Inſtead of Saints in Windows, and in Walls,
Here Buckets hang, and there a Cobweb falls:
Would you not think they love Antiquity,
Who bruſh their Quire for perpetuity,
Whilſt all the other Pavements and the Floor
Are ſupplicant to the Surveyor's Power
Of the High-ways, that he would gravell'd keep
Them, or in Winter ſure they will be deep;
If not for God's, for Maſter *Wheatley*'s ſake,
Level the Walks; ſuppoſe theſe Pit-falls make
Him ſprain a Lecture, or miſplace a Joint
In his long Prayer, or in his ſeventeenth Point,
Think you the Daws and Stares can ſet him right?
Surely this Sin upon your Heads will light;
And ſay, Beloved, what unchriſtian Charm
Is this, you have not left a Leg or Arm
Of an Apoſtle? Think you if thoſe were whole,
They would ariſe at laſt t' aſſume a Soul?
If not, 'tis plain all the Idolatry
Lyes in your Folly, nor the Imag'ry.
'Tis well the Pinacles are faln in twain,
For now the Devil, ſhould he tempt again,
Hath no advantage of a place ſo high:
Fools! he can daſh you from your Gallery,
Where all your Medly meets, and do compare
Not what you learn, but who was longeſt there;
The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptiſt*, *Browniſt*,
Like a Grand Sallad; *Tinkers*, What a Town is't?
The Croſſes alſo like old Stumps of Trees,
Or Stools for Horſemen that have feeble Knees,

(i) Which ſerve for Troughs in the Back-ſide.

Carry

Carry no Heads above Ground: Thoſe which tell
That Chriſt hath ne'er deſcended into Hell,
But to the Grave, his Picture buried have
In a far deeper Dungeon than a Grave;
That is, deſcended to endure what Pains
The Devil can think, or ſuch Diſciples Brains.
No more my Grief, in ſuch prophane Abuſes,
Good Whips make better Verſes than the Muſes:
Away, and look not back; away, while yet
The Church is ſtanding, while the benefit
Of ſeeing it remains, ſo long you ſhall
Have that rackt down, and call'd Apocryphal;
And in ſome Barn hear cited many an Author,
Kate Stubs, *Anne Aſcue*, or the Lady's Daughter,
Which ſhall be urg'd for Fathers: Stop Diſdain,
When *Oxford* once appears, Satan refrain.
Neighbours, how hath our Anger thus out-gon's?
Is not Saint *Giles*'s this, and that Saint *John*'s?
We are return'd, but juſt with-ſo muſt Ore,
As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and no more.

Non recito cuiquam niſi amicis, idque coactus
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet.

Hor. Ser. 1. Sat. 4.

Biſhop CORBET *to his Son* VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I ſhall leave thee none can tell,
But all ſhall ſay I wiſh thee well;
I wiſh thee *(Vin)* before all Wealth,
Both bodily and ghoſtly Health:
Nor too much Wealth, nor Wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wiſh thee Learning, not for ſhow,
Enough for to inſtruct, and know;
Not ſuch as Gentlemen require,
To prate at Table, or at Fire.

I wiſh

I wiſh thee all thy Mother's Graces,
Thy Father's Fortunes, and his Places.
I wiſh thee Friends, and one at Court,
Not to build on, but ſupport;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppreſſions, but from ſuffering any.
I wiſh thee Peace in all thy Ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious Days;
And when thy Soul and Body part,
As Innocent as now thou art.

BEN. JOHNSON *to* BURLACE.

WHY though I be of a prodigious Waſte,
I am not ſo voluminous and vaſt
But there are Lines wherewith I may be embrac'd.
'Tis true, as my Womb ſwells, ſo my Back ſtoops,
And the whole Lump grows round, deform'd and droops;
But yet the Tun of *Heidelberg* has Hoops.
You are not tyed by any Painter's Law,
To ſquare my Circle, I confeſs, but draw
My *Superficies*, that was all you ſaw:
Which if in compaſs of no Art it came
To be deſcrib'd, but by a Monogram,
With one great Blot you have drawn me as I am.
But whilſt you Curious were to have it be
An Archetype for all the World to ſee,
You have made it a brave Piece, but not like me.
Oh had I now the Manner, Maſtery, Might,
Your Power of handling Shadow, Air, and Sprite,
How I could draw, behold, and take delight;
But you are he can paint, I can but write,
A Poet hath no more than black and white,
Nor has he flattering Colours, or falſe Light.
Yet when of Friendſhip I would draw the Face,
A letter'd Mind, and a large Heart would place
To all Poſterity, I would write *Burlace*.

Upon

Upon the KING's RETURN *to the City of* London, *when he came laſt thither from* Scotland, *and was entertained there by the Lord Mayor.*

SING and be merry, King *Charles* is come back,
Let's drink round his Health with Claret and Sack:
The *Scots* are all quiet, each Man with his Pack
May cry now ſecurely, Come ſee what you lack.
Sing and be merry Boys, ſing and be merry,
London's *a fine Town, ſo is* London-Derry.
Great Preparation in *London* is made
To bid the King welcome, each Man gives his Aid,
With thankſgiving Cloaths themſelves they array'd;
(I ſhould have ſaid Holy-day, but I was afraid)
Sing, &c.
They ſtood in a Row for a Congratulation,
Like a Company of Wild-geeſe in the old Faſhion:
Rails in the Church are abomination,
But Rails in the Street are no Innovation.
Sing, &c.
My Lord Mayor himſelf on Cock-horſe did ride,
Not like a Young Gallant with a Sword by his Side,
'Twas carried before him, but there was eſpied
The Croſs-bar in the Hilt by a Puritan eyed.
Sing, &c.
Two Dozen of Aldermen ride two by two,
Their Gowns were all ſcarlet, but their Noſes were blue:
The Recorder made a Speech, if Report it be true,
He promis'd more for them than e'er they will do.
Sing, &c.
They ſhould be good Subjects to the King and the [State,
The Church they would love, no Prelates would hate;
But methinks it was an ominous Fate
They brought not the King through *Biſhopſgate*.
Sing, &c.

The

The Citizens rode in their golden Chains,
Fetch'd from St. *Martins*, no Region of *Spain's*:
It ſeems they were troubled with *Gundamor's* Pains,
Some held by their Pummels, and ſome by their Manes.
Sing, &c.

In Jackets of Velvet, without Gown or Cloak,
Their Faces were Wainſcot, their Hearts were of Oak:
No Trainbands were ſeen, no Drums beat a ſtroke,
Becauſe City Captains of late have been broke.
Sing, &c.

The King, Queen and Prince, the Palſgrave of *Rhine*,
With two Branches more of the Royal Vine,
Rode to the *Guild-Hall* where they were to dine.
There could be no lack where the Conduits run Wine.
Sing, &c.

Nine hundred Diſhes in the Bill of Fare
For the King and Nobles prepared there were;
There could be no leſs, a Man might well ſwear,
By the Widgeons and Woodcocks and Geeſe that [were there.
Sing, &c.

Tho' the Dinner were long, yet the Grace was but ſhort,
It was ſaid in the Faſhion of the *Engliſh* Court.
But one Paſſage more I have to report,
Small Thanks for my Pains I look to have for't.
Sing, &c.

Down went my Lord Mayor as low as his Knee,
Then up went the White of an Alderman's Eye:
We thought the Biſhop's Grace enlarged ſhould be,
(Not the Arch-biſhop's) no ſuch Meaning had he.
Sing, &c.

When's Lordſhip kneel'd down, we look'd he ſhould pray,
(So he did heartily, but in his own way)
The Cup was his Book, the Collect for the Day
Was a Health to King *Charles*, all out he did ſay.
Sing, &c.

The Form of Prayer my Lord did begin,
The reſt of the Aldermen quickly were in:
One *Warner* they had of the greatneſs of the Sin
Without Diſpenſation from *Burton* or *Prin*.
Sing, &c.

Before they had done it grew towards Night,
(I forget my Lord Mayor was made a Knight:
The Recorder too, with another Wight,
Whom I cannot relate, for the Torches are light.)
Sing, &c.
Up and away, by St. *Paul*'s they paſs;
When a prick-ear'd bray'd like a Puritan Aſs: [Glaſs,
Some thought he had been ſcar'd with the painted
He ſwore not, but cry'd high Popery by th' Maſs.
Sing, &c.
The Quire with Muſick on a Scaffold they ſee
In Surplices, all their Tapers burnt by,
An Anthem they ſung moſt melodiouſly;
If this were Popery, I confeſs it was high.
Sing, &c.
From thence to *Whitehall* there was made no ſtay,
Where the King gave them thanks for their Love that [Day:
Nothing was wanting, if I could but ſay
The Houſe of Commons had met him half way.
Sing, &c.

VENUS *Lacrymans.*

WARE my *Adonis*, do not die,
One Life's enough for thee and I;
Where are thy Words, thy Wiles,
Thy Love, thy Frowns, thy Smiles;
Alas! in vain I call,
One Death hath ſnatch'd them all;
Yet Death's not deadly in thy Face.
Death in thoſe Looks it ſelf hath Grace.
'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd
When thy pale Ghoſt appear'd:
This I preſag'd, when thundering *Jove*
Tore the beſt Myrtle in my Grove;
When my ſick Roſe-buds loſt their Smell,
And from my Temples untouch'd fell;

And 'twas for ſome ſuch thing
My Dove did hang her Wing.
Whither art thou my Deity gone?
Venus in *Venus* there is none:
In vain a Goddeſs now am I,
Only to grieve and not to die.
But I will love my Grief,
Make Tears my Tears relief:
And Sorrows ſhall to me
A new *Adonis* be;
And this no Fates can rob me of, whiles I
A Goddeſs am to weep, but not to die.

Metro haud multum diſſimili carmina ſua ſcripſit Scaldus *ille, auctor libri, cui titulus* HERVARER SAGA, (*quem edidit cl.* Olaus Verelius) *ut conſtat ex dialogo illo inter* Hervaram & Angantyri *patris ſui manes, à quo ad tumulum ſtans, ut* Tirfingum *gladium cum eo ſepultum daret, rogat.*

HERVOR.

WAknadu Angantyr,
Vekur thig Hervor
Einka dotter
Yckar Suafu,
Sel thu mer ur hauge
Hardan mœkir,
Than er Suafurlama
Slogu duergar.
Hervardur, Hiorvardur,
Hrani, oc Angantyr,

HERVOR. *Awake Angantyr, Hervor the only Daughter*
Of thee and Suafu doth awaken thee.
Give me out of the tombe, the hardned Sword,
Which the Dwarfs made for Suafurlama.
Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr,

Vek eg ydr alla,
Vidar under rotum.
Med hialmi oc briniu
Oc huoſſu ſuerdi,
Raund oc reida,
Oc rodnum geiri.
Iro miog vordner
Andgryms ſyner
Mein-giarnar ad
Molldar auka!
Ad eingi gior ſona
Eyvor vid mig mœla
Ur munar heimi!
Hervardur, Hiorvardur.
Suo ſie ydur aullum
Innan rifia
Sem er i maura
Mornid hangi,
Nema ſuerd ſelier,
Thad er ſlogu duergar
Samyra draugum;
Dyrt um fetla.

ANGANTYR.

Harvor dotter
Huy kallar ſuo,
Full feikiuſtafa,
Fer Thu ad illu?
Od ertu ordin,
Oc orvita,
Vill-higgiandi
Vekia dauda menn.
Grofu mig ey fader
Nie frœndur adrer.
Their haufdu Tirfing
Tueir er lifdu,
Vard Tho eigandi
Einn af ſudan.

HERVOR.

Satt mœler Thu ecki:
So lati As Thig.

With Helmet, and coat of Mail, and a ſharp Sword,
With Shield and Accoutrements, and bloody Spear,
I wake you all, under the roots of trees.
Are the Sons of Andgrym, who delighted in miſchief,
Now become duſt and aſhes! can none of Eyvors Sons
Now ſpeak with me, out of the habitations of the dead!
Harvardur, Hiorvardur! ſo may you all be
Within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up
To putrifie among inſects, unleſs you deliver me the Sword
Which the dwarfs made **** *and the glorious belt.*
ANGANTYR. *Daughter Hervor, full of ſpells to raiſe the dead,*
Why doſt thou call ſo? wilt thou run on
To thy own miſchief? thou art mad, and out of thy Senſes,
Who art deſperately reſolved to waken dead men.
I was not buried either by father or other friends.
Two which lived after me got Tirfing,
One of whom is now poſſeſſor thereof.
HERVOR. *Thou doſt not tell the truth:*

So

Heilan ihaugi,
Sem Thu hafir eigi
Tirfing med thier.
Trautter thier ad veita
Arf Angantyr
Einka barne.

ANGANTYR.

Seige eg thier, Hervor,
Thad vera mun
Sa mun Tirfungur
(Ef thu trua mœtter)
Æt thinni nœt
Allre ſpilla.
Muntu ſon gieta
Than ſudar mun.
Tirfing hafa,
Oc trua marger
Hann manu Heidrek
Heita lyder.

HERVOR.

Eg of-kingi
So virda dauda
Ad thier tholed
Alldrey kyrrer,
Nema Angantyr
Selier mier Tirfing,
Hlyfum hœttan,
Hialmars bana.

ANGANTYR.

Mœr qued eg unga
Monnum lyka,
Er um hauga
Huarlar a nottum,
Grofnum geiri
Med gotta malum,
Hialm oc briniu
Fire hallar dyr.

HERVOR.

Madur thotter thu
Menskur tilforna
Adur eg ſali
Ydra tok kanna.
Sel thu mier ur haugi
Than er hatar brinju

So let Odin hide thee in the tombe, as thou
Haſt Tirfing by thee. Art thou unwilling, Angantyr,
To give an inheritance to thy only child?
ANGANTYR. *I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to paſs:*
This Tirfing will, if thou doſt believe me,
Deſtroy almoſt all thy offspring. Thou ſhalt have a Son,
Who afterwards muſt poſſeſs Tirfing, and many think
That he will be called Heidrek by the People.
HERVOR. *I do by enchantments make, that the dead ſhall*
Never enjoy reſt, unleſs Angantyr deliver me Tirfing ****
ANGANTYR. *Young Maid, I ſay, thou art*
Of manlike courage, who doſt rove about by night
To tombs with ſpear engraven with magical ſpells;
With helmet and coat of mail before the door of our hall.
HERVOR. *I took thee for a brave man,*
Before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tombe
The workmanſhip of the dwarfs, which hates all coats

Duerga ſmidi,
Duger thier ey ad leina.

ANGANTYR.

Liggur mier under herdum
Hialmars bani,
Allur er han utan
Elldi ſueipinn;
Mey veit eg aungua
Molld a huorge
Er than hior thori
Hond i nema.

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirda
Oc i haund nema
Huaſſan mœki,
Ef eg hafa gnœdi.
Hugg eg eige
Elld brenna than.
Er framlidnum firdum.
Leikur um ſioner.

ANGANTYR.

Heimsk ertu Hervor,
Hugar eigandi.
Er thu ad augum
Jelld hrapar,
Helldur vil eg ſuerd thier
Selia ur haugi,
Mœr en unga,
Mun eg thig eyleina.

HERVOR.

Vel giorder thu
Vikings nidur,
Er thu ſender mier
Suerd ur haugi.
Betur thikiumſt nu,
Budlungur, hafa,
Enn eg Noreyge
Mede allre.

ANGANTYR.

Veiſtu ey ad
Uppſol ertu,

Of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.
ANGANTYR. *The death of Hialmar lies under my Shoulders,*
It is all wrapt up in fire; I know no Maid
In any Country that dares this Sword take in hand.
HERVOR. *I ſhall keep, and take in my hand,*
The ſharp Sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire
Will burn, which plays about the ſight of deceas'd men.
ANGANTYR. *O conceited Hervor, thou art mad.*
Rather than thou in a moment ſhouldſt fall into the fire,
I will give thee the Sword out of the tomb,
Young maid, and not hide it from thee.
HERVOR. *Thou didſt well thou offspring of heroes,*
That thou didſt ſend me the Sword out of the tomb.
I am now better pleaſed, O Prince, to have it,
Than if I had got all Norway.
ANGANTYR. *Falſe Woman, thou doſt not underſtand,*
That thou ſpeakeſt fooliſhly of that, in which

Thou

Mala, ſtarad kona,
Thui thu ſagna skalt.
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Ef thu trua nœder)
Ætt thinne mœr
Allri ſpilla.

HERVOR.

Eg mun ganga
Til gialfur manna.
Hier mun ey mœr
I hug godum.
Lit rœke eg thad
Lofdunga vinur
Huad ſyner miner
Sydan deila.

ANGANTYR.

Thu skalt eiga
Oc unna leingi,
Hafdu ad huldu
Hialmars bana.
Tak tu ad eggium,
Eitur er ibadum,
Sa er mans matadur
Miklum verri.

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirda,
Oc i haund nema,
Huaſſan mœki,
Er mig hafa latid:
Ugge eg eye thad,
Ulta greinir,
Huad ſyner miner.
Sydan telia.

ANGANTYR.

Far vel dotter,
Fliott gief eg thier
Tolf manna fior.
Ef thu trua nœdir,
Aſl oc eliom
Alt hid goda
Er ſyner angryms
Epter leifdu.

HERVOR.

Bui thier aller

Thou doſt rejoice, for Tirfing ſhall, if thou wilt
Believe me, Maid, deſtroy all thy Off-ſpring.
HERVOR. *I muſt go to my Seamen.*
Here I have no mind to ſtay longer. Little do I care,
O Royal Friend, what my Sons hereafter quarrel about.
ANGANTYR. *Take and keep Hialmars bane,*
Which thou ſhalt long have and enjoy. touch but
The edges of it, there is Poyſon in both of them,
It is a moſt cruel devourer of men.
HERVOR. *I ſhall keep and take in hand, the ſharp Sword,*
Which thou haſt let me have: I do not fear, O ſlain Father,
What my Sons hereafter may quarrel about.
ANGANTYR. *Farewell Daughter, I do quickly give thee*
Twelve mens death, if thou canſt believe
With might and courage, even all the goods,
That Andgryms Sons left behind them.
HERVOR. *Dwell all of you ſafe in the tombe,*

Burt mun eg skiotla,
Heiler i hauge,
Hiedan fyſer mig,
Helſt thottunſt eg
Heima i mill,
Er mig umhuerfis
Elldar brunnu.

I muſt be gone, and haſten hence, for I ſeem to be
In the midſt of a place where fire burns round about me.

An ELEGY *on the Lord* WILLIAM HOWARD, *Baron of* EFFINGHAM, *who Died* December 10, 1615.

By Biſhop CORBET.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor do I ſtrive
To win Acceſs, or Grace, with Lords alive:
The Dead I ſerve, from whence nor Faction can
Move me, nor Favour; nor a greater Man.
To whom no Vice commends me, nor Bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warns, nor Portion ſpent;
To theſe I Dedicate as much of me,
As I can ſpare from my own Husbandry:
And 'till Ghoſts walk, as they were wont to do,
I trade for ſome, and do theſe Errands too.
But firſt I do enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What Tryals in their Journeys they endur'd;
What Certainties of Honour and of Worth
Their moſt uncertain Life-times have brought forth;
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall Store,
He is my Patron, dy'd he Rich or Poor.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his Peace,
When Flattery and Envy both do ceaſe)
Who rul'd his Actions: Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole Man relie upon a Word,
A Badge of Title, or above all Chance,
Seem'd he as ancient as his Cognizance?

W*hat*

What did he? Acts of Mercy, and refrain
Oppreſſion in himſelf, and in his Train?
Was his eſſential Table full as free
As Boaſts and Invitations uſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-Friend did chance to Dine,
Whether his Satten-Man would fill him Wine?
Did he think Perjury as loud a Sin,
Himſelf forſworn, as if his Slave had been?
Did he ſeek Regular Pleaſures? Was he known
Juſt Husband of one Wife, and ſhe his own?
Did he give freely without Pauſe, or Doubt,
And read Petitions ere they were worn out?
Or ſhould his well-deſerving *Client* ask,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maſque
To keep Need virtuous? And that done, not fear
What Lady damn'd him for his Abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no Man's Fall?
Wore he the Ruine of no Hoſpital?
And when he did his rich Apparel don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?
Did he love ſimple Virtue for the thing?
The King for no reſpect, but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon God's Throne, or on the Chair of State?
He that is guilty of no *Quary* here,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heir.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad;
Who but this negative Goodneſs ever had:
Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the Birth,
He's rather in the Womb, than on the Earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publick Fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a Name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternal Home, where now thou art,
Ere thy Reproach was ready; or to die,
Ere Cuſtom had prepar'd thy Calumny.
Eight Days have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy Debt
To Sin, and not a Libel ſtirring yet;

Courtiers that ſcoff by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of Slander or of Wit;
But (which is monſtrous) tho' againſt the Tide,
The Water-men have neither rail'd nor ly'd.
Of Good or Bad there's no diſtinction known,
For in thy Praiſe the Good and Bad are one.
It ſeems, we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a Purchaſe of good Name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are careful to increaſe
Our Title, by the holding of ſome Leaſe
From thee our Landlord, and for that th' whole Crew
Speak now like Tenants, ready to renew.
It were too ſad to tell thy Pedigree,
Death hath diſorder'd all, miſplacing thee;
Whilſt now thy Herald in his Line of Heirs,
Blots out thy Name, and fills the Space with Tears.
And thus hath conqu'ring Death, or Nature rather,
Made thee prepoſtrous Ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th' art ſo, and like a glorious Light
Shines o'er thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write,
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.
Let others write for Glory or Reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

A BALLAD, *intituled*, The Fairies Farewell, *or* God-a-mercy Will.

By the ſame Hand.

FArewel Rewards and Fairies,
Good Houſewives now may ſay,
For now foul Sluts in Dairies
Do fare as well as they;

And

And tho' they ſweep their Hearths no leſs
Than Maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late, for Cleanlineſs,
Finds Six-pence in her Shooe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The Fairies loſt Command,
They did but change Prieſts Babies,
But ſome have chang'd your Land;
And all your Children ſtoln from thence
Are now grown *Puritans*,
Who live as Changlings ever ſince
For love of your Demains.

At Morning and at Evening both,
You Merry were and Glad;
So little care of Sleep and Sloath
Theſe pretty Ladies had:
When *Tom* came home from Labour,
Or *Ciſs* to Milking roſe;
Then merrily went their Tabor,
And nimbly went their Toes.

Witneſs thoſe Rings and Roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen *Mary*'s Days,
On many a graſſy Plain.
But ſince of late *Elizabeth*
And later *James* came in,
They never danc'd on any Heath,
As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old Profeſſion,
Their Songs were *Ave-Maries*,
Their Dances were Proceſſion;
But now, alas, they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the Seas,
Or further from Religion fled,
Or elſe they take their Eaſe.

A Tell-tale in their Company
They never could endure,
And who ſo kept not ſecretly
Their Mirth, was puniſh'd ſure.
It was a Juſt and Chriſtian Deed
To pinch ſuch black and blue;
O how the Commonwealth doth need
Such Juſtices as you!

Now they have left our Quarters,
A Regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their Charters,
A Man both wiſe and grave.
An hundred of their merry Pranks,
By one that I could name,
Are kept in Store; con twenty Thanks,
To *William* for the ſame.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordſhire*,
Give Laud and Praiſes due:
Who every Meal can mend your Chear
With Tales both Old and True.
To *William* all give Audience,
And pray you for his Noddle;
For all the Fairies Evidence
Were loſt if it were Addle.

On the Earl of DORSET's *Death.*

By the ſame Hand.

LET no prophane ignoble Foot tread here,
This hallowed Piece of Earth, *Dorſet* lyes there:
A ſmall poor Relique of a noble Spirit,
Free as the Air, and ample as his Merit:
A Soul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord,
But mindful of mean Names, and of his Word:

Who

Who lov'd Men for his Honour, not his Ends,
And had the nobleſt way of getting Friends
By loving firſt, and yet who knew the Court,
But underſtood it better by Report
Than Practice: He nothing took from thence
But the King's Favour for his Recompence.
Who for Religion, or his Country's good,
Neither his Honour valued, nor his Blood.
Rich in the World's Opinion, and Men's Praiſe,
And full in all we could deſire, but Days.
He that is warn'd of this, and ſhall forbear
To vent a Sigh for him, or ſhed a Tear,
May he live long ſcorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a Mourner at his Funeral.

A certain POEM, *as it was preſented in* Latin *by Divines and others, before his Majeſty in* Cambridge, *by way of Enterlude, ſtyled,* Liber novus de adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. *Faithfully done into* Engliſh, *with ſome liberal Additions.*

By the ſame Hand.

IT is not yet a Fortnight, ſince
Lutetia entertain'd our Prince,
And vented hath a ſtudied Toy,
As long as was the Siege of *Troy*:
And ſpent her ſelf for full five Days,
In *Speeches*, *Exerciſe*, and *Plays*.
To trim the Town, great Care before
Was ta'en by th' Lord *Vice-Chancellor*,
Both Morn and Even he clean'd the Way,
The Streets he gravell'd thrice a Day:

On

One Strike of *March-duſt* for to ſee,
No *Proverb* would give more than he.
Their Colleges were new be-painted,
Their Founders eke were new be-Sainted;
Nothing eſcap'd, nor Poſt, nor Door,
Nor Gate, nor Rail, nor Bawd, nor Whore:
You could not know (oh ſtrange Miſhap!)
Whether you ſaw the *Town* or *Map*.
But the pure Houſe of *Emanuel*
Would not be like proud *Jezabel*,
Nor ſhew her ſelf before the King
An Hypocrite, or *painted* Thing:
But, that the Ways might all prove fair,
Conceiv'd a tedious Mile of Prayer.
Upon the look'd-for Seventh of *March*,
Outwent the Townſmen all in Starch,
Both Band and Beard, into the Field,
Where one a Speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his Style,
The King being from him half a Mile.
They gave the King a Piece of Plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,
For there is in it juſt Nothing:
And ſo preferr'd with Tune and Gate,
A Speech as empty as their Plate.
Now, as the King came near the Town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor *Oxford*, thou'rt undone,
For now the King's paſt *Trompington*,
And rides upon his brave grey Dapple,
Seeing the Top of *King's-College* Chapel.
Next rode his Lordſhip on a Nag,
Whoſe Coat was blue, whoſe Ruff was ſhag,
And then began his Reverence
To ſpeak moſt eloquent Non-ſenſe:
See how (quoth he) moſt Mighty Prince,
For very Joy my Horſe doth Wince.
What cries the Town? What we? (ſaid he)
What cries the Univerſity?

What

What cry the Boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the King:
And ev'ry Period he bedecks
With *En & Ecce venit Rex.*
Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our Dirt
That no Silk Stockings ſhould be hurt;
But we in vain ſtrive to be fine,
Unleſs your Grace's Sun doth ſhine;
And with the Beams of your bright Eye,
You will be pleas'd our Streets to dry.
Now come we to the Wonderment
Of *Chriſtendom*, and eke of *Kent*,
The *Trinity*: which to ſurpaſs,
Doth deck her Spokeſman by a Glaſs:
Who, clad in Gay and Silken Weeds,
Thus opes his Mouth, hark how he ſpeeds.
I wonder what your Grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve Year,
And this your Son, fair *Carolus*,
That is ſo *Jacobiſſimus*:
Here's none, of all, your Grace refuſes,
You are moſt welcome to our Muſes.
Although we have no Bells to jangle,
Yet can we ſhew a fair Quadrangle,
Which, tho' it ne'er was grac'd with King,
Yet ſure it is a goodly thing:
My Warning's ſhort, no more I'll ſay,
Soon you ſhall ſee a gallant Play.
But nothing was ſo much admir'd,
As were their Plays ſo well attir'd;
Nothing did win more Praiſe of mine,
Than did their Actors moſt Divine:
So did they drink their Healths divinely,
So did they dance and skip ſo finely.
Their Plays had ſundry grave wiſe Factors,
A perfect Dioceſs of Actors
Upon the Stage; for I am ſure that
There was both Biſhop, Paſtor, Curat:
Nor was their Labour light, or ſmall,
The Charge of ſome was Paſtoral.

Our

Our Plays were certainly much worſe,
For they had a brave Hobby-horſe,
Which did preſent unto his Grace
A wond'rous witty ambling Pace:
But we were chiefly ſpoil'd by that
Which was ſix Hours of *God knows what.*
His Lordſhip then was in a Rage,
His Lordſhip lay upon the Stage,
His Lordſhip cry'd, all would be marr'd:
His Lordſhip lov'd a-life the Guard,
And did invite thoſe mighty Men,
To what think you? Even to a *Hen.*
He knew he was to uſe their Might
To help to keep the Door at Night,
And well beſtow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth *Oxford* Men:
He thought it did become a Lord
To threaten with that Bug-bear word.
Now paſs we to the Civil Law,
And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,
Who all perform'd their Parts ſo well,
Sir *Edward Ratcliff* bore the Bell,
Who was, by the King's own Appointment,
To ſpeak of Spells, and Magick Ointment.
The Doctors of the Civil Law
Urg'd ne'er a Reaſon worth a Straw;
And though they went in Silk and Sattin,
They *Thomſon*-like clip'd the King's *Latin*;
But yet his Grace did pardon then
All Treaſons againſt *Priſcian.*
Here no Man ſpake ought to the Point,
But all they ſaid was out of Joint;
Juſt like the Chapel ominous
In th' College called *God with us:*
Which truly doth ſtand much awry,
Juſt North and South, *Yes verily.*
Philoſophers did well their Parts,
Which prov'd them Maſters of their Arts;
Their Moderator was no Fool,
He far from *Cambridge* kept a School:

The

The Country did ſuch Store afford,
The Proctors might not ſpeak a word.
But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,
And of the Court the Town was eas'd:
Yet *Oxford* though (dear Sifter) hark yet,
The King is gone but to *New-Market*,
And comes again ere it be long,
Then you may make another Song.
The King being gone from *Trinity*,
They make a Scramble for Degree;
Maſters of all Sorts, and all Ages,
Keepers; Subcizers, Lackeys, Pages,
Who all did throng to come abroad,
With *Pray make me* now, *Good my Lord*,
They preſt his Lordſhip wond'rous hard,
His Lordſhip then did want the Guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Untill he bleſt them all at once,
And cryed, *Hodiſſimè*:
Omnes Magiſtri eſtote.
Nor is this all which we do ſing,
For of your Praiſe the World muſt ring:
Reader, unto your Tackling look,
For there is coming forth a Book
Will ſpoil *Joſeph Barneſius*
The Sale of *Rex Platonicus*.

On the DEATH *of Sir* THO. PELHAM.

MEerly for Death to grieve and mourn,
Were to repine that Man was born.
When weak old Age doth fall aſleep,
'Twere foul Ingratitude to weep.
Thoſe Threds alone ſhould force our Tears,
Whoſe ſudden Crack breaks off ſome Years.

Here

Here 'tis not ſo, full diſtance here
Sunders the Cradle from the Bier.
A Fellow-traveller he hath been
So long with Time, ſo worn to th' Skin,
That were it not juſt now bereft,
His Body firſt the Soul had left,
Threeſcore and ten is Nature's Date,
Our Journey when we come in late:
Beyond that time the Overplus
Was granted not to him, but us.
For his own Sake the Sun ne'er ſtood,
But only for the People's good:
Ev'n ſo he was held out by Air
Which poor Men uttered in their Prayer:
And as his Goods were lent to give,
So were his Days that they might live.
So ten Years more to him were told,
Enough to make another Old:
Oh that Death would ſtill do ſo,
Or elſe on good Men would beſtow
That waſte of Years which Unthrifts fling
Away, by their Diſtempering.
That ſome might thrive by this Decay
As well as that of Land and Clay.
'Twas now well done: No cauſe to moan
On ſuch a ſeaſonable Stone;
Where Death is but a Gueſt, we ſin
Not bidding Welcome to his Inn.
Sleep, ſleep, good Man, thy Reſt embrace,
Sleep, ſleep, th' aſt trod a weary Race.

Of MUSICK.

WHEN whiſpering Strains with creeping Wind
Diſtill ſoft Paſſion through the Heart,
And whilſt at every touch we find
Our Pulſes beat and bear a Part;
When Threds can make
Our Heart-ſtrings ſhake;
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny
Our Souls conſiſt in Harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air,
My Senſes each with wonder ſweet;
Like Snow on Wool thy Fallings are,
Soft like Spirits are thy Feet.
Grief who needs fear
That hath an Ear?
Down let him lye
And ſlumb'ring dye,
And change his Soul for Harmony.

The CATHOLICK.

I Hold as Faith
What *Rome*'s Ch. faith
Where the King is Head
The Flock's miſ-led
Where the Alar's dreſt
The Peoples bleſt
He's but an Aſs
Who ſhuns the Maſs

What *England*'s Church allows:
My Conſcience diſallows:
That Church can have no ſhame:
That holds the Pope Supream:
There's Service ſcarce Divine:
With Table-Bread and Wine:
Who the Communion flies:
Is Catholick and Wiſe.

Under

Under Mr. MILTON's *Picture, before his* Paradiſe Loſt.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THree *Poets* in three diſtant *Ages* born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn.
The *firſt* in loftineſs of Thought ſurpaſs'd;
The *next* in Majeſty; in both the *laſt*.
The force of *Nature* cou'd no further go;
To make a *Third* ſhe join'd the former Two.

A SONG.

WHEN *Orpheus* ſweetly did complain
Upon his Lute with heavy ſtrain,
How his *Eurydice* was ſlain;
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At every Stroke, and every Stay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And liſt'ned bending every way;
The Aſhen-Tree
As well as he
Began to ſhake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could ſpeak, a Tree might hear,
If Wood can ſound our Grief ſo near,
A Tree might drop an amber Tear:
If Wood ſo well
Could ſound a Knell,
The Cypreſs might condole the Bier.

The

The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Ax began to love;
They envied Death
That gave ſuch Breath,
As Men alive do Saints above.

LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

HARK my *Flora*, Love doth call us
To the Strife that muſt befal us:
He hath robb'd his Mother's Myrtles,
And hath pull'd her downy Turtles.
See our genial Poſts are crown'd,
And our Beds like Billows riſe:
Softer Liſts are no where found,
And the Strife itſelf's the Prize.

Let not Shades and Dark affright thee,
Thy Eyes have Luſtre that will light thee:
Think not any can ſurprize us,
Love himſelf doth now diſguiſe us:
From thy Waſte that Girdle throw,
Night and Silence both wait here:
Words or Actions who can know
Where there's neither Eye nor Ear?

Shew thy Boſom, and then hide it;
Licence Touching, and then chide it;
Proffer ſomething and forbear it;
Give a Grant, and then forſwear it:
Ask where all my Shame is gone,
Call us wanton, wicked Men;
Do as Turtles kiſs and groan,
Say thou ne'er ſhalt joy again.

I can hear thee Curſe, yet chaſe thee;
Drink thy Tears, and ſtill embrace thee:
Eaſie Riches are no Treaſure,
She that's willing ſpoils the Pleaſure:
  Love bids learn the Wreſtlers ſlight,
Pull and ſtruggle when we twine;
  Let me uſe my Force to-night,
The next Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

PASTORALS.

BY

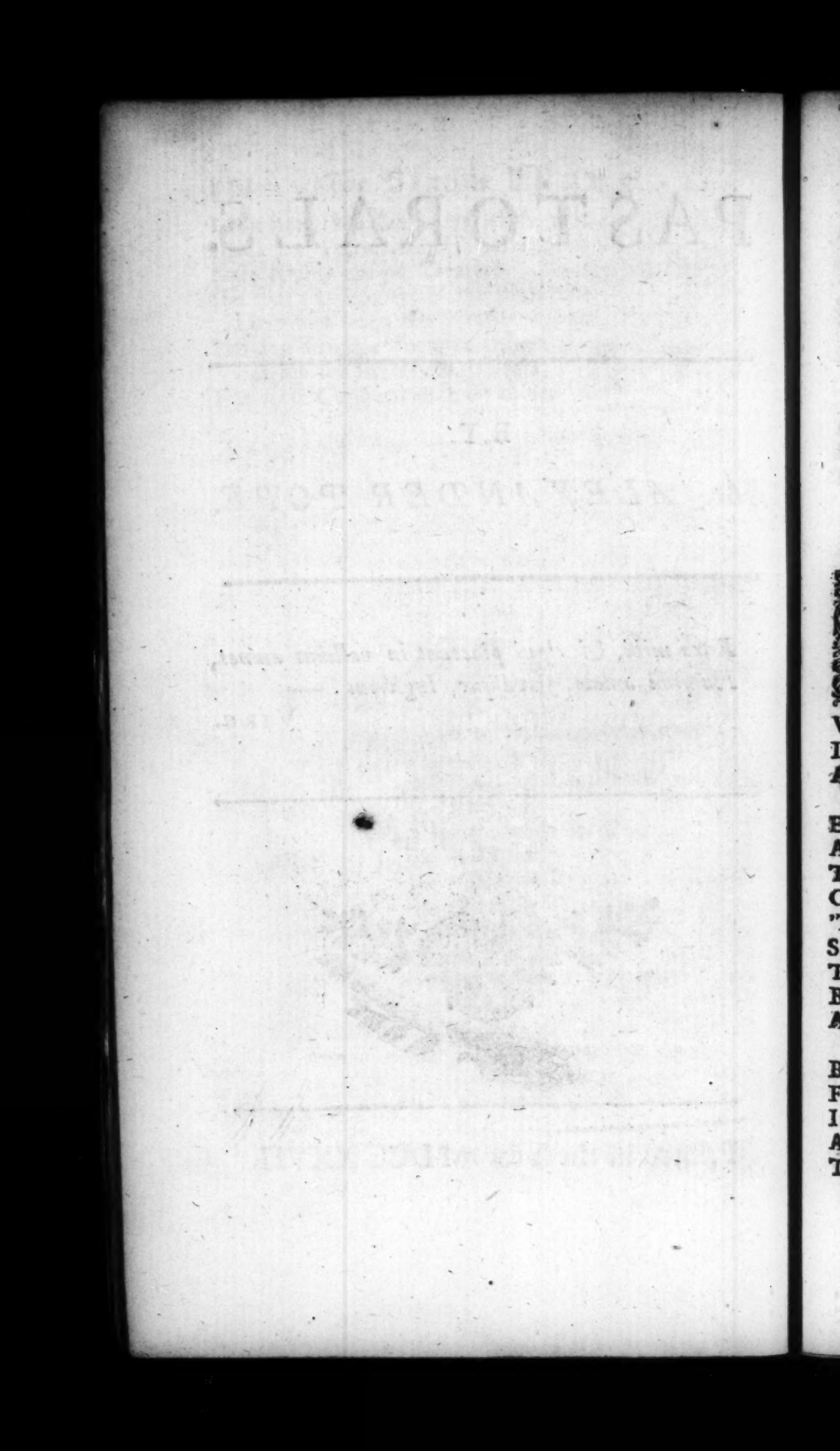
Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, Inglorius!——

VIRG.



Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.



SPRING.

The First Pastoral, or DAMON.

Inscrib'd to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

FIRST in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor*'s blissful Plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred Spring,
While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses sing;
Let Vernal Airs thro' trembling Osiers play,
And *Albion*'s Cliffs resound the Rural Lay.
You, that too Wise for Pride, too Good for Pow'r,
Enjoy the Glory to be Great no more,
And carrying with you all the World can boast,
To all the World Illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender Reed inspire,
'Till in your Native Shades You tune the Lyre:
So when the Nightingale to Rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken Groves,
But, charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings.
Daphnis and *Strephon* to the Shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd;
Fresh as the Morn, and as the Season fair,
In flow'ry *Vales* they fed their fleecy Care;
And while *Aurora* gilds the Mountain's Side,
Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Muſick wake the dawning Day!
Why ſit we mute, when early Linnets ſing,
When warbling *Philomel* ſalutes the Spring?
Why ſit we ſad, when *Phoſphor* ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the Purple Year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and *Damon* ſhall attend the Strain,
While yon ſlow Oxen turn the furrow'd Plain.
Here on green Banks the bluſhing Vio'lets glow;
Here Weſtern Winds on breathing Roſes blow.
I'll ſtake my Lamb that near the Fountain plays,
And from the Brink his dancing Shade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And ſwelling Cluſters bend the curling Vines:
Four Figures riſing from the Work appear,
The various Seaſons of the rowling Year;
And what is That, which binds the Radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lye?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing.
Now Hawthorns bloſſom, now the Daiſies ſpring,
Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Begin, the Vales ſhall eccho to the Sound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, *Phœbus*, in my *Delia*'s Praiſe,
With *Waller*'s Strains, or *Granville*'s moving Lays!
A Milk-white Bull ſhall at your Altars ſtand,
That threats a Fight, and ſpurns the riſing Sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the Prize,
And make my Tongue victorious as her Eyes;
No Lambs or Sheep for Victims I'll impart,
Thy Victim, Love, ſhall be the Shepherd's Heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,
Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;

But

But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen:
While a kind Glance at her Purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden Sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,
And Trees weep Amber on the Banks of *Po*;
Bleſt *Thames*'s Shores the brighteſt Beauties yield,
Feed here my Lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant Field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial *Venus* haunts *Idalia*'s Groves,
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If *Windſor*-Shades delight the matchleſs Maid,
Cynthus and *Hybla* yield to *Windſor*-Shade.

STREPHON.

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Show'rs,
Huſh'd are the Birds, and cloſ'd the drooping Flow'rs;
If *Delia* ſmile, the Flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the Groves freſh Honours wear,
The Sun's mild Luſtre warms the vital Air;
If *Sylvia* ſmile, new Glories gild the Shore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the ſhady Grove;
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia*'s Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than Noon, yet freſh as early Day,
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here,
But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

STREPHON.

Say Shepherd, ſay in what glad Soil appears
A wond'rous *Tree* that Sacred *Monarchs* bears?

Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the Prize,
And give the Conqueſt to thy *Sylvia*'s Eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me firſt, in what more happy Fields
The *Thiſtle* ſprings, to which the *Lilly* yields?
And then a nobler Prize I will reſign,
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia* ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree
The Bowl to *Strephon*, and the Lamb to thee:
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry Grace excell;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe Graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder Woodbine Bow'rs,
A ſoft Retreat from ſudden vernal Show'rs;
The Turf with rural Dainties ſhall by Crown'd,
While opening Blooms diffuſe their Sweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring Flocks to Shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful Show'rs deſcend.

SUMMER.

The Second Paſtoral, or ALEXIS.

A Faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his Fate beſide a ſilver Spring;
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads
Thro' verdant Foreſts, and thro' flow'ry Meads,
There while he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow,
The Flocks around a dumb Compaſſion ſhow,
The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry watry Bow'r,
And *Jove* conſented in a ſilent Show'r.
Accept, O *Garth*, the Muſe's early Lays,
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole Diſeaſe thou canſt not cure!
Ye ſhady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from *Phœbus*, not from *Cupid*'s Beams;

To

To you I mourn; nor to the Deaf I ſing,
The Woods ſhall anſwer, and their Eccho ring.
Ev'n Hills and Rocks attend my doleful Lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating Sheep with my Complaints agree,
They parch'd with Heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry *Sirius* burns the thirſty Plains,
While in thy Heart Eternal Winter reigns.
Where are ye Muſes, in what Lawn or Grove,
While your *Alexis* pines in hopeleſs Love?
In thoſe fair Fields where Sacred *Iſis* glides,
Or elſe where *Cam* his winding Vales divides?
As in the Cryſtal Spring I view my Face,
Freſh riſing Bluſhes paint the wat'ry Glaſs;
But ſince thoſe Graces pleaſe thy Sight no more,
I'll ſhun the Fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the Morning Dew;
Ah wretched Shepherd, what avails thy Art,
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!
Let other Swains attend the Rural Care,
Feed fairer Flocks, or richer Fleeces ſhare;
But nigh that Mountain let me tune my Lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my Brows with Bays.
That Flute is mine which *Colin*'s tuneful Breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death;
He ſaid; *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the ſame
That taught the Groves my *Roſalinda*'s Name.----
Yet ſoon the Reeds ſhall hang on yonder Tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
O were I made, by ſome transforming Pow'r,
The Captive Bird that ſings within thy Bow'r!
Then might my Voice thy liſt'ning Ears employ,
And I thoſe Kiſſes he receives, enjoy.
And yet my Numbers pleaſe the rural Throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song:
The Nymphs forſaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,
Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,
On you their Gifts are all beſtow'd again!

For you the Swains the faireſt Flow'rs deſign,
And in one Garland all their Beauties join;
Accept the Wreath which You deſerve alone,
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in One.
See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found *Elyſium* here.
In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* ſtray'd,
And chaſt *Diana* haunts the Foreſt Shade.
Come lovely Nymph, and bleſs the ſilent Hours,
When Swains from Sheering ſeek their nightly Bow'rs;
When weary Reapers quit the ſultry Field,
And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield,
This harmleſs Grove no lurking Viper hides,
But in my Breaſt the Serpent Love abides.
Here Bees from Bloſſoms ſip the roſie Dew,
But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you.
Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful Seats,
The moſſie Fountains, and the green Retreats!
Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales ſhall fan the Glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a Shade,
Where-e'er you tread, the bluſhing Flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your Eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my Days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your Praiſe;
Your Praiſe the Birds ſhall chant in ev'ry Grove,
And Winds ſhall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But wou'd you ſing, and rival *Orpheus'* Strain,
The wond'ring Foreſts ſoon ſhou'd dance again,
The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
And headlong Streams hang liſt'ning in their Fall!
But ſee, the Shepherds ſhun the Noon-day Heat,
The lowing Herds to murm'ring Brooks retreat.
To cloſer Shades the panting Flocks remove,
Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?
But ſoon the Sun with milder Rays deſcends
To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends;
On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,
By Night he ſcorches, as he burns by Day.

AU-

AUTUMN.

The Third Paſtoral, or Hylas and Ægon.

To W. WYCHERLEY, *Eſq*;

BEneath the Shade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and *Ægon* ſung their Rural Lays;
To whoſe Complaints the liſt'ning Foreſts bend,
While one his Miſtreſs mourns, and one his Friend:
Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your ſacred Succour bring;
Hylas and *Ægon*'s Rural Lays I ſing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus*' Wit inſpire,
The Art of *Terence* and *Menander*'s Fire;
Whoſe Senſe inſtructs us, and whoſe Humour charms,
Whoſe Judgment ſways us, and whoſe Rapture warms!
Attend the Muſe, tho' low her Numbers be,
She ſings of Friendſhip, and ſhe ſings to thee.

The ſetting Sun now ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy Clouds were ſtreak'd with purple Light;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious Moan
Taught Rocks to weep, and made the *Mountains* groan.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
To *Thyrſis*' Ear the tender Notes convey!
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt Love deplores,
And with deep Murmurs fills the ſounding Shores;
Thus, far from *Thyrſis*, to the Winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
For him the feather'd Quires neglect their Song;
For him the Lymes their pleaſing Shades deny;
For him the Lillies hang their Heads and dye.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the Spring,
Ye Birds, that left by Summer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye Trees that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,
Say, is not Abſence Death to thoſe who love?

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Curs'd be the Fields that cauſe my *Thyrſis*' Stay:

Fade

Fade ev'ry Bloſſom, wither ev'ry Tree,
Dye ev'ry Flow'r, and periſh All, but He.
What have I ſaid?---where-e'er my *Thyrſis* flies,
Let Spring attend, and ſudden Flow'rs ariſe;
Let opening Roſes knotted Oaks adorn,
And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
The Birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their Ev'ning Song,
The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,
And Streams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubling Fountains to the thirſty Swain,
Not balmy Sleep to Lab'rers faint with Pain,
Not Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunſhine to the Bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy Sight to me.
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Come *Thyrſis*, come, ah why this long Delay?
Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Thyrſis* ſounds,
Thyrſis, each Cave and ecchoing Rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleaſing Frenzie ſooths my Mind!
Do Lovers dream, or is my Shepherd kind?
He comes, my Shepherd comes!---now ceaſe my Lay,
And ceaſe ye Gales to bear my Sighs away!
Next *Ægon* ſung, while *Windſor* Groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what your ſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strain!
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I'll complain:
Here where the *Mountains* leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low Vales, and ſteal into the Skies.
While lab'ring Oxen, ſpent with Toil and Heat,
In their looſe Traces from the Field retreat;
While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are ſeen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green.
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
Beneath yon Poplar oft we paſt the Day:
Oft on the Rind I carv'd her am'rous Vows,
While She with Garlands grac'd the bending Boughs:
The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away;
So dies her Love, and ſo my Hopes decay.
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strain!
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain,

Now

Now Golden Fruits on loaded Branches ſhine,
And grateful Cluſters ſwell with floods of Wine;
Now bluſhing Berries paint the fertile Grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield Returns but Love?
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey----
Ah! what avails it me, the Flocks to keep,
Who loſt my Heart while I preſerv'd my Sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd, what Magick caus'd my Smart,
Or what *Ill Eyes* malignant Glances dart?
What Eyes but hers, alas, have Pow'r on me!
O mighty Love, what Magick is like thee!
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry Plains.----
From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may remove,
Forſake Mankind, and all the World---but Love!
I know thee Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* Plain;
Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!
Reſound ye Hills, reſound my mournful Lay!
Farewell ye Woods! adieu the Light of Day!
One Leap from yonder Cliff ſhall end my Pains.
No more ye Hills, no more reſound my Strains!
Thus ſung the Shepherds 'till th' Approach of Night,
The Skies yet bluſhing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade.

WINTER.

The Fourth Paſtoral, or DAPHNE.

To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady.

LYCIDAS.

Thyrſis, the Muſick of that murm'ring Spring
Is not ſo mournful as the Strains you ſing,
Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping Flocks on their ſoft Fleeces lye,
The Moon, ſerene in Glory, mounts the Sky,
While ſilent Birds forget their tuneful Lays,
Oh ſing of *Daphne*'s Fate, and *Daphne*'s Praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the *Groves* that ſhine with ſilver Froſt,
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet *Alexis*' Strain,
That call'd the liſt'ning *Dryads* to the Plain?
Thames heard the Numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his Willows learn the moving Song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind Rains their vital Moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future Harveſt of thy Field!
Begin; this Charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
And ſaid; "Ye Shepherds, ſing around my Grave.
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded Tomb I mourn,
And with freſh Bays her Rural Shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle *Muſes* leave your Cryſtal Spring,
Let *Nymphs* and *Sylvans* Cypreſs Garlands bring;
Ye weeping *Loves*, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
And break your Bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
And with your Golden Darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a Verſe on this relenting Stone:
"Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore,
"Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Love is now no more!

'Tis

'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay;
See gloomy Clouds obſcure the chearful Day!
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,
Their faded Honours ſcatter'd on her Bier.
See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lye,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Beauty's now no more!

For her, the Flocks refuſe their verdant Food,
Nor thirſty Heifers ſeek the gliding Flood.
The ſilver Swans her hapleſs Fate bemoan,
In ſadder Notes than when they ſing their own.
Eccho no more the rural Song rebounds,
Her Name alone the mournful *Eccho* ſounds.
Her Name with Pleaſure once ſhe taught the Shore,
Now *Daphne*'s dead, and Pleaſure is no more!

No grateful Dews deſcend from Ev'ning Skies,
Nor Morning Odours from the Flow'rs ariſe.
No rich Perfumes refreſh the fruitful Field,
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incenſe yield.
The balmy *Zephyrs*, ſilent ſince her Death,
Lament the Ceaſing of a ſweeter Breath.
Th' induſtrious Bees neglect their Golden Store;
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!

No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid Air ſuſpend their Wings;
No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,
Or huſh'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:
No more the Streams their Murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter Muſick than their own to hear,
But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Muſick is no more!

Her Fate is whiſper'd by the gentle Breeze,
And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;
The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,
Her Fate remurmur to the ſilver Flood;
The ſilver Flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new Paſſion, and o'erflows with Tears;
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,
Daphne, our Grief! our Glory now no more!

But

But ſee! where *Daphne* wond'ring mounts on high,
Above the Clouds, above the Starry Sky.
Eternal Beauties grace the ſhining Scene,
Fields ever freſh, and Groves for ever green!
There, while You reſt in *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,
Or from thoſe Meads ſelect unfading Flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your Name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our Grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such Silence waits on *Philomela*'s Strains,
In ſome ſtill Ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring Breeze
Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.
To thee, bright Goddeſs, oft a Lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming Ewes encreaſe my fleecy Breed.
While Plants their Shade, or Flow'rs their Odours give,
Thy Name, thy Honour, and thy Praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

See pale *Orion* ſheds unwholſome Dews,
Ariſe, the Pines a noxious Shade diffuſe;
Sharp *Boreas* blows, and Nature feels Decay,
Time conquers All, and We muſt Time obey.
Adieu ye *Vales*, ye *Mountains*, *Streams* and *Groves*,
Adieu ye Shepherds rural *Lays* and *Loves*,
Adieu my Flocks, farewell ye *Sylvan* Crew,
Daphne farewell, and all the World adieu!

FINIS.